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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE
FOR LITERARY WORKERS

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THE BOOK BORROWER.

An Expert. — "They say that no one can beat Hoffly keeping books."

"I guess that's right. He borrowed a dozen of mine and kept every one of them." — *Detroit Free Press.*

"Of the making of books there is no end," is one of the oft-quoted sayings of the Bible.

Quite in harmony with this declaration is the fact that of the borrowing of books there is no end.

Somebody once said that "the art of bookkeeping was very simple, for all that is necessary to help you keep your books is never to lend them." Though intended for a pun on the system of bookkeeping as a business, yet the suggestion holds a deal of common sense.

My neighbor wishes to read a certain book, but is not, or thinks he is not, able to purchase it.

"Why should I buy it when A. and B., who are constant book-buyers, are always willing to 'lend.' And after all, one wants only to possess himself of the contents. After the story is read, what use have I for the book?"

So he reasons and preys upon his friends, unconscious that behind his back they deprecate the habit of borrowing, though they have not the courage to refuse him. The very sight of a new book, its charming cover, its possibilities for mental enjoyment, its uncut pages, mute though not inglorious, stimulate his curiosity, and whet the always insatiate appetite of the borrower.

"Oh! is it out? I've heard so much about it! Is it really a success, and may I have a peep at it? Shall I cut the leaves to save you the trouble? Isn't it printed beautifully? I can always form an idea of a book's contents by reading a sentence here and there — can't you?"

Such is the usual formula of the book-borrower, and she — generally it is she — gets her way sooner or later. Months afterward the book is missed. Some member of the family wants to look up a passage, the spirit of which is familiar, but the language of which has slipped from memory, and lo, that particular volume is missing. Shelves are overhauled, the library is carefully gone through, every place where a book may be supposed to hide is thoroughly searched. The book had certainly been bought, and good money had been paid for it. It is so provoking! Nobody quite remembers what has become of it, till suddenly some one says: —

"It was lent to Mrs. B. She promised faithfully to return it, but she never did."

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Finally, it is ascertained that Mrs. B. has moved out of the city, but nobody calls her a "thief."

Besides the reverence which most persons possess for a good book, there is the pride of ownership. I have seen the eyes sparkle, the cheek dimple, the whole face alive with the delight of having purchased — perhaps with great self-denial — some costly book, that, like a hidden nugget of gold, had long tantalized a book-lover with the hope of ultimate possession.

To such persons the book is as the apple of the eye. The pages are almost sacred, the binding is a delight. The printed volume stands to them in the place of a friend. It is always ready to give a welcome; it never changes. The words that were yesterday so precious are just as precious to-day. To such, a request to borrow so choice a thing is something terrible. Look at the flashing eyes, and you will not ask the same question twice.

Suppose a friend looking over your choice collection of pictures should say: "Would you mind lending me your painting of 'Judith and Holofernes,' or the 'Triumph of Galatea,' for an evening or two? I will be extremely careful of it, and see that the frame is not injured. It would give so much pleasure to our friends."

What sort of an answer would a request of that sort merit? Yet you readily lend the book, though it may be a costly edition.

There is not a family or an individual that has not suffered from this universal depredation. Even the author is besieged in numerous ways. Of the little bundle of volumes sent him by his publisher, nothing remains in the course of a few months but the space where they once stood. He does not like to say: "Go buy my book. It cost time, trouble, hard work, and money. You deprive me in this way of a portion of my income." To be sure, it is only a book — only a few pages of common paper, wrought with common type, bound with ordinary cloth; only a story or a song, a bit of biography or of history. The untrained mind seldom enters into details — the hours spent in arduous painstaking, the search for material, involving much work, many steps to and fro, much elaboration, patient perusal of musty volumes, long hours of sleeplessne aching fingers, weary brain, — only a book!

A few curious facts in book lending h come under my notice. I have a friend w has a fine library, which he is constantly a ing to. He owned one set of books which prized more than all the others, and which a great favor he lent to an acquaintance. T latter left the city without returning the boo Repeated letters requesting the return of volumes received no reply.

Meantime another friend wished to borr those particular volumes. In order to acco modate this borrower, my friend sent to a d tance and bought a new set of the missi books in order to lend them — which prov that "hope springs eternal in the hum breast"; *i. e.*, the hope that there is so ground for our instinctive faith in hum nature. This time the books were returne

Another friend, now an author of natio reputation, had an uncle who was careful stinginess about his books. He was in p session of a fine library, which he managed keep intact by persistently refusing to lend dearly-prized possessions, even to members his own family. This course so offended niece, who was of an exceedingly genero nature, that she declared if, when grown woman's estate, she came into possession any books, she would lend to all who asked them. She has kept her word, and the res is, that though she has owned enough books fill a large library, she now has comparativ none at all. She does not regret lending the but losing them is quite another thing.

Almost every one knows that as a rule boo which are lent are seldom returned, unless the case of a circulating library, when a pena is attached to the failure to bring them ba There are very few who have not suffered this way at some time or other, and perha fewer still who are not guilty of the book b rower's cardinal offense. It is a case whe the application of the golden rule is needed.

If you would not have people borrow yo books and keep them, do not borrow yourse or if you do borrow occasionally, take t utmost possible care of the book, so that it m be returned to its owner in as good conditi

as it was when it was received, and return it promptly when it has been read.

These things ought to be made points of honor, but they are not. It is almost as bad to return a book which is defaced as it is to keep it. If the injury done was unavoidable, a new book should replace the damaged one. Any defacement from carelessness that could have been avoided is inexcusable. I remember a case in point. I lent a valuable book to a dear friend. She returned it minus some twenty pages gone from the middle of the book. This, of course, destroyed the continuity of the story, and rendered the volume comparatively useless. When I asked her how it happened, she almost flippantly replied that her little nephew had been looking at the pictures, and she supposed he tore the book. Evidently she did not think it mattered much. Needless to say, she was never so dear a friend afterward.

Charles Lamb, tired of lending his books, threatened to chain Wordsworth's poems to his shelves, adding, "for of those who borrow, some read slow, some mean to read, but don't read, and some neither read nor mean to read, but borrow to leave you an opinion of their sagacity."

He might have added, "and some never return borrowed books." From such deliver us!

WASHINGTON, D. C. *Mary A. Denison.*

THE TECHNIQUE OF THE SHORT STORY.

An old rule for those who would be well dressed says: "When you have finished, go to the mirror and see what you can take off." The same rule applies with equal force to the short story: "When you have written it, go over it and see what you can take out."

Besides being the best preparation for novel writing, short story writing is undoubtedly, at the present time, the best paying and most satisfactory form of literary work. The qualities which make it successful are to be attained only by constant and patient practice. The real work of writing a story may be brief, but years of preparation must lie behind, before a manuscript which has been written in an hour or two can be artistic.

The first thing is the central idea, and this is most important. There are only a few ideas in the world, but their ramifications are countless, and one need never despair of a theme. Your story may be one of either failure or success, but it must be true. Given the man and the circumstances, we should know his action.

The plot must unfold naturally; otherwise it will be a succession of distinct sensations, rather than a complete and harmonious whole. There is no better way to produce this effect than to follow Edmund Russell's rule of color in dress: "When a contrasting color is introduced, there should be at least two subordinate repetitions of it."

Each character should appear or be spoken of at least twice before his main action. Following this rule makes one of the differences between artistic and sensational literature. The heroine of a dime novel always finds a hero to rescue her in the nick of time. Perhaps she never sees him again. In the artistic novel, while the heroine may see the rescuer first at the time when she needs him most, he never disappears altogether from the story.

Description is a thing which is much abused. There is no truer indication of an inexperienced hand than a story beginning with a description of a landscape which is not necessary to the plot. If the peculiarities of the scenery must be understood before the idea can be developed, the briefest possible description is not

out of place. Subjectively, a touch of weather or landscape is allowable, but it must be purely incidental. Weather is a very common thing, and is apt to be uninteresting.

It is a mistake to tell anything which the people in the story could inform the reader about without your help. A conversation between two people will bring out all the facts necessary as well as two pages of narration by the author. There is a way also of telling things from the point of view of the person they concern. Those who have studied Latin will find the "indirect discourse" of Cicero a useful model.

The people in the story can tell their own peculiarities better than the author can do it for them. It is not necessary to say that a woman is a snarling, grumpy person. Bring the old lady in and let her snarl, if she is in your story at all.

The choice of words is not to be lightly considered. Never use two adjectives where one will do, or a weak word where a stronger synonym is possible. Fallows' book, "100,000 Synonyms and Antonyms," and Roget's "Thesaurus of Words and Phrases" will prove invaluable to those who wish to improve themselves in this respect. Analysis of sentences which seem to you particularly strong is a good way to strengthen your vocabulary. Take, for instance, the oft-quoted expression of George Eliot's: "Inclination snatches argument to make indulgence seem judicious choice." Substitute "takes" for "snatches," and read the sentence again. Leave out "seem" and put "appear" in its place. "Proper" is a synonym for "judicious"; substitute it, and put "selection" in the place of "choice." Reading the sentence again, we have: "Inclination takes argument to make indulgence appear proper selection." The strength is wholly gone, though the meaning is unchanged.

Find out what you want to say, and then say it, in the most direct English at your command. One of the best models of concise expression of thought is to be found in the essays of Emerson. He compresses a whole world into a single sentence, and a system of philosophy *into an epigram.*

"Literary impressionism," which is largely the use of onomatopoetic words, is a valuable factor in the artistic short story. It is possible to convey the impression of a threatening sky and a stormy sea without doing more than alluding to the crash of the surf against the shore. The mind of the reader, accustomed to subtle touches, will at once picture the rest. An element of strength is added also by occasionally referring an impression to another sense. For instance, the newspaper poet writes: "The street was white with snow," and makes his line commonplace doggerel. Tennyson says: "The streets were *dumb* with snow," and his line is poetry.

"Blackening the background" is a common fault of story writers. In many of the Italian operas, everybody who does not appear in the final scene is killed off in the middle of the last act. This wholesale slaughter is useless, as well as inartistic. The true artist does not make his background a solid wall of gloom, in order that his central figure may stand out prominently. Yet gloom has its proper place, as well as joy. In the old tragedies of the Greeks, just before the final catastrophe, the chorus is supposed to advance to the centre of the theatre and sing a perfect bacchanale of frenzied exultation. In the "Antigone" of Sophocles, just before the death of Antigone and her lover, the chorus sings an ode which makes one wonder at its extravagant expression. When the catastrophe occurs, the mystery is explained. Sophocles meant the sacrifice of Antigone to come home with its full force; and well he attained his end by the use of an artistic method which a few of our writers are subtle enough to recognize and claim for their own purposes.

"Highsounding" sentences, which the inexperienced writer is apt to put into the mouths of his people, only make them appear ridiculous The school girl in the story is too apt to say "The day has been most unpleasant," whereas the real school girl throws her books down with a bang and declares that she has had "a perfectly horrid time." Her grammar may be incorrect, but her method of expression is true to life, and there the business of the writer ends. Put yourself in your hero's place,

and see what you would do under similar circumstances. If you were in love with a young woman, you would n't get down on your knees and swear by all that was holy that you would die if she did n't marry you, at the same time tearing your hair out in handfuls and endeavoring to give her a concise biography of yourself. You would put your arm around her the first minute you had her to yourself, if you felt reasonably sure she cared for you, and tell her what she meant to you — perhaps so low that even the author of the story could n't hear what you said, and would have to describe what he saw afterward in order to let his readers guess what had really happened.

It is a lamentable fact, but the description of a person's features gives absolutely no idea of his appearance. It is better to give a touch or two, and let the imagination do the rest. "Hair like the raven's wing" and the "midnight eyes," and the other things can be spared. The personal charms of the lover can be brought out through the meditations of the lovee, better than by a page of description.

The law of compensation has its place in the artistic story. Those who do wrong must suffer wrong; those who work must be rewarded, if not in the tangible thing they seek, at least in the conscious strength which comes from struggling. And "poetic justice," which metes out to those who do the things that they have done, is relentless and eternal, in art as well as life.

"Style" is a purely individual matter, and if it is anything at all, it is the expression of one's self. Zola has said that "art is nature seen through the medium of a temperament," and the same is true of literature. Bunner's stories are as thoroughly Bunner as the man who wrote them, and "The Badge of Courage" is nothing unless it be the moody, sensitive, half-morbid Stephen Crane.

Observation of the things nearest at hand and the sympathetic understanding of people are the first requisites. Do not place the scene of a story in Europe if you have never been there, and do not assume to comprehend the inner life of a congressman if you have never seen one. Do not write of mining camps if you have never seen a mountain, or of society, if you have never worn evening dress.

James Whitcomb Riley has made himself loved and honored by writing of the simple things of home, and Louisa Alcott's name is a household word because she wrote of the "Little Women" whom she knew. Eugene Field has written of the children that he loved and understood, and won a truer fame than if he had attempted "The Master" of Zangwill. Kipling's life in India has given us the "Plain Tales from the Hills" and the "Jungle Book," which Mary E. Wilkins could not have written, in spite of the genius which has made her New England stories the most effective of their kind. Joel Chandler Harris could not have written "The Prisoner of Zenda," but those of us who have enjoyed the wiles of that "monstus soon beas', Brer Rabbit," would not have it otherwise.

You cannot write of love unless you have loved, of suffering unless you have suffered, or of death, unless some one who was dear to you has learned the heavenly secret. A little touch of each must teach you the full meaning of the great thing you mean to write about, or your work will be lacking. There are few of us to whom the great experiences do not come sooner or later, and in the mean time there are the little every-day happenings, which are full of sweetness and help if they are only seen properly, to last until the great things come to test us to our utmost strength, to crush us if we are not strong, and to make us broader, better men and women if we withstand the blow.

And lastly, remember this: that merit is invariably recognized. If your stories are worth printing, they will fight their way through "the abundance of material on hand." The light of the public square is an unfailing test, and a good story is sure to be published sooner or later, if a fair amount of literary instinct is exercised in sending it out. Meteoric success is not desirable. Slow, hard, conscientious work will surely win its way, and those who are at the bottom of the ladder now are gradually ascending to make room for the next generation of story writers on the rounds below.

Myrtle Reed.

CHICAGO, Ill.

THE WRITER.

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WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

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The *Outlook*, which was the pioneer in making the change from newspaper to quarto magazine form which weekly religious newspapers generally have since adopted, has made another change in the same direction, and is now a weekly magazine with pages 6½ x 9½ inches in size, instead of 9 x 13 inches. Its publishers announce that hereafter its monthly illustrated number will contain on an average about 148 pages, and its other issues at least sixty-eight pages each, including cover. The *Outlook's* innovation is an interesting one, and it remains to be seen whether the example set will be followed, as before, by other religious journals.

***

Among the papers which have changed with the new year to the form just abandoned by the *Outlook* are the *Presbyterian Banner* of Pittsburg; the *Northwestern Christian Advocate* of Chicago; the *Western Christian Advocate* of Cincinnati; and the *Central Christian Advocate* of St. Louis. Other changes are to be noted among the religious papers. The *Mid-Continent* of St. Louis has been merged in the *Herald and Presbyter* of Cincinnati, and the *St. Louis Presbyterian* has been absorbed by the *Christian Observer* of Louisville.

***

A paragraph which has been floating around in the newspapers says: —

When William Dean Howells, the novelist, decides to write a novel on any particular phase of life, he orders all the clippings on that subject that can be found, and the incidents thus obtained furnish the groundwork of the story.

Answering a question regarding the accuracy of the paragraph, Mr. Howells writes to the editor of THE WRITER as follows: —

I used clippings to verify the prevalence of defalcation and its general character when writing "The Quality of Mercy" only. I never used them as the groundwork of any story; though I think they might well be used in that way. *W. D. Howells.*

***

Do not let your subscription for THE WRITER expire. The rule now is to stop sending the magazine when subscriptions run out. Every subscriber hereafter will be notified in advance of the expiration of his subscription, in ample time for him to renew. Then, if his WRITER stops coming, it will be because the necessary remittance has not been made.

***

The title of John J. Chapman's article in the January *Atlantic*, "Emerson Sixty Years After," seems premature at first to readers who are accustomed to regard Emerson almost as a contemporary, but it is justified by the fact that Emerson's first book, the pamphlet on "Nature," was published just sixty years ago, in 1836.

***

In THE WRITER for November attention was called in an editorial note to the *Arena's* peculiar habit of making the names of authors in its

table of contents more conspicuous than the titles of their contributions. An advance note sent out by the publishers of the magazine in December says: —

"Some change of appearance will be noticed in the January *Arena*. The relative place and size of type of the authors' names and of the titles of articles in the table of contents on the front cover are exchanged, the effect being to make the *subject* prominent rather than the *writer* as before, while instead of the attention being called to the most prominent articles by their titles being printed a second time in red ink on the margins of the cover, the red ink is used in the table of contents itself, and no titles are printed more than once. It is hoped the changes will be thought to be for the better."

* * *

As a specimen of what editors have to contend with, this letter, received by the editor of the *Mountain Grove* (Mo.) *Journal*, is interesting: —

——, Ohio, May 27, 1896.

Dear Editor:

My Father received the paper you sent him and he not being particularly fond of writing I thought I would enjoy writing a piece for your paper.

I shall not be teageous in writing a long piece with expectation of getting the prizes you have offered but shall therefore write a short piece and only want twenty-five cents for the piece. If you do not accept this piece let me know and I will write another for same price. Twenty-five cents.

If you would wish me write pieces regularly let me know.

The subject and piece will be on the other sheet of The Paper.

When writting please address

—— —— ——.

Can I hear favorably next week?

* * *

It is to be feared that the WRITER subscriber who objects to having the mother-in-law jest introduced into the magazine read only the titles of the articles on "The Superfluous Relative."

* * *

Apropos of Mr. Denison's article on "The Book Borrower," in the present number of THE WRITER, there is a simple device the use of which enables owners of private libraries easily to keep track of books lent. When a borrower takes away a book, in its place on the shelf should be put a piece of cardboard on which is written the title of the book, the name of the borrower, the date when it is lent, and the date when its return is expected. No book should ever be lent for an indefinite time. The borrower should always be given to understand that the book he takes is lent for a week, or a month, or for six months, as the case may be, but always that its return is expected within a given time. If, when the time is up, the book does not come back, a polite note requesting its return is proper and advisable.

* * *

The editor has good reason to complain when the writer sends him a manuscript the sheets of which are scented with sickening perfume, but so has the writer good reason to complain when the editor sends back a manuscript scented with the smoke of the cigar that his editorial highness was enjoying while he was reading it. W. H. H.

NEWSPAPER ENGLISH EDITED.

Christenson was found at 55 B street, South Boston, where he has been stopping since last September. — *Boston Journal.*	Christenson was found at 55 B street, South Boston, where he has been staying since September.
The other morning while coming down School street an iron receptacle containing ashes was emptied into a cart. — *Boston Post.*	The other morning as I was coming down School street an iron receptacle containing ashes was emptied into a cart.

QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics will be answered in this department. Questions must be brief, and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

When I was a girl I began to write, with some promise of success, but soon gave it up, because I did not know what to do with my productions. Six years ago I began again, but, being interested in a thousand different subjects, I found I needed a knowledge of periodicals which it was impossible for me to gain. Three years ago a local editor handed me a circular of The Writer's Literary Bureau. I was delighted, for I thought I had found the middleman or commission merchant that I had so long desired. But again I was disappointed, for I found that I must pay fifty cents to have a manuscript even looked at, and an indefinite sum extra for postage. Now, I cannot see why one commission merchant, any more than another, should ask pay for looking at the

goods offered for his use. It is bad enough to have a manuscript rejected, without paying for the disappointment. Why should a literary bureau require fees for examining manuscript submitted for sale on commission? A. C. B.

[A commission merchant dealing in potatoes can tell at a glance whether the goods sent to him are salable or not. To arrive at a similar conclusion with a manuscript, the time of an experienced Manuscript Reader is required, and that time must be paid for, whether the manuscript proves to be good, bad, or indifferent. The fees charged by The Writer's Literary Bureau for examining manuscripts could not be reduced without making the business unprofitable. As far as unsalable manuscripts are concerned, it is better and cheaper for a writer to pay fifty cents even to be told that his manuscript is certainly unsalable, than it is for him to spend a dollar or two in postage in submitting the manuscript to editors, only to reach substantially the same conclusion. If The Writer's Literary Bureau finds a manuscript certainly unsalable, it says so frankly; if there is a possibility of selling the manuscript, the author is directed at once to his best market. — W. H. H.]

BOOK REVIEWS.

ANCIENT INDIA: Its Language and Religions. By Professor H. Oldenburg. 110 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Company. 1896.

"The Study of Sanscrit," "The Religion of the Veda," and "Buddhism" are the titles of the three essays that make up "Ancient India." They originally appeared in the *Deutsche Rundschau* of Berlin, and are now published in English by special arrangement with their distinguished author.

THE PROPHETS OF ISRAEL. By Professor Carl Heinrich Cornhill. 194 pp. Second edition. Paper, 25 cents. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Company. 1896.

Professor Cornhill is an orthodox Christian, holding the chair of Old Testament history in the University of Königsberg. Being at the same time a scientific man, he has devoted his life to the investigation of the religious evolution of the Israelitic and Christian faiths. "The Prophets of Israel" contains popular sketches of Old Testament history written from this point of view. "The historical conditions and the contemporary environment of the various prophets are portrayed," says the preface, "their significance, their peculiar original achievements are briefly characterized, and finally the attempt is made to assign and establish for each prophet in the developmental process of the religion of Israel his logical and organic position — in what respect his influence was promotive, and in what respect reactionary; so that the book may be viewed as a brief sketch, giving only the salient and important outlines of the religious history of Israel from Moses down to the time of the Maccabees."

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

"Benjamin Swift." — "Benjamin Swift," author of "Nancy Noon," was born in Glasgow, and is just twenty-five years old. His real name is William J. Patterson, and he is the son of a Glasgow physician. After school-days in Scotland and France, he studied literature and philosophy at Glasgow University, and in 1894 was graduated M. A., with first-class honors in philosophy, taking a scholarship. He then studied German with Professor Ficke at Breslau, displaying singular proficiency in acquiring the language, and later he has lived in Italy, reading and studying in Italian at the monastery of Monte Oliveto, near Siena.

Corelli. — The name of Marie Corelli is frequently supposed to be a pen-name, and the authorities of the British Museum are careful to put "pseudonym" against it in their catalogues. Nothing could be further from the fact. Miss Corelli has always signed her writings with her own legal name. She is of Italian extraction, which accounts for the glowing picturesqueness of her writings, and was adopted when a mere infant in arms by Dr. Charles Mackay, the writer of "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," "There's a Good Time Coming," and many other lyrics. She was brought up in seclusion, and educated by private governesses. Her childhood must have been somewhat dull and monotonous, as she had no playmates or companions of her own age, but she early formed a passionate attachment for books, and every moment of her recreation hours was spent in her adopted father's study, where she had freedom to read whatever books she fancied. She had a very retentive memory, and by the time she was ten years old could localize any quotation from the plays of Shakes-

peare or any scene from the novels of Walter Scott. It was intended that she should adopt the musical profession, and, to complete her studies in music and other accomplishments, Miss Corelli was sent when a young girl to a French convent.

Reared in a literary and artistic home, under the loving care of a litterateur like Dr. Mackay, and having for companion her step-brother, Eric Mackay, author of the "Love Letters of a Violinist," it is not surprising that literature eventually asserted its claim to Miss Corelli's genius. She finally sent her first manuscript to the publishing firm of Bentley & Son. All the Readers of the firm, among whom at that time was Hall Caine, rejected it, but the late George Bentley, struck by the unusual ferocity of the criticisms upon the work, sent for the manuscript and read it himself, with the result that he accepted it. The original title was "Uplifted," but this was changed to the more attractive one of "A Romance of Two Worlds," for which Miss Corelli is indebted to her step-brother. The romance was published in 1885, and met with success from the first.

"The Vendetta," her second effort, published in 1886, is founded upon actual occurrences which took place in Naples during the cholera in 1884, when a man, mistaken for dead, was buried alive, as in the case of the hero of the novel, Fabio Romani.

Miss Corelli prides herself on managing her own literary business, and thinks that it is good for an author to make an occasional change of publisher. She always retains her own copyrights, and as her books have a large and ever-increasing sale, her royalties produce one of the biggest literary incomes made to-day.

In London Miss Corelli lives at her old home in the Longridge road, Kensington, where her adopted father, Dr. Mackay, died shortly after his "Wee Rosebud" had burst into fame. The household is very simply ordered. Miss Vyver, the dear friend to whom Miss Corelli dedicated "Thelma," lives with her, and takes a great deal of the domestic management upon her shoulders. Miss Corelli rises at 8 o'clock, and by 9.30 is in her study at work. She breakfasts alone and undisturbed, and after breakfast works on till 2 o'clock, when the labor of the day is finished. After luncheon she goes out driving for two or three hours, and returns to 5 o'clock tea, at which time a few privileged friends know they can find her at home.

She is a careful and methodical worker, never dictates her composition, and does not use a typewriter. It is her habit to write the first draft of her novels rapidly in pencil, after which she corrects and enlarges as she makes a "fair copy." Her manuscript must be the delight of printers, for it is written in a bold, legible hand, and very few corrections are made in "proof." But though she copies, corrects, and revises all her literary work herself, she employs two secretaries to deal with the correspondence which reaches her from all parts of the world.— *The Woman at Home.*

Fiske. — John Fiske, the historian, now in his fifty-fourth year, enjoyed unusual opportunities in his youth for the acquisition of learning by browsing at will in his father's library. At seven he had read Rollin, Josephus, Goldsmith's "Greece," Shakespeare, Bunyan, and Milton. At eleven he made illustrations of the military movements described by Gibbon, Robertson, Prescott, and Froissart by maps of his own construction. He was so enthusiastic about history that he actually fought with another boy about the result of the doubtful battle of Eylau. In mathematics, he had begun algebra at eight, and, five years later, had been through Euclid, trigonometry, analytical geometry, and surveying. He began Latin at six and Greek at nine. At fifteen he could read Plato and Herodotus at sight. At the same time he became familiar with German and Italian. On applying to enter Harvard at eighteen, he found that his work in all directions was far in advance of the requirements for the degree of bachelor of arts.— *San Francisco Argonaut.*

Jefferson. — A young Chicago matron told me a characteristic story about Joseph Jefferson the other evening.

"Several years ago," said she, "when Mr. Jefferson was preparing his autobiography, he was obliged to do a great deal of the work while on tour. A publishing house with which I was connected at one time recommended me to him

as an amanuensis who had had considerable experience in the preparation of manuscript for publication, and I joined the actor in St. Louis.

"Mr. Jefferson would spend several hours after the play in making notes of what he wanted me to say. The next afternoon he would dictate to me. Usually he would bring in a great collection of memoranda jotted down on envelopes and scraps of paper, and sometimes he would appear with a newspaper whose margins would be literally covered with queer figures and hen-tracks. Walking up and down the floor, he would dictate to me slowly in that cracked Rip Van Winkle voice of his, and I could follow him easily on the typewriter.

"One day when we met as usual for work at the Southern Hotel, he seemed to have prepared more elaborate notes than usual, and instead of walking about the room he sat down, quite a distance away from me, and began to dictate the chapter treating of his closing experiences in Australia. There was a pathetic quiver in his voice as he spoke of the many happy days he had spent in that far-away land, among comparative strangers, and added that he hoped his book would come to them as a sort of handgrasp between friends who would never meet again in this life.

"It was very affecting. My eyes grew misty and I had to stop writing. Suddenly I felt a kindly hand on my head, and Mr. Jefferson's voice said: 'That's what I wanted. Cry all you want to, my girl. I cried myself last night when I wrote that, but I was afraid no one else would. I guess it will do.'" — *Chicago Times-Herald.*

Hutton. — Laurence Hutton is contributing to *St. Nicholas* a series of reminiscences of his boyhood in New York, under the title of "A Boy I Knew." In the January *St. Nicholas* he has the following: —

The Boy's earliest attempts at versification were found, the other day, in an old desk, and at the end of almost half a century. The copy is in his own boyish, ill-spelled print; and it bears no date. The present owner, his Aunt Henrietta, well remembers the circumstances and the occasion, however, having been an active *agent in the acts the poem* describes, although she avers that she had no hand in its composition. The original, it seems, was transcribed by The Boy upon the cover of a soap-box, which served as a headstone to one of the graves in his pets' burying-ground, situated in the back-yard of the Hudson-street house, from which he was taken before he was nine years of age. The monument stood against the fence, and this is the legend it bore — rhyme, rhythm, meter, and orthography being carefully preserved: —

Three little kitens of our old cat
Were berrid this day in this
grassplat.
They came to their deth in
an old water pale,
And after loosing their breth
They were pulled out by
the tale.
These three little kitins have
returned to their maker,
And were put in the grave by
The Boy,
Undertaker.

Thoreau. — As a writer Thoreau is by himself. There are no other books like "Walden" and the "Week." The reader may like them or leave them (unless he is pretty sure of himself he may be advised to try "Walden" first), he will find nowhere else the same combination of pure nature and austere philosophy. It is hard even to see with what to compare them, or to conceive of any one else as having written them. If Marcus Aurelius, with half his sweetness of temper eliminated, and something of sharpness, together with liberal measures of cool intellectuality injected, could have been united with Gilbert White rather less radically transformed, and if the resultant complex person had made it his business to write, we can perhaps imagine that his work would not have been in all respects unlike that of the sage of Walden: in saying which we have but taken a circuitous course back to our former position, that Thoreau was a man of his own kind.

He was an author from the beginning. Of that, as he said himself, he was never in doubt. His ceaseless observation of nature — which some have decried as lacking purpose and method — and his daily journal were deliberately chosen means to that end. "Here have I been these forty years learning the language of these fields that I may the better express my-

self." This was what he aimed at, let his subject be what it might, — to express *himself*. Few writers have ever treated their work more seriously, or studied their art more industriously. He talked sometimes, to be sure, as if there were no art about it. To listen to him in such a mood, one might suppose that the fact and the thought were the only things to be considered, and language followed of itself. Such was neither his belief nor his practice. But he was one of the fortunate ones who by taking pains can produce an effect of easiness; who can recast and recast a sentence, and in the end leave it looking as if it had dropped from a running pen. — *Bradford Torrey, in December Atlantic.*

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

SELECT AND SPEECH-READING FOR THE DEAF. Illustrated. John Dutton Wright. *Century* (38 c.) for January.

AN AMERICAN COMPOSER: EDWARD A. MACDOWELL. Henry T. Finck. *Century* (38 c.) for January.

THE BALLAD POETRY OF IRELAND. Rev. William Dollard. *Donahoe's Magazine* (28 c.) for January.

EMERSON SIXTY YEARS AFTER — I. John Jay Chapman. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for January.

CHEERFUL YESTERDAYS (Reminiscences). — III. T. W. Higginson. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for January.

MEMORIALS OF AMERICAN AUTHORS. Joseph Edgar Chamberlin. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for January.

LITERARY LANDMARKS OF ROME. Illustrated. Laurence Hutton. *Harper's* (38 c.) for January.

A BOY I KNEW (Autobiography) — II. Laurence Hutton. *St. Nicholas* (28 c.) for January.

H. H. KOHLSAAT. Walter Wellman. *Review of Reviews* (28 c.) for January.

FREDERICK SAUNDERS OF THE ASTOR LIBRARY. George J. Manson. *Bookman* (23 c.) for January.

ON THE NATURALIZATION OF FOREIGN WORDS. Brander Matthews. *Bookman* (23 c.) for January.

MY LITERARY HERESIES. Andrew Lang. *Bookman* (23 c.) for January.

NEGRO FOLKLORE AND DIALECT. Professor W. S. Scarborough. *Arena* (28 c.) for January.

JOHANNA AMBROSIUS. "Chelifer." *Godey's* (13 c.) for January.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. W. P. Trent. *McClure's Magazine* (13 c.) for January.

THE NEWSPAPER AND PERIODICAL PRESS OF FRANCE. Thomas B. Preston. *Chautauquan* (23 c.) for January.

FRENCH LITERATURE OF TO-DAY. Henry Houssaye. *Chautauquan* (23 c.) for January.

THE FRENCH ACADEMY. Jeanette L. Gilder. *Chautauquan* (23 c.) for January.

A DAY WITH JOHN BURROUGHS. "Spectator." *Outlook* (13 c.) for January 2.

NEWS AND NOTES.

"Marian Douglas" is a familiar name to magazine readers; but comparatively few know that it is the pen name of Mrs. Annie Douglas Robinson, of Bristol, N. H.

The real name of "Gabriel Setoun" is Gabriel Hepburn.

Edward Randall Knowles, the poet, of Worcester, Mass., whom the *Review of Reviews* has termed "the rising poet of Catholicism in America," is now slowly convalescing from an attack of double pneumonia at his summer home at West Sutton. Doctor Knowles has been favored with more distinguished decorations from foreign sovereigns than any other American heretofore. Among them are: The high grade of Commander in the Order of St. Catharine of Mt. Sinai, an order which dates from the year 1063, ten years before the title of pope became restricted solely to the Roman pontiff; and the distinction of Grand Gordon of the Star of Anjouan.

In "Stories of a Sanctified Town," recently published by the Century Company, Miss Lucy S. Furman has told in a remarkably sprightly, attractive way more stories of the sanctified people in a little town down in Kentucky.

Among the historical writers of South Carolina is Hon. W. A. Courtenay, whose writings are characterized by great care and elaborate research. The most recent work compiled by him is the "Cowpens Centennial, 1781-1881," which not only gives a full account of the centennial celebration, but also contains a quantity of valuable revolutionary biographical matter. Colonel T. W. Higginson was among the speakers at the Cowpens Centennial.

Gilson Willets has bought *Romance* from the Current Literature Publishing Company, and, beginning with the January number, will make it once more a story magazine.

The editors of the *Critic* begin with the new year a monthly publication named "*The Month* in Literature, Art, and Life; Illustrated: A Journal of Cultivation." The first issue has signed contributions by representative writers, more than twenty-five portraits, literary notes by "The Lounger," book reviews, and comments on "The Fine Arts," "The Drama," and "Music."

The *Puritan*, "a journal for gentlewomen," is a new monthly published by Frank A. Munsey in New York.

A new quarterly is the *American Journal of Theology*, published by the University of Chicago. It will cover the whole field of theology, systematic, exegetical, and historical, and will admit only articles which make a real contribution to theological knowledge.

The assets of the Arena Publishing Company have been sold to William Craigg, representing a syndicate. The publication of the *Arena* will be continued, with John Clark Ridpath and Mrs. Helen H. Gardener as editors.

The *Open Court* (Chicago) changes its form with the January number, and will be hereafter a solid monthly, of the usual magazine size. Its subscription-price is so low that its work has been rendered possible only by the large private endowments of E. C. Hegeler, of La Salle, whose contributions to its support, the publishers say, have exceeded its net income by ninety-six per cent.

Beginning with the February number, the *Monthly Illustrator* (New York) will be known by its old name, *Home and Country*. It will also be enlarged.

Mrs. Rorer's magazine, *Household News*, has been absorbed by the *Ladies' Home Journal*, for which Mrs. Rorer will write exclusively hereafter.

George W. Cable has accepted the editorship of *Current Literature*. Under this arrangement, the *Symposium*, a monthly magazine, which Mr. Cable started, will be discontinued, and all the author's time, outside of what is given to imaginative work, will be devoted to this new editorship.

With the January number the *Ladies' Home Companion* (Springfield, O.) changes its name to the *Woman's Home Companion*. The change, as the editors say, "is in the interest of common sense and good English."

Maine Outings, Portland, Me., is dead.

The *Savoy*, Aubrey Beardsley's magazine, is dead.

Book publishing seems to have reached a fixed limit in England, only sixty more books having been published in 1896 than in 1895, and only forty more in that year than in 1894. Last year 6,573 new books and editions were published, as against 6,516 in 1895, while the number of books published for the first time is 250 less than in 1895. The chief gains are in history, fiction, and poetry, while the losses are in travels, belles lettres, and miscellaneous works.

The gold watch offered by the *Cottager* of Athol, Mass., as a prize in its bicycle short-story contest, was awarded to Rev. George T. Lemmon, Lake Placid, N. Y., for his story "Love A-Wheel." Mr. Lemmon learned of the competition through the announcement of it in THE WRITER.

The Christmas number of *Harper's Round Table* has a fac-simile of the manuscript of the poem, "The Night Before Christmas," with a portrait and sketch of the author, Dr. Clement Moore.

Godey's begins its 134th volume with the January number. *Godey's Lady's Book* was the first woman's magazine established.

In *McClure's Magazine* for January are reproduced all the known portraits of Benjamin Franklin painted or drawn from life. There are fifteen of them, covering a period of thirty-one years. The same number has an article on Franklin by W. P. Trent.

With the number bearing date January 2, the *Living Age* (formerly *Littell's Living Age*) begins its two hundred and twelfth volume.

In the January number of the *Chautauquan*, with the French Academy as a nucleus, French literature, past and present, is made the subject of five articles, three of which are illustrated.

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

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WHAT IS AVAILABLE.

The writer has to learn by experience somewhat, but more by trained observation, what is wanted in the market where he would dispose of his wares. Almost every periodical has its fancies, as well as its rules and prejudices. Perhaps some personal discoveries may prove not only amusing, but instructive to others.

I had written several acceptable articles for *St. Nicholas* before I was told by a favorite contributor to that magazine that there was an understood aversion there to publishing a story in which the hero or heroine died. I once sent to *Wide Awake* a bit of verse which related a pretty speech of a child on a religious subject. As the anecdote had been related to me by a prominent Presbyterian clergyman, I felt sure of its propriety. But that kindest of critics, Ella Farman Pratt, sent it back to me with an explanatory note that it was thought best never to use anything relating to childish notions of the Deity. A friend of mine once had some Easter verses returned to her by a magazine, the editor of which wrote that "catering as we do to Jew and Gentile alike," he thought it more tactful not to notice this particular feast. A New York paper on one occasion sent back to me a brief contributed to its woman's page; it told of an autograph given by the President, who had unconsciously added his thumbmark to the page, and thus enhanced the value of the album to the girl-possessor. The criticism was: "The idea of a thumbmark might imply a dirty hand. As ours is an administration paper, I am afraid the chief might not like my publishing such an article."

You see one has to step very gingerly.

On the other hand, Mr. Howells never wrote more realistically than when in "A World of Chance" he showed what seeming trifles might go to help a literary start. Of course, sustained success needs solid merit, but there are undoubtedly other factors which aid one to a hearing. Tact and discretion are as valuable here as everywhere. One learns after a time the general trend of a periodical, and to read between the lines enough to guess shrewdly the natural predilections of the editors. For instance, one of the New York humorous papers is fighting vivisection — let that be borne in mind. Another of them has a turn for homely sentiment. One of Gotham's magazines is conducted by a Californian with a forgivable leaning toward what reminds him of his home. One has a fancy for classical subjects in verse. A domestic journal I know can never resist the offer of poetry about a baby. The late editor of one of our oldest newspapers never would allow — because of his affection for his wife's mother — any of the current jokes at the ex-

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pense of mothers-in-law to enter his publication. Perhaps the best-known reviewer in this country has—although it would not be suspected by the casual reader—what amounts to a monomania for anything that tends to the championship of religion, or the confusion of disbelief. Any book on such matters which fell in his way would be treated with every good word that he could give to it.

Let me be so far egotistical once more: A while ago a friend, who had never written rhyme, looked up at me from the pages of a current monthly. "How popular," she said, "this sort of idea is at present: a sort of gentle forlornity over one's lost ideals, comparing one's old beliefs to a forsaken nest, as it were." She looked up again. "If you should put that bird's nest into a quatrain," she said, "I believe you would sell it at once, though poetry is so hard to sell. Try it, and see."

I sat silent for an instant, turning the trite notion into rhyme. Then I repeated aloud four very commonplace lines. They used the idea she had given to me of the beliefs and the nest. So I made the trial. I sent them to one of our great magazines. With them I offered several other quatrains which I had revolved in my mind for years before I could get what I felt was a happy novelty of thought, coupled to my mind with melodious words and rhymes. In the course of time back came all my quatrains, save one; and the one that was accepted was the first. They took the bird's nest.

These instances might be multiplied indefinitely. So long as editors are human they will entertain the likes and dislikes of humanity. And they, like their contributors, will not prove to be superhuman for some time to come.

CATSKILL, N. Y. *Ruth Hall.*

SOMETHING ABOUT INDEXING.

It is relatively easy to follow Captain Cuttle's advice; the difficulty is to find the note after it has been made. This difficulty takes its root in the making of the note. A note properly made is easily filed away, so that it may be found when wanted. I have found that the best way to do this is either to make all notes on pieces of paper of the same size and shape, or else, having made them on sheets of different sizes, to enclose them all in envelopes of the same size. This latter plan has this advantage, that newspaper clippings, small pamphlets, and other things of similar nature can be put in with other memoranda without any recopying.

Having a supply of envelopes and memoranda, the question is how to arrange them so that any one of them may be easily accessible. There are various schemes of classification by which this may be done, and while some of them are very elaborate and of great service, particularly to specialists, they present difficulties to any one who is not familiar with the system he proposes to use. It will always be necessary for him to have his system of classification beside him, so that he may be able to put the correct marks upon his memoranda, and also that he may be able to find them when they are wanted. Probably the simplest way is to choose a word which shall describe the subject of the note in question, and write this word upon the top of each sheet of paper, and also upon the envelope in which it is to be placed. The envelopes can then be filed away in alphabetical order in boxes, so as to stand the narrow way of the envelope.

One objection to this plan is that things upon allied topics will be widely scattered. For instance, a clipping about bicycles would come under "B," whereas one about the old-fashioned velocipede would be at the other end of the alphabet. This difficulty, however, can be readily overcome by writing on the "Bicycle" envelope the words, "See also Velocipedes," and vice versa. Thus a system of cross-refer-

ences, similar to that in the best library catalogues, can be established. Another difficulty, not so easily overcome, is the choice of appropriate words under which the memoranda are to be filed. Skill in selection can come only with experience; but, though at first the beginner may enter clippings under meaningless headings, and scatter those which should be kept together, these failures will soon teach him to be more uniform. By occasionally going over his envelopes and rearranging them, he can bring together those that he has scattered, and change the entries which he finds clumsy and inconvenient.

Were the "index conscience," as the *Nation* calls it, more active among authors and publishers, most of this index rerum would be done once for all with each book. A proper index — not merely a couple of pages thrown in at the back of the book with hardly any regard to good index rules, but an index that will enable the student to refer to all the important parts of a book — adds very greatly to its value, and, in some cases at any rate, is a last feather in the scale to influence a purchase. This is particularly true among librarians. Librarians who are doubtful about the purchase of a book not uncommonly throw it out from their order list when they find that it is not properly indexed.

For some reasons the author is more competent to index his own book than any one else. He is more familiar with the subject-matter and understands better the relative value of the different topics of which he treats; but of the technique of index-making he is unfortunately too often absolutely ignorant. With the manuals that can be purchased now for a few cents, this ignorance should no longer exist. For his own use, in making an index rerum, such as that described above, if not in making an index for the use of his readers, he should certainly familiarize himself with the fundamental rules of index-making. Probably the best manual of indexing is that by J. Ben. Nichols, published by the *Library Journal* at twenty-five cents, and endorsed by the American Library Association. Another pamphlet of great value, particularly in regard to the selection of subject headings, is Cutter's "Rules for the Dictionary Catalogue," which can be obtained, free of charge, from the United States Commissioner of Education.

DENVER, Colo. *Francis D. Tandy.*

MORE ABOUT NEWSPAPER ENGLISH.

May a tortured soul venture a short diatribe against newspaper English? I am not so unreasonable as to expect all newspaper men to be Scotts and Thackerays and George Eliots; but it does seem as if some newspaper toilers might learn to write English less atrociously than they do.

Is "swagger" an English word when it is applied to a young woman to denote that she is stylish; or "stunning," when applied to her figure to signify elegant; or "fetching," as descriptive of her bonnet or gown, or of anything else, for that matter? Why, when there is a word in the dictionary, or one sanctioned by good usage, that adequately expresses our meaning, must we pick up some new-fangled abomination just because it is new? Why must we say "wire" for telegraph, or "knife" for stab, or "suicided" for committed suicide, or "brainy" for clever?

Passing from words to phrases, there is another little elegance that the reporters are fond of; namely, using the name of a man's official business, or other capacity as a title. It is perfectly legitimate to say Mayor Strong, or Governor Black, or Queen Victoria, but I

beg to protest against such combinations as "Ex-Representative in Congress Meade," or "Spanish Minister to China Juan Delavat," or "Assistant Commissioner of Immigration McSweeney." Why in the name of common sense could we not say, "Mr. Meade, ex-representative in congress," "Juan Delavat, Spanish minister to China," "John McSweeney, assistant commissioner of immigration"? It cannot be for lack of space, for it is only a question of a word or a comma; and besides, in the same column with such expressions, we read about the "Japan-China-Corean embroglio," for instance, when "Corean embroglio" would have conveyed the meaning intended just as fully and precisely and much more elegantly. We are likely to read, also, that the embroglio "broke out." We all know that wars "break out," but an embroglio! One might as well say that a tangle "broke out."

One thing more which excites the critical reader's ire — and which is not, alas! confined to the newspapers — is the almost invariable use of the word "girl" for "young woman," and of the expression "pretty girl" to designate any young woman who is not positively ugly. A little variety would be desirable here. When the female is only bright-looking, or attractive-looking, or sweet-looking, why might not the writer say so? And when the facts warrant it, why might he not sometimes, instead of the monotonous "pretty girl," give us a beautiful young woman?

New York, N. Y. *M. E. McOnot.*

EDITORIAL CARELESSNESS.

I hope that every editor in the land will read this article. Then perhaps some of them may reform — not all, but the few who need reformation most.

One editor who ought to reform is the man who writes the word "Rejected," or "Returned," in a bold, John Hancock hand across the face of the luckless manuscript that fails to meet his requirements. There is one editor in New York city who invariably does this, but he won't get a chance to do so with any more of my productions. I can dispose of all I write to editors who do not exert themselves to disfigure such manuscripts as they may find it necessary to return.

There is another editor I have on my little list. His place of business is Chicago, and the paper the destinies of which he controls has a standing invitation at the head of its editorial columns for the public — or that portion of it which writes — to send in contributions, "accompanied by stamps, and when compensation is expected, it must be so expressed in communication."

Well, I sent in a batch of manuscript, "accompanied by stamps," — or rather a stamped and addressed envelope, which is better yet, — and three months later I received it back again, every last syllable of it; but, oh! how changed! I have been wondering ever since what kind of a machine the editor ran it through.

The matter submitted consisted of brief humorous sketches, anecdotes, jokes, etc., each written on a separate sheet of paper. When the manuscript was sent out it was as clean and neat as a new pin. When it came back, alas! it was rumpled and crumpled, and on the face of each sheet was either a big blue cross or a check-mark. The crosses and check-marks were about evenly distributed, but an all-seeing Providence and the editor alone knew what they meant.

I didn't write and ask him — the editor, I mean. I merely said to myself that I was lucky to get my manuscript back at all from that kind of an editor, and let the matter go at that. It would have been quite a source of consolation to me, however, if that editor could have heard a few of the remarks I made about him while I was engaged in the task of recopying the manu-

script which he had thoughtlessly and needlessly spoiled.

While I am on the subject, let me ask, Why is it necessary to use a blue pencil, or any other pencil, on a manuscript that is to be returned? With the exercise of a little common sense and ingenuity, it seems to me an editor might devise some method of distinguishing the articles he desires to retain from those that he intends to send back, without disfiguring the latter, especially. If he wishes to put his sign-manual on those retained for publication, that is his own affair, but when he goes out of his way to put the brand of rejection on the hapless manuscript that does not aim high enough — or, perhaps, stoop low enough — for his particular journal or magazine, I desire to protest.

All I ask for — all that any author asks for — is fair play. Every manuscript sent out represents a certain amount of thought and labor, and if the author submits it to a prospective purchaser, enclosing an addressed and stamped envelope for its return, if not available, he has a right to expect it back within a reasonable time, if declined, and in as good condition as he sent it out. Certainly it should not be covered with wholly unnecessary and disfiguring pencil marks.

A merchant does not disfigure or destroy the articles he does not care for when selecting goods from a drummer's sample-case, and an editor ought to have as fine a sense of honor and fair play and as wide-awake and active a conscience as a merchant. I don't claim to possess anything extraordinary in the conscience line, but I am sure I should not be able to sleep very soundly if I were an editor and were guilty of marking and mangling manuscripts as some editors do.

It is just as easy not to do it as to do it, if an editor will only make it a rule to be considerate, and to do as he would be done by if the respective positions of editor and contributor were reversed. Let us hope that some of the chief offenders will read this plea (I shall take pains to send a marked copy to several that I know, whether they read it or not) and resolve to be more considerate in future.

There is another annoyance, and a peculiarly aggravating one at that, to which authors are subjected by some editors, and that is the holding of a timely article, sketch, or poem, until it is too late to use it elsewhere, and then returning it without a word of apology or explanation.

I will mention two instances, which, to say the least, were not conducive to Christian resignation of spirit. The last of January, one year, I sent a patriotic poem to a Sunday newspaper. The subject of it was a celebrated battle of the Revolution, the anniversary of which dated several months ahead. At the time of sending in the manuscript, I asked for an early decision, so that if the poem were not wanted, I could send it to some other publication. After waiting for two months and not hearing from the editor, I wrote to him, enclosing a stamped envelope, asking him to advise me if the poem would be used; if not, I said, I hoped he would return it promptly, as it would soon be too late to submit it elsewhere, for that season, at least.

No reply came, and I naturally supposed the verses would be used on the date for which they were intended. Judge of my disgust, then, at receiving back the manuscript exactly six weeks after the anniversary of the battle had passed — and looking, for all the world, as if it had been in the thickest of the fight, and had been chased through a fly-roost and an ink-factory by the enemy after the conflict was over.

Perhaps I am going to send that editor some more timely articles; and then, again, perhaps I am not! On the whole, I don't think I shall.

The other experience to which I refer was with an article appropriate to a certain month. A single glance at the heading would have shown an editor what it was, and the reading of a dozen lines would have told him whether he wanted it or not; yet the first editor to whom it was submitted held it for nearly two weeks (in spite of my urgent request for prompt decision), and the next editorial cyclops into whose clutches it fell clung fondly to it for three weeks longer, and then calmly returned it with the information that it was now too late to use the article — just as if I didn't know that already and hadn't been tearing out handfuls of my hair for the past ten days over his exasperating slowness!

BROOKFIELD, MASS. Will S. Gidley.

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WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

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In most occupations women receive lower wages than men for doing the same work. It is pleasant to think that in literary work no discrimination of this kind is made. Women are paid for what they write at the same rate as men, and some of the highest incomes enjoyed by authors at the present time are received by women. Editors and publishers may have their short-comings, but they set other business men a good example in this respect.

***

In the January number of the *Ladies' Home Journal* William J. Bok justly criticises the wishy-washy literature of which so much is to be found in Sunday school libraries. He has been examining a number of such libraries recently, and he finds them stocked with piles of rubbish. Quoting a few examples, he says: "Such books are an insult to the intelligence of the young people, and have a pernicious influence. Instead of being healthy books, they are decidedly unhealthy in tone and teaching. Surely we are cultivating a dangerous taste for reading in the young when we feed them on such rubbish." Part of the blame Mr. Bok lays upon the publication boards and societies, which are influenced by a denominational spirit that narrows their choice of books. Then, again, it is shown that the most mediocre sort of "talent" is employed to write these books, and that beggarly prices — less than eighty dollars a book — are paid. Certainly, a publisher cannot expect to get a literary work of art, religious, moral, and instructive, for anything like eighty dollars.

***

The writer who does not keep a collection of newspaper clippings practically filed, so that any desired clipping may be available instantly for use, does his work without a very useful tool. In the note published in the January WRITER Mr. Howells indicated how newspaper clippings may be made useful to the novelist. Charles Reade, as everybody knows, used to depend largely on the newspapers for his plots, and kept many scrap-books of clippings, which he found extremely helpful. As for general writers, editors and essayists particularly, they can hardly get along without some system for filing clippings from newspapers for daily use. The newspapers and magazines provide the only record of current history, and of discoveries, improvements, and changes in all departments of human knowledge. A collection of clippings, well-made and well-filed, furnishes necessary information that cannot be found in any of the encyclopædias or other books of reference.

***

The Library Association of Brooklyn recognizes this fact, and makes a specialty of preserving newspaper clippings on a great range of subjects, which are kept in boxes in the form of volumes. During 1895 this collection was increased by the addition of sixteen volumes. The collection now numbers ninety

volumes, the largest class, biography, containing thirty-two volumes. This library of newspaper clippings is open to the use of all members of the Library Association, and in it the library has the best up-to-date cyclopedia ever thought of.

***

Unfiled clippings are only an aggravation, and it is better that clippings should be pasted in a scrap-book without any regard to order than that they should be put in drawers or boxes as they are cut, without being classified. Even a hodge-podge scrap-book can be indexed, and its contents thus made accessible. Probably the best way to dispose of clippings, however, is to file them in envelopes, according to some one of the schemes that have been explained in back numbers of THE WRITER. Special envelopes can be provided for subjects on which a writer may chance to be at work, or in which he takes a peculiar interest. In gathering clippings the aid of a clipping bureau may profitably be secured. An author, for instance, who wants to write an article on "Horseless Carriages" can obtain, by means of the clipping bureau service. everything published on the subject in current periodicals, and so be sure that his article is wholly up to date.

W. H. H.

THE SCRAP BASKET.

Newspaper space is supposed to be a commodity of which editors are sparing; yet, one sees things that are peculiar. I remember reading once this sentence: "Men are busy at the Cathedral of Notre Dame getting the interior of the edifice ready for the funeral of M. Carnot on Sunday. The cathedral will be decorated in a manner similar to that on the occasion of the funeral of ex-President Thiers." One can hardly understand such verbosity, even with eternity at one's disposal; but with time and space limited, it is incomprehensible. The following sentence conveys the meaning as fully and more clearly: "Men are busy at the Cathedral of Notre Dame, getting the interior ready for the funeral of M. Carnot on Sunday. The decorations will be similar to those prepared for the funeral of ex-President Thiers."

M. E. M.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

SKETCHES OF WRITERS.

XI.—JOHN J. A' BECKET.

About ten years ago a young man with a handsome face and polished manners turned up among the journalistic hustlers of New York and modestly offered several manuscript short stories for sale. Naturally enough, he took them to the "syndicates," and it was at Bacheller's that I first came in contact with him.

I cannot lay claim to the discovery of a' Becket. I wish I could, for his growing fame justifies the estimation of his work that I have held for years. Howard Fielding turned him over to me. At that time Fielding was Bacheller's editor, a hard man to pass, for his intimate knowledge of journalistic requirements was in constant conflict with his own exacting taste, and between the two the unhappy author was often reduced to pulp — in which condition he could find no more whole-souled, hearty sympathizer than Fielding himself. I think that a' Becket had been brought to pretty nearly the pulp state on the day that I blustered into Bacheller's office and was calmly presented to him as — *mirabile dictu* — "a writer of successful short stories"!

Of course, I recognized this as one of Fielding's cutting witticisms, but a' Becket took it most seriously, and the wistful, pleased expression in his eyes smote me to the heart. It was simply impossible not to say that I should be glad to examine his work and give such suggestions as I could. I shall never forget the look of gratitude and newly-awakened hope with which a' Becket listened. We arranged for a meeting at my home. He brought several manuscripts and read them in unaffected yet effective, almost dramatic style. They were good stories, but the trouble with them was tolerably plain. He had used his elegant diction for the setting forth of gloomy, essentially unpopular subjects. The stamp of genius was

upon the work, but it was genius misdirected. His appeared to be the kind of art that must suffer long before obtaining its proper recognition.

It is rather embarrassing to ask a stranger how much money he has, and whether his relatives will support him during his period of waiting in publishers' ante-rooms, but these and similar questions had to be asked, and the

JOHN J. A' BECKET.

more I learned, the more embarrassed I became. It was developed gradually that a' Becket had no resources whatever beyond his stock of manuscripts and a charming willingness to perform any work at which he might be put; that he was quite as deficient in relatives as in dollars; that he was unmarried, and without intentions in that direction; that he had the right to put Ph.D. after his name; that he had been professor of belles lettres in Georgetown University; that he abhorred teaching, and that he had abandoned it for the battle of literature in a strange city; and, most appalling of all, that he had as little practical knowledge of the world as a child.

The emergency was a painful one. Here was a man who could write several times better than I could ever hope to write, whose education, taste, and abilities fitted him for the highest kind of productive activity, and who sat awaiting my word with sublime confidence, apparently, that I should set him upon the right track. It was like sacrilege to turn such talent into the wreck-strewn ways of daily journalism, but there seemed to be no other expedient. Opportunity to make a living was a' Becket's most pressing need. It was necessary, therefore, to make a newspaper man of him. This was done, though it was not until three or four months had passed that he found regular employment. The intervening period must have been a severe trial for him. The story of it would be in general the story of many another artist who has struggled through a garret-and-stale-bread existence as a preliminary to reputation and comparative comfort. I am sufficiently familiar with it to know that it was a season of odd jobs in journalism with meagre and exasperatingly irregular returns. One day it was rather loudly whispered that the *World* was about to issue an evening edition. The hint was given to a' Becket; there was a little "hustling" on the part of his friends, and he sped down Park Row to ask for a situation. It was not the first trip of the kind that he had made, but this one was successful. After a brief experience as a reporter, he was placed where his talents could be employed most congenially and effectively on a newspaper — at the editorial desk.

Writing editorials and paragraphs for an evening newspaper is not exhausting work for one whose pen is facile, and a' Becket found ample time for cultivating his specialty — the short story. The first story of his that attracted considerable attention was "The Roses of the Señor," published in *Scribner's* in 1888. This has been followed by so many others, distributed through substantially all the first-rate American periodicals, that it would be superfluous to mention them. By this time every magazine reader must have become familiar with a' Becket's charming style.

Early in 1891 a' Becket was transferred from the *Evening World* to the *World's* London

office. He remained there somewhat more than a year, having time for little else than the exacting journalistic work required of him, but incidentally seeing a great deal of England and the continent. This experience was of value to him, for many of his later stories have a foreign locale and color. When he returned to America it was to drop journalism entirely. He devotes himself exclusively to the short story, and succeeds not only by the exquisite quality of his work, but by industrious production and a most commendable and systematic persistence in keeping his manuscripts on the move. Rejection with him never implies the relegation of a story to the shelf. The manuscript is remailed promptly and kept on the rounds until it is accepted. I recall one instance where a'Becket sold a story for a high price after it had been rejected fifteen times. There is a lesson in this to all struggling writers, and as a'Becket's life has not been marked by striking episodes, this sketch of him may end best with that instance, for it epitomizes his fight for recognition.

YONKERS, N. Y. *Frederick R. Burton.*

QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics will be answered in this department. Questions must be brief, and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

What is the real name of "Henry Seton Merriman"? E. F. B.

["Henry Seton Merriman" is the pen name of H. S. Scott. — W. H. H.]

(1.) Does courtesy require that a manuscript be accompanied by a letter? Is not the manuscript a sufficient explanation of itself?

(2.) I always write my address in the upper right-hand corner of the first page of each manuscript that I send out. Is that the best place?

(3.) Must one copy a manuscript when the original is marred by erasures, etc.? It is almost an intolerable burden.

(4.) Is it better to use one's own name than a pseudonym, and, if so, why? A. L. A.

[(1.) It is better to enclose a brief note with each manuscript sent out, even though the manuscript itself bears, as it should, the writer's name and address. The note may not be necessary, but it can do no harm, and it is likely to serve the editor's convenience. Many editors keep their record of manuscript on the slips accompanying them, and if there is no slip they must either make one, or use the envelope, or make memoranda on the manuscript itself. If a note is enclosed, the editor has no excuse for defacing the manuscript, either with a "date received," or with any other mark. Finally, it seems more courteous and business-like to enclose a note; but it should be as brief as possible.

(2.) The best place for the author's address on a manuscript is at the upper left-hand corner of the first page. In the upper right-hand corner it is well to note the approximate number of words in the manuscript, as: "About 2,300 words." Many writers have a bad habit of writing the address at the end of the manuscript, where it is not easily seen.

(3.) No manuscript should ever be sent out that is so marred by erasures and interlineations that it is not easily legible. If the manuscript can be easily read, however, a few changes or corrections do no harm.

(4.) It is best to use one's own name for a signature, unless there are reasons for the use of a pseudonym. If a young lady who can write good poetry has the misfortune to be named "Ann Hogg," for instance, she will do well to adopt a sensible pseudonym. Honest "A. Hogg," however, is a better signature than such mushy pen-names as "Arnold Atherton," or "Lucie," or "Ethel Ethelwold," which young ladies of from thirty-five to fifty-seven somehow seem prone to adopt. — W. H. H.]

What is the proper spelling of the Hungarian Jókai's name? H. W. D.

["Maurus Jókai" is the style used by the novelist himself in signing his "Literary Recollections," published in this country about a year ago. — W. H. H.]

(1.) Will you inform me through the columns of THE WRITER whether a story may be written in one tense only, or if it is allowable to write part, or parts, in the present, and the rest in the past. There are descriptions that seem to my mind more real if written in the present tense, and if I do not keep watch of my pen it travels from past to present, and from present

to past, without my being conscious of it. Here is an example: —

A GAME OF WHIST.

Hal was five points ahead. He lost two. The heads drew closer. Each chair was given an extra hitch.

Elbows out, heads down, eyes alert, hands carefully playing out the precious cards; now and then a nervous glance at the bronze clock.

Another point gone! Hurriedly the cards are shuffled and dealt, and then silence again. Hal still loses; he gains two, then one; he loses another, another. The clock strikes the half hour. Hal has won.

The long suspense was ended.

The last sentence returns to the past tense and so continues. Here is another example, the narrative being written in the past tense until the boat capsizes: —

Something deals him a heavy blow and drags him down, down, down. He struggles in vain to free himself, and that cruel blow confused his head.

. . . . . .

A laurel party tired, but happy, were returning, etc.

I can't explain any better than to say I wish to draw a picture as if I were showing it, and then go on with the narrative.

Is it allowable to change the tense like this: —

What he should do in case he fell in love with one of them he had not taken into account. Now, he makes the somewhat startling discovery that he has more than a ministerial interest in the gayest butterfly of them all.

He deliberates, etc.

(2.) What is the rule for using quotation marks when writing the titles of books, names of boats, etc.? If the names are written with quotation marks the first time, should they be used the second or third time? M. G.

[(1.) The rule about tenses is that the tense should not be changed in narration without good reason. Sometimes, to make the narration of an exciting incident more vivid, a change from the past to the present tense is advisable, but such changes need to be made with skill, and the past tense should not be resumed again until there is a distinct break in the story, while frequent changes back and forth between past and present tense always mark the unskillful writer. In the first example given by "M. G.," there are many faults in expression. The use of "heads" so soon after "ahead" is unfortunate. The second paragraph is without grammatical construction, and needs to be rewritten with one or more verbs inserted. As "M. G." has it, this paragraph is meant to prepare the way for the change from past to present tense, but a paragraph without a predicate is not allowable. The third paragraph is unquestionably made more vivid by the use of the present tense, but the change back to *the past tense* in the last paragraph more than destroys all that has been gained.

Why does "M. G." say "bronze clock," by the way? It is true that calling attention to an important detail often gives life to a picture, but in this case the clock is so unimportant that the reader does n't care in the least whether it is bronze or Waterbury, and he is insensibly harassed by being forced to take in a fact which has no connection with the story he is following.

The tense-change from "struggles" to "confused" in the second example is not allowable. The change of tense after the line of periods might be allowed if the break came at the end of a chapter. In most cases where tenses are changed in good writing it is at or near the close of chapters, and the usual tense is not resumed until the next chapter is begun.

"A laurel party were" should be "A laurel party was."

Some writers, notably "The Duchess," use the present tense almost altogether in narration.

The change of tenses in the third example is hardly allowable. A change cannot be made, as a rule, within a paragraph.

(2.) Titles of books should be put in quotation marks. Titles of periodicals should be put either in quotation marks or in Italics. The rule is the same whether the title is re-repeated or not. — W. H. H.]

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Carleton. — Will Carleton lives in a fine house on the finest block of Greene avenue, Brooklyn. "My boyhood was a rather quiet and uneventful one," he said, in answer to my inquiries. "Most of the events in our neighborhood consisted in the tilling of lands. I was called 'lazy,' and so I was, until I got at something I could do. I was born near Hudson, Mich., two miles from the post-office, and a mile from the 'corporation line.'

"My love for poetry was inspired by reading Robert Burns, extracts from Shakespeare, some of the more lucid and forcible of the 'pieces' in my school readers, and the more poetical of the hymns that were sung in church. I did not care at that time to consider the Bible as poetry, for I thought everything, to be that,

must be in measure or rhyme; but I heard it every night and morning at family prayers. I learned seven verses every week, in order to get a yellow ticket at Sunday school, finally began to read it because I liked it and was thrilled by it, and have always been a close private student of 'the Book of books.'

"My first poem of any length was written when I was about seven years old. I heard that a certain young man who hewed and pumped water for our nearest neighbor was a poet; that he had written a letter to some of his Eastern relatives and did it all up into rhyme. It was the first time I had ever heard of anything like that; I supposed it was a new invention, and immediately resolved to infringe on the patent. So I did up a letter to a sister, who was away at school, and made the facts defer to the rhyme in every case. It was, as I remember it, a sort of epistolary mortuary lyric. I narrated all the funerals that had happened in the vicinity during the current semester, and killed off two or three old neighbors who were yet in good health, because their names happened to rhyme with some words of a funeral nature. It must have been a dreary lot of literature for a homesick girl to read. I have forgotten all but the last quatrain, which read as follows: —

"'I now must end my letter,
And bring it to a close;
Would you have liked it better
If I had wrote it in prose?'"

"She eagerly replied, in her next missive, that she would; and the incident closed my poetical letter-writing. But about that time I found a boy in the neighboring village who had begged, borrowed, and found a few type, had penned them off in a case, and could print a little. He was my first publisher. I brought him a poem on 'The Land of the Wolverine,' and he issued it, giving me as a royalty the first two copies."

"In the construction of your poems," I asked, "do you write on the basis of a prepared plan, or at the spontaneous dictation of emotion?"

"Both, in turn, or together. That depends upon circumstances, and the exigencies of the case. My best poems write themselves, and drag me along after them."

"What is your poetical method?"

"All. I invent or adopt methods as I go along."

"Which of the two methods of alliteration do you prefer — adjunctive or intervalic?"

"The latter. One must be economical with alliteration."

"Do you, like some people, regard obscurity as the finest test of poetry?"

"No; the best poetry in the world is the most luminous, and the most easily understood. Obscure verses may be poetry, but not of the best kind, and they cannot live; they are really rebuses and enigmas, rather than poems. People are too short-lived to spend much time in guessing at an author's obscure meaning; they are apt to take it for granted that his intentions are good, and quietly forget him."

"Do you write your poems by day or night?"

"As it happens; day is the best time for work of almost any kind; but no author ought to be a slave to either the sun or the stars. I can write at any hour of the day." — *Miller Hageman, in Brooklyn Citizen.*

"The Duchess." — Mrs. Margaret Hungerford, formerly Mrs. Argyles, better known by the pseudonym of "The Duchess," published her first book, "Phyllis," in 1877. Since then she has put out more than twenty-five light novels.

Even when quite a child she delighted in literary composition, and by the time she was eighteen she managed to spend a good many hours at story-writing. "Phyllis" was completed before she was twenty. While she was writing "Phyllis," she was jokingly introduced as "her grace, the duchess." This suggested the pseudonym that has always been associated with her literary work.

"The Duchess" was one of those writers who do not believe in methodical work. She seldom wrote more than two or three hours a day, but she wrote very rapidly, and as her matter was usually prepared beforehand in her mind, her manuscript required but little correction. If the idle vein was on her, she went out into the sunshine in search of inspiration. She had a habit of lying awake at night to invent her plots, and often she found material aid in this work in the dreams which came to her after she had fallen asleep. She spent at least

a portion of every season in London, where she went a great deal into society, and doubtless found a great many details which she used in her romances. A woman who interviewed her in 1892 wrote afterward: "Mrs. Hungerford has discovered that the best working hours are in the morning; and so for three hours every forenoon she may be found in her den. It is not the sort of a room you usually think of as a workshop. There is a huge grate in it, and the log fire blazes up as if to suggest the pictures in its flames for the fair occupant to see. Bookcases are all about the room, overflowing with dictionaries, books of reference, novels, and histories, while about are flowers in plenty. Charming pictures are on the wall, and lovely bits of the valuable old china to which 'The Duchess' is devoted. The desk is a marvel of neatness, every package or bundle of manuscript being tied and labeled, and as she funnily enough says: 'I scribble my notes on the last sheets of my friends' letters. Would n't they be surprised if they knew that the last sheet became the scene of a love affair, a full account of a murder, a boycotting, or, most likely of all, a flirtation? I am not a very good sleeper, so I am very apt to plan out my scenes at night and write them in the morning. Write with regularity? Sometimes I have written the last chapter of a book first. A good situation will come to me; I will write it out, and later on write all around it.'"

Mrs. Hungerford had an interesting family of six children. As to the reading public she was simply "The Duchess," so to her neighbors she was simply Mrs. Hungerford, and it is said that many of them never knew that the pleasant visitor at their homes was the author of the stories which were on the shelves of their bookcases. She was strangely sensitive on this point, and never associated her pen-name with her identity where it could be avoided.

Kipling. — Kipling's careful workmanship is maintained in spite of the so often fatal danger of facility. At times he writes with exceeding ease, and in versification, especially, his quickness is generally marvelous. At other times the music comes less trippingly, it would seem; *for certain of his publishers told me* that he was two weeks patching up a satirical ballad aimed in a direction from which injustice had come; and then he gave the poem away to an English weekly. But nobody else could have done it in two years; and for an artistic example of concentrated cussing, it could have given points to old Bishop Ernulphus. Kipling displays as much thoroughness in his business dealings as in his literary methods. Mr. Watt, of London, is his literary agent, and buyers of Kipling wares give the author a good share of the credit for the very uniformly advantageous and business-like arrangements that are made for the publication of the stories and the verses. I have heard three of his publishers describe Kipling as quite a rare bird among geniuses, or even among the vastly wider genus of authors, in this respect of business ability, and they say it is an immense relief to find a writer who has such a clear head for rights and royalties. Except for serial rights, Kipling does not sell his books outright, like Marion Crawford and other novelists, but contracts on the royalty plan. As an evidence of his interest in the details of the business affairs of his books, the gentleman who is in charge of the newest edition of his collected works showed me the proof of the small two-leaf circular announcing the series. Kipling had written part of the document, corrected the whole of it, had made destructive and constructive suggestions about typography, and had drawn on the proof his idea of the right thing in the way of conventional type ornament — all for a small advertising detail which most writers would not know the existence of. — *Charles D. Lanier, in the February Review of Reviews.*

Pitman. — Sir Isaac Pitman, the inventor of modern phonography, had to leave school when he was twelve years old, and became an errand boy in the office of a clothing manufacturer. Afterward he became a school teacher. His interest in shorthand was aroused by a book published by a man named Harding, in 1823.

Shorthand systems had been published in Great Britain ever since Timothy Bright, in 1588, brought out his "Characterie, an Art of Short, Swift, and Secret Writing by Character." In 1590 Peter Bales published "The Writing Schoolmaster in Three Parts." The multitude

of systems before Pitman's time was based upon these two; few if any of them were phonetic, and all were more or less ineffectual imitations of the methods that had been in use since the days of Demosthenes and Cicero. Gurney's system is still used in reporting the speeches in parliament.

Isaac Pitman published his "Stenographic Shorthand" in 1837. In 1840 he brought out a book called "Phonography; or, Writing by Sound," in which he outlined his invention of the principles of phonetic writing.

"Pitman's wonderful achievement," says the *Boston Daily Advertiser*, "was both an invention and a discovery. He was but twenty-three when he published the first edition of his 'Stenographic Soundhand,' to which he gave the name 'Phonography' four years later. The thought came to the mind of this almost penniless, this hard-working, obscure, friendless, but tremendously industrious and ambitious young man, that by using the simplest geometrical elements of form, the straight line and the circle, and by assigning values to them as representatives of the vocal elements, by divisions and positions, he could construct an alphabet that would do away with the dreadful complexities of all previously-known stenographic alphabets.

"He divided the circle into four equal parts by drawing through it a perpendicular and a horizontal line. That gave him four letters from the four quarters of the circle. He divided the circle again by drawing through it two lines, at right angles to each other, each line standing at an angle of forty-five degrees to a horizontal plane. That gave him four more letters, each a quarter circle. Then he took a straight line and placed it in four positions, perpendicular, horizontal, inclined to the right at an angle of forty-five degrees, inclined to the left at the same angle. Thus he had four more letters; twelve letters in all. Next, he bethought him to distinguish between soft and hard vocal elements by arranging pairs, such as p b, t d, s z, k g, f v; and using lightly drawn forms for the soft sounds and shaded forms for the hard sounds. By that simple and ingenious expedient he had material for doubling the number of letters, making twenty-four in all! By reserving the quarter circles and straight lines for consonant sounds, and indicating vowel sounds with a perfectly simple arrangement of dots and points, or "dashes," he was able to construct the essential outlines of hundreds of words by means of a stroke or two of pen or pencil for each word.

"To secure yet greater brevity, he introduced, according to a plan that any bright child can understand in an hour and learn in a month, a system of modifications of the straight lines and quarter circles by small circles, hooks, and half-length forms. This is but a synopsis of Pitman's phonography, yet it tells the story in respect to what is fundamental."

Mr. Pitman was always an indefatigable worker and a man whose creative power could not long be delayed from finding its natural outlet. His working day began at 6 o'clock in the morning and ended at 10 at night. He was knighted in 1894.

Riley. — To talk with James Whitcomb Riley is like reading his verse: he has written out of his own life. "I don't know," said he, "that a successful author's path is altogether strewn with thornless roses. You see, you have to be eternally on the watch that you keep up to the standard you have established, the same that's given you your reputation; and you're liable to worry about it a good deal. I don't know that I'm really much happier nowadays than I used to be long ago.

"But I tell you, I used to think," he continued, "that no one could have such hard luck as I had. It just seemed as if nothing could be worse than the hardships and humiliations imposed by poverty. It's hard to wear old clothes, which don't keep off the cold, and live in a garret. I didn't exactly live in a garret; it was a cold little room, up five or six flights of stairs. My chum and I slept there and managed to get through someway. But it was awful cold in the winter. Sometimes my chum would come to bed with his cuffs on, 'to keep his hands warm,' he said.

"It was a good thing for me, though, the suffering of those days. It was a good school of adversity, and somehow or other it just fitted in with my nature. I was just as irregular about my work then as now — then, when I

did n't know where my next meal was coming from. For that same reason I was never a newspaper man. I've just hung around newspaper offices all my life, but I can't work when I'm wanted to. Never took an assignment. Wouldn't know what to do if I got one. There's something kind of stubborn about me, that'll just have its own way about working. They learned that after a while on the *Indianapolis Journal*, and would just let me do what I could when I could. That was the only way; I couldn't work in the harness.

"I work that same hit-and-miss way nowadays. I'll drop down to the *Journal* office and sit down at an unused desk, and write for a half an hour or so, just as I feel. Then I have a desk over at my publishers', where I can scribble when I feel like it. I can't write anything to order. Sometimes publishers write to me and ask for 2,800 or some other hundred words about a certain subject. I tell them that I can't do it — that it is n't in me.

"Do I do much reading? Oh, yes, in a desultory way, for my own amusement. I never make a study of reading — generally take something light." — *St. Paul Dispatch.*

Zangwill. — Israel Zangwill is the son of a poor Jew, and was born in London thirty-one years ago. In the course of his school life he entered the Jews' Free school, under the veteran, Mr. Moses Angel. There he was known as a brilliant pupil, carrying off prizes and scholarships, until he rose to be a teacher in the school. While teaching he studied for his degree, which he obtained at London University, with honors in French, English, and in mental and moral science. Then he became a teacher under the London School Board at Berner-street school, Whitechapel. Mr. Zangwill was only twenty when he gave up teaching, or, as he himself has put it, "exchanged one set of pupils for another." His adolescent literary experiments are perhaps more amusing than instructive to the literary aspirant. At sixteen he wrote a three-act farcical comedy, and went in search of the famous comedian, J. L. Toole, thinking to "do him a good turn!" He won a prize of twenty-five dollars for a humorous story called "Professor Grimmer." *He kept the money for two years*, when he spent it in paying half the cost of publishing a Jewish story, which was loudly denounced — and widely bought — by the Jews. It was sold for a penny. Mr. Zangwill has no copy of his first printed book; but while he was writing "The Children of the Ghetto" the manuscript turned up, and he took from it the description of market day in Jewry, which appears in that volume.

The first book to which Mr. Zangwill attached his name was "The Bachelors' Club." The book was secured by the publishers as soon as read, and Mr. Zangwill declares that he has never published a line anywhere since then that has not been purchased before it was written. Yet he does not seem to think much of what he has attained, which he satirizes as "a fame infinitely less widespread than a prize-fighter's and a pecuniary position which you might with far less trouble have been born to!" — *The Bookman.*

Zola. — "Emile Zola is at work. At 9 o'clock on the morning of January 1 he began his new novel, 'Paris.' The volume will be finished in ten months." Such is the laconic announcement of the most important literary event of the moment, apparently absurd in its business-like exactness, but eminently consistent with the character of the author in question, who possesses none of the habits of the inspirational genius, passing from lapses of feverish industry to periods of complete idleness. On the contrary, he is as precise in his methods and as regular in his routine as any scientist or merchant.

No day in the year goes by without its stint of literary labor. Up at 8, after a breakfast of coffee and poached eggs he takes his place in the large Louis XIII. armchair before his desk, on which ink, blotter, books, and paper are ranged in perfect order. As his first task he scrapes the clot of dried ink from his pen; then, casting a hurried glance over his general notes, he sets seriously to work, carrying on the page from the point where it was dropped the previous day, perhaps in the middle of a sentence, but never reading what has gone before. Once begun, moreover, he allows himself no respite until the prescribed amount — the equivalent of three or four printed pages —

has been accomplished; and it is this absolute regularity which permits him to affirm definitely that the novel begun on January 1 will be ready for publication in October.

The actual warp and woof of this story, however, is probably a question of greater uncertainty in Zola's mind at this moment than is the date of its achievement, for, with all his exactness of method, he is peculiarly vague as to his material. He knows at the outset that he will do a certain number of lines each morning, but he cannot always assert just what they will contain.

"This is my way of writing a novel," he declares. "I do not really write it. I let it write itself. I cannot invent incidents; this kind of imagination is altogether lacking in me. If I sit down before my table to work out a plot, I remain three days with my head in my hands harrowing my brain without getting anywhere. This is the reason why I have adopted the habit of never bothering about my subject. I begin to work at my story without knowing what events will occur, or what characters will take part in it, how it will begin, or how it will end. The only one with whom I have a previous acquaintance is the chief personage, whether man or woman, and we are always old friends. I devote myself entirely to him, meditating on his temperament, on his family, on the surroundings in which I have decided to place him; on his profession, his habits, even the trivial occupations of his leisure moments. After two or three months of such study, I have completely mastered his particular kind of existence. Then a more difficult task awaits me — that of threading together the mass of types, scenes, disjointed dialogue and episodes which I have gathered from every possible source. This is almost always a long labor. But I set about it phlegmatically, using my reason rather than my imagination."

His order of procedure always remains the same; first, he formulates a general outline, then he inserts the description of his characters, next he adds a pen-picture of the scenes through which his hero passes; and thus, out of the inchoate mass of notes and reflections, the story gradually takes definite shape. Once finished, it has no further interest for its author, who dares not even turn its pages, lest he be overwhelmed by its shortcomings. "I seldom find just what I am seeking, either in plot, development, or style of words," he once remarked to a friend. "I kill myself working, but I never succeed in carrying out my idea. I am always dissatisfied."—*Paris Letter in Providence Journal.*

HELPFUL HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS.

To Keep Envelopes from Bursting.— Sometimes when a folded manuscript crowds its envelope a little, it is a good idea to clip the corners of the envelope a sixteenth of an inch after it is sealed, to keep it from bursting when the envelope is subjected to pressure in the mail and the air in the folded manuscript seeks some way to escape. If the corners of the envelope are slightly clipped, the air will escape through the openings thus made, and no harm is done when the envelope is squeezed. Of course the envelope must be of reasonably strong paper, or clipping the corners will do more harm than good. J. T. H.

ROCHESTER, Minn.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

EMERSON SIXTY YEARS AFTER. — II. John Jay Chapman. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for February

CHEERFUL YESTERDAYS (Reminiscences.) Thomas Wentworth Higginson. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for February.

RECOLLECTIONS OF SAMUEL LOVER BY HIS DAUGHTER. Illustrated. Fanny Schmid. *Century* (38 c.) for February.

A BOY I KNEW (Autobiography.) — III. Laurence Hutton. *St. Nicholas* (28 c.) for February.

WILLIAM HAMILTON GIBSON. Illustrated. John Coleman Adams. *New England Magazine* (28 c.) for February.

HERBERT SPENCER: THE MAN AND HIS WORK. Professor William Henry Hudson. *Appletons' Popular Science Monthly* (53 c.) for February.

MARIA MITCHELL. With portrait. *Appletons' Popular Science Monthly* (53 c.) for February.

CONGRESSIONAL REPORTERS. John Howard White. *Home Magazine* (13 c.) for February.

THE ORIGIN OF OUR POPULAR SONGS. William George Jordan. *Ladies' Home Journal* (13 c.) for February.

COMPOSERS AND "ARTISTES." Rev. H. R. Haweis. *Harper's* (38 c.) for February.

THE NEW MEMOIRS OF EDWARD GIBSON. Frederic Harrison. *Forum* (28 c.) for February.

POE'S OPINION OF "THE RAVEN." Joel Benton. *Forum* (28 c.) for February.

THE MAKING OF THE BIBLE. Illustrated. H. J. W. Dam. *McClure's Magazine* (13 c.) for February.

WASHINGTON IRVING. Illustrated. M. A. DeWolfe Howe. *Bookman* (23 c.) for February.

W. D. HOWELLS. Harry Thurston Peck. With portrait. *Bookman* (23 c.) for February.

BROWNING AND THE LARGER PUBLIC. (The Significance of Browning's Message. Dean Farrar. Browning as the Poet of the Plain People. F. Herbert Stead.) *Review of Reviews* (28 c.) for February.

RUDYARD KIPLING. Illustrated. Charles D. Lanier. *Review of Reviews* (28 c.) for February.

GENERAL FRANCIS A. WALKER. Illustrated. Joseph Jansen Spencer and Davis R. Dewey. *Review of Reviews* (28 c.) for February.

RUDIMENTARY SUGGESTIONS FOR BEGINNERS IN STORY WRITING. E. F. Andrews. *Cosmopolitan* (13 c.) for February.

COPYRIGHT AND REPRODUCTION OF PHOTOGRAPHS. Walter Strange. *American Journal of Photography* (28 c.) for January.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Miss Lilian Whiting is going to write the authorized biography of Kate Field.

John Sergeant Wise, author of "Doomed: An Autobiography of a Dog," is a son of ex-Governor Wise of Virginia.

Julian Hawthorne is going to India to make a thorough study of the plague and famine there. He is sent by John Brisben Walker, of the *Cosmopolitan*.

In 1865 four lads occupied the same room on the ground floor of the first division of Cadet Barracks at West Point. Since then they have made their names more or less well known in current American literature. They are Captain Charles King, Arthur Sherburne Hardy, John Brisben Walker, and Richard Henry Savage.

It is remarkable that poets do not take the early Indian wars as a constant theme for dramas. One writer who has done so is Alfred A. Furman of New Jersey, who in 1894 published "Philip of Pokanoket, An Indian Drama." Besides Phillip, eighteen other Indians are represented in it, among them Wootonekanuske and Metacomet, wife and *son of the great warrior.*

An American edition of the *Expositor*, edited in England by Dr. Nicoll, is now published by Dodd, Mead, & Co. Rev. Charles Cuthbert Hall, D.D., is the American editor.

The *Literary Review* is a new Boston monthly. The first issue is dated January 15.

The *Reflector*, an illustrated monthly magazine devoted especially to the West and South, will be started in Kansas City about March 1, by Mrs. Homer W. Case.

Current Thought, "a magazine of individual opinion and research," has been started by the Continental Publishing Company in New York. The first number has a single paper, "Mental Training," by William George Jordan, with a frontispiece portrait of the author.

Arthur T. Vance has succeeded William Mill Butler as editor of the *Home Magazine*, of Binghamton, N. Y. Mr. Vance has been associate editor and literary critic.

With the issue of January 15, the *Chap-Book* (Chicago) is enlarged to the size of the English weekly reviews.

The sheriff sold out the effects of the Humboldt Publishing Company, at No. 64 Fifth avenue, New York, January 13, for $2,300. Since then the Humboldt Library of New York has been incorporated, with a capital of $20,000, to buy and sell scientific works. The directors are M. M. Dawson, New York; W. H. Swatton, Arlington, N. J.; H. W. Lee, Brooklyn.

Appletons' Popular Science Monthly for February opens with an account of "Herbert Spencer: The Man and His Work," by Professor William Henry Hudson, who was at one time intimately associated with the philosopher of evolution in his literary labors. The account explains the leading principles of "Spencer's Synthetic Philosophy," of which the tenth and concluding volume has recently been issued, and tells under what conditions this great work has been brought to completion.

J. T. Headley died at Newburg, N. Y., January 16, aged eighty-three.

Sir Isaac Pitman died at Bath, England, January 22, aged eighty-three.

Mrs. Margaret Hungerford ("The Duchess") died at Bandon, Ireland, January 24.

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PRACTICAL NEWSPAPER WORK.

If a brief maxim were to be printed for the general use of beginners in the newspaper world, — one that might be tacked over the desk of each new writer, so that it should be constantly before the eye, — it could hardly take a better or more direct form than: "Keep out of libel suits."

"Be accurate, above all things, be accurate," is another version, narrower and milder.

The warning with its hint of damages is the more practical, concrete, and of wider reach. It is not long since some of the large papers in New England had to pay all the way from $1,000 to $7,000 for printing about 250 words. The dispatch was transmitted to all these papers from a small town through the medium of a general news agency. The man who sent the dispatch was a man who had seen several years of service, and the news agency for eight years had never sent to its constituents a dispatch that had caused any such trouble. The reported shortage, though not actual, was probable on its face. No retraction was asked for. These things made no difference in court, owing to the peculiar libel law of Massachusetts.

So there is a very practical, and, if no other, purely "business," reason for the young man who starts out to work for the newspapers to get things especially right — a matter of dollars and cents to his employer, and most certainly to him — for above all things an office has little use for a writer whose reports have to be followed by a straggling trail of corrections. It is fashionable in various quarters habitually to condemn the newspaper for "never getting things right," but I have yet to find any place where, considering the time and opportunity, a more rigid and constant demand for correctness is made than in the newspaper. And when all the elements which may contribute to inaccuracy are considered, reaching all the way from the eye-witness to the proofreader himself, the results day by day, week by week, and year by year are nothing short of remarkable.

The growth and increase of the newspaper press of the country in sixty years to nearly 2,500 dailies is perhaps as good evidence as can be given of the acceptance in general of their trustworthiness to their readers. And a simple test of the smallest of the obstacles in the way to this end may be secured at any time by any one who will ask two of his acquaintances to describe or report any conversation that they have heard, or any event of any duration, into which more than one person has entered, of which they have been eye-witnesses.

Thus, of course, we find the best reporter on the staff generally the best observer, the one who has begun by insisting on seeing all he could or hearing all he could, and the essentials of reproducing the facts accurately; and then has risen to observing with imagination and his whole experience to aid him. The gift of imparting color to a news "story" is born, as a rule; but the power to see the details that constitute any scene can be cultivated.

You need go no further than any football field for an example. The outsider on the benches sees only the football as it comes out of a scrimmage, under some one's arm; but the

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practised football player has seen it pass from man to man, and has noted who helped make a hole for the runner, and who was blocking off at the same moment. He knows how to observe.

In the same way, such a man as Julian Ralph, watching with nervous intensity the seething mass that in the huge shed of rough hemlock nominated Mr. Cleveland for president a second time, in July, 1892, at Chicago, picked out with his eye man for man, noted the enthusiast here rushing from group to group, the sleek New Yorker, the rotund Pennsylvania German, the gawky farmer, then the hurried conferences of the Whitney-ites here, the excited retorts of Tammany men beyond, the rise of a Maine man under the banner of his state to cast the vote of his men, the flicker of swaying gas jets over the whole scene. In that way, by heaping detail upon detail, with quick comment upon the whole, he gave the readers of the *New York Sun* as vivid a sense of the scene as they could have gained if they had been there. They really saw more — for he knew how to look for them. He had learned the faces of the leading men by years in public life in Albany, New York, Washington. He knew how, touch by touch, the small things make the background, and interwove the gallery shout, the bursts of singing, the rush of telegraph boys. Such occasions are rare, and the strain on even so magnificently equipped a man in telling the story is great. But in lesser incidents lies the same practice, though it never bring the reporter to one of these great party gatherings.

If he is learning to observe well (and I am taking it for granted that if he has an A. B. he has devoted himself to languages, especially English, history, and political science), he is asking himself questions and getting the answers with all his energy. If he has been put to work on a railroad accident, he is not content with the fact that the train was derailed and a list of the wounded. He is studying the track and interviewing the railroad workers, noting the switches, and asking the conductor and passengers so many questions that he is regarded as a nuisance, but when he gets back to the office and is cross-examined in a nervous fire of queries by his city editor, he goes off to his desk to write with the knowledge that he has information on every point his superior could suggest.

He gets a step higher when he goes, as one young man did, to a meeting of a board of aldermen, not long ago, in Boston. A revised set of city ordinances comes up. There is a disposition evident to crowd it through. One member quickly but firmly stands in the way, and action upon the ordinances goes over until the next meeting.

The other reporters are content with noting the course of business. He does not stop there. His imagination shows itself. He goes under the surface of the meeting. "Why?" he says. "What is the secret of this dispute?" He gets the ordinances, as reported. They contain provision for an increase of salary for three city officials, and very quietly put in, too. There was a cat in the meal worth looking for, and in the morning he hears welcome words of commendation for his sharpened knack of true reporter's imagination.

If he is in police work for his paper, his faculty works, perhaps, almost in a detective bent. Russell Sage, the banker, was a good deal shaken up, in his office on Wall street, one day in 1892, by a dynamite bomb that killed the man who dropped it, after a request for a million. Dozens of reporters went to work on the affair. The crank was unknown for two days. Then a young man who had picked up a trousers button of a peculiar shape took up the task. He took the button patiently and persistently to one tailor after another until he was told that this button was certainly made in Boston. Its shape settled this. Then over to Boston he went, and to every tailor there, until the right man was reached. The bit of cloth hanging to the button next comes in play. "Who among your customers had trousers of this material?" A young broker. The searcher calls at his office, finds he has been absent a week. Then he finds his way to the young man's home in Somerville, where anxious relatives hear the tracing of the facts. They go with the reporter to the morgue in New York, and poor crazy Norcross is identified by the wit and perseverance of an observing reporter.

A keen faculty of observation led one Boston reporter, in 1890, while studying the front of the new public library, then in process of erection, to catch a peculiar feature of the inscriptions. Up and down, over columns of names, graven in the stone, of men of all nations and ages who have made themselves famous for learning, his eye ran. One began

Moses
Cicero
Kalidasa
Isocrates
Milton

Then his eye ran down the initials of the names. An odd grouping? Yes. Read them over again, as in an acrostic — MCKIM. "McKim" is the result. McKim, name of a leading architect, one of the designers of the building. He looked further, to read

Mozart
Euclid
Æschylus
Dante — MEAD.

Wren
Herrick
Irving
Titian
Erasmus — WHITE.

"McKim, Mead, and White" had been engraven on the front, a most extraordinary arrangement, defying history and philosophy alike — the device, it was said, of a clerk. The whole city smiled, and the order of arrangement was changed to one more logical and less of an advertisement.

Generally, I said, the best reporter is the best observer. Always the best reporter is the man who is at the same time a first-class observer, and capable of seizing as he writes the essentials and the features, crowding minor points into a mass, grouping the whole so that the reader not only finds all his questions answered, but finds different elements receiving their proper share of importance.

There used to be a rule on the *Springfield Republican*, handed down from the elder Bowles, and as good to-day as ever, to tell the heart of the whole story at once, then proceed with what elaboration is necessary. First facts, plenty of facts, till head and note-book overflow with material, a seasoning of imagination, and a crisp, terse style, with no slang and few polysyllables, and the combination is the best news writing of the day, and all that is needed. Rhetoric or so-called "fine writing" is a drag and a hindrance.

The young man anxious to get on in practical newspaper work studies men, places, newspapers. He dives into making acquaintances, if he is wise, pushing, perhaps, even for those which do not come easily, schooling himself by attention and effort of memory to retain them when once secured. With every acquaintance he has a fresh source of news, a fresh ally in some future time — maybe a time of urgency. This man he may meet in twenty-four hours, possibly not for twenty-four months, but if he has put himself on a straightforward and gentlemanly footing, when he makes the sight draft for information it is promptly honored. Particularly is this the case in dealing with public men. They have learned, by long experience, to trust frankly and freely, and the high standard of discretion and good faith among working news-gatherers (broken in the rarest instances, and the offenders punished with bitter contempt in the ranks when broken) leads them to extend their confidence continually further.

Senator Conkling used to say that he had trusted with perfect freedom every reporter who had come to him, and that only once in his whole career had he been mistaken. While in Washington myself nearly ten years ago, I found friends in the United States senate chamber who made it easy for me to understand, through their meaning answers, negative or indirect, to a confidential catechism, just what had gone on inside the executive session and behind the locked and guarded doors.

Then good comradeship may count for much. No man ever typified this better than the Wall-street broker who said to his friend, the reporter: "I didn't fail until after the evening papers went to press, so that you could have it all to yourself in the morning. Come around in an hour or so and I'll give you the figures."

But the reporter does not limit himself to those of high degree socially or politically. As Kipling philosophizes in "Brugglesmith": The wise man makes allies among the police and hansoms, so that friends spring up from the

round house and the cab rank, and even his offences become triumphal processions.

The wise man studies the other newspapers also, not perhaps in search of models of style, for especially if he is a college-bred man or one of any reading, he looks elsewhere for his masters of English. But he does look to his rivals to see where he might have done better, or to carry on that knowledge of the city in which he works, which teaches him who is who, what is what, and where is where, in the town. The map habit is upon him for a time, and he fills his mind with shortcuts and odd helps to quick transportation.

There was the Bardwell's ferry accident on the Fitchburg road in 1886. Hints of it first came into the Boston newspaper offices about 11 o'clock on the night of a holiday. Reporters were hurried to the station to get all the news the officials had there. One of them in particular had orders not to go up the line, the night editor insisting that no train could get to the scene of the accident early enough to allow any one to telegraph back the details in time for the morning paper.

When the station was reached by the panting group that had run down from Newspaper row, hot on the scent of what promised to be such a disaster, they met bluff old John Adams, now dead, giving all his own energies to getting out a wrecking train, and in no mood to stop to communicate news. He had it all in his possession, and it would have been as useful to argue with him as with Bunker-hill monument that loomed up in the darkness near by. He must take the train to get the facts. So he did.

The reporters got aboard, every man. The wrecking train got under way, and then, in the dim light as it rushed on, Superintendent Adams gave out all that had come to him on the special wires of the road.

Just as he finished his simple but graphic statement, the train slowed down, and came to a standstill for a moment; it was at the old "Know-nothing" crossing, just where the tracks of three roads met at grade in Charlestown.

The reporter ordered not to go up the road was off in an instant, waving his hand to the rest and walking back to the office, where his notes were written out with great fullness.

The wires from the western part of the state brought almost nothing, the accident was so far from any office of size, and the wreck was so bad. The reporters who stayed on the train did not get anything back until the next day's afternoon paper. So that was a time when it paid to know about that railroad crossing, and to remember in season that trains had to stop there. What would have happened if Mr. Adams had not begun to talk as promptly as he did? I have never inquired of the man who took this chance.

If the beginner has a taste for politics, it is probably most fortunate for his future. All in all, his promotion is probably more rapid than in almost any other field. In the making of all newspapers the political writer plays a leading part. City politics, state politics, national politics are closely linked. Knowledge of one leads to another, and all contribute to fit the worker to deal intelligently with men and politics, in the way that pleases the editorial page. The contact is natural. No schooling is better for practical work inside than the actual study of the political machinery and machines outside — the procedure at city hall, legislature, congress, the men. It demands unwearying vigilance, tact, discretion, persistence. The rewards are as pleasant and large. The "special" political correspondent, too, is right in the line of promotion for foreign or war correspondence, for missions of peculiar tact, discretion, and acquaintance. Hard work is not everything. The knack counts. And woe to the blunderer!

One spring morning in 1888, a New York paper, fond of doing things by the job lot, shipped over a car-load of reporters to Washington, with blanket instructions to "interview congress."

One young man, possibly summoned in for the emergency from Hoboken, found a block of senators as his share. Securing the attention of one grave-faced, quiet gentleman, who looks like the late archbishop of Canterbury, he began, after stating his errand: —

"Your name, please, sir?"

"Gorman."

"State?"

"Maryland."

"Politics?"

"Sir!!" And the interview ended with marked abruptness, as the famous Democrat's clerical brow frowned in disgust. The bent in newspaper work of that interviewer lay undoubtedly in some other field.

"A good deal about the reporter," some one is doubtless saying. Yes; the reporter is the mainspring of the paper. It is a newspaper in a void without his efforts. He receives suggestions, hints, advice, assignments, in many degrees, but it is he who goes out and gets the news. His paper largely is a success in proportion as he and his comrades succeed in getting it. The connection between him and his city editor is very close. He gets three-quarters of the time what he is instructed to get, and these instructions come from the city editor, — or his pipe. There are, perhaps, city editors in various parts of this country not addicted to the use of a short briar, but they must be few. Some mysterious condition seems to link the two, and there are days when this pipe is, as one might say, a very good barometer of the news, just as it blazes or smoulders. They used to tell a story of Amos Cummings, M. C., when he was city editor of the *New York Sun*, to the effect that he looked out of the window one dark and gloomy day and remarked significantly: —

"This is a murder day!"

"A what?"

"A murder day," said Cummings in an owlish fashion.

"Superstitious, eh?" said one of the younger members of the staff.

"Not a bit of it, my boy; it's philosophy."

"Don't see it."

"I have come to believe," said Cummings, "that certain kinds of days breed certain kinds of crime. A sullen day like this puts many men in bad humor. They feel morose, and, especially if they are loafing, are likely to take a glass of something. Rain comes and the saloons grow crowded. They remain and drink. This leads to hot tempered quarrels, and eventually to an affray more or less fatal."

A man who can "feel" what is going to happen in some such way, possibly uncanny at times, but from an intensely practical study of men and things, has acquired the something which makes an exceptional city editor. It is the "nose for news" highly developed, and by no means let it be understood that such intuition succeeds only with brawls or unpleasantness. The epigram of Editor McCullagh of the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, — in which he said that the newspaper of the first class was the one which always managed to know where hades was going to break loose next, and always had a reporter on the spot, — oftenest used to summarize this gift, — has, it is true, something of the same color. But the unexpected, the thing chiefly sought, lies in a hundred places outside the region of the illegal. There the city editor must look.

If a great deal in real estate is suddenly consummated, he is expected to have a man near by before the ink is dry on the forfeiture papers. If the mayor suddenly decides to drop a head of a department for inefficiency, the demand upon the city editor is that he should have had so strong an impression that incompetency existed as to give the public the details of the mismanagement at once. So in the stock market, the field of science and discovery, athletics, or even earthquakes, one might say half in earnest, there is a murmur of mild surprise through the office, if "we did not have a man there" — whatever the occurrence.

That this sweeping demand is so often met, to the eye of the observer, calls for the most painstaking system, and intense activity and thoughtfulness in following up things that would seem absurd, amusing, to the casual observer. The beginning lies in a vigilant watch of all known centres and sources of news. This enables the paper first to reach and give to the public the expected and the announced events, in themselves a large part of the day's happenings, but in their treatment the least disturbing. These are followed through reporters of all the courts, the city hall, the state house, the custom house, police headquarters, offices of all public officials, the hotel registers, the theatres, the wharves, the chamber of commerce, the real estate, fruit, leather and stock exchanges, the other business centres, the churches, even the signal service headquarters.

In most of these the work is over at sunset, but in others, such as the docks, hotels, police headquarters, the work often runs until three o'clock in the morning, beginning promptly again by seven or eight. This can be accomplished only by two sets of workers, the dividing line being usually about 4 P. M., after the evening papers have put to press their latest "extras."

In the large cities now, also, much of this pre-arranged work at these fixed news centres is carried out by central press associations, which furnish the happenings of the day in manifold to all subscribers. This not only decreases the burden of the expense that would be entailed if each newspaper kept a man in each place, but enables the city editor to place his best men daily in the best places where occurs the unexpected, known in newspaper vernacular as "live" news.

From one of the courts, for instance, comes the information, perhaps, that a certain case has assumed new and striking features. There is no further reliance upon the manifold report from that place for that day. One of the best staff writers is dispatched to deal with the day in that court.

Again the city editor runs his eye rapidly over a long list of hotel arrivals. The name, perhaps, of a cabinet official meets it.

"Mr. Jones," he says, calling a reporter, "Secretary Blank is at the Adams House. Please interview him, getting in particular his views upon the workings of the recent cruise of the North Atlantic squadron."

A third man is rushed off to inquire into the causes of the failure of a banking house, just briefly bulletined by the news bureau, and a fourth to verify a suspicious-looking statement which the telegraph editor has received, relating to a man of prominence in the city.

These are bits of off-hand work, suggested by occurrences of the hour, and other men are working out the entries in the big assignment book, paged to run through the year and showing day by day to what work each reporter is assigned. The mere preparation of this ledger is in the largest cities the work of one or even *two* men. It is their duty to read with the *closest care all the local newspapers*, cutting out every announcement of every coming event or any article that indicates a further chapter in any news development. These are filed either in pigeonholes or envelopes, so that the city editor sitting down the afternoon beforehand knows in a moment whether meetings of all sorts, contests, arrivals of ships and eclipses, sermons, court trials, parades, are to occur within the next twenty-four hours.

When the work of the day begins, the name of one of the staff has been written on a slip of paper. The event he is to report is described, and he has more or less detailed instructions as to the length of the article expected of him.

Thus the city editor has scores of keen eyes looking for him everywhere, ears listening likewise. But his own faculties must not only keep pace with them, but ahead of them.

Intuition comes into play. A small item, for instance, concerning the great number of episcopal visits made by one of the bishops is printed in the papers one day. Two days afterward another small item says that the bishop has quite a severe cold. The city editor stops a second and remembers. Overwork, severe cold. Is not the bishop in danger? He quietly sends to see the bishop's physician that evening. He is out—at the house of his patient. The word is given to wait and go again. A little more patient, careful inquiry, and it is learned after midnight that the beloved man has gone to a fuller life, and so suddenly as to shock his whole diocese.

A small paragraph is published of the strange appearance of a cow received at such and such stockyards in the suburbs. A hurried consultation of the office library follows. One man is sent to the cattle commission, and another to the yards, and inside of twenty-four hours a thorough article and quarantine against all herds in certain sections, a positive change of trade for a time, follow the quick investigation.

Constant practice in noting how one event leads to another, of watching one chapter of human experience develop unerringly from similar circumstances, strengthen this intuitive sense, so strong in the watchful news-seeker that he often seems to know just what was going to happen, even before the reporter sent to find out verifies the fact that it has happened.

The city editor must be quick in devising methods. Not long ago a notable murder trial was in progress in Boston. Crowds jammed the court-room and corridors, so that passage to and from the scene of the trial was well-nigh impossible. The jury went out, and the masses of excited waiters grew even denser. The afternoon papers waited moment by moment for the verdict, each eager to "get it on the street first," as the saying is. All had men in the court. But one city editor had more. He had a chain of reporters, like those almost of old fire-bucket days, from the jury box to a telephone on a floor below. So the very second the verdict was out of the foreman's mouth, it was passed from man to man, and the reporter at the telephone had given the word to his office long before the others could struggle through the crowd to the street, then to the office. Though near at hand, even a telegraph instrument, which had been set in the corridor, was distanced, because the man who was to supply it with news was distanced.

In a desk editor or a copy reader this "nose for news" or intuition, when keen, leads the newspaper worker, quickly looking over the manuscript, or sheet of telegraphic news, to seize its chief point of importance, squeeze out the superfluous language, crystallize this point in sharp, catchy headlines that shall compel the reader's attention. Often, if he is dealing with the work of a dull reporter, he has fairly to stand the story on its head to bring it to the public right-end foremost, in its true proportion and true setting. He may very likely have to add something from an invaluable set of clippings filed away, recalling incidents that have led up to this crisis, or identifying some of the chief figures.

Again, in the day or night editor, as the men who give the place to different articles in the paper are called, the news sense dictates a choice of the most striking or important news for the first page of the paper, and of smaller headlines or even smaller type for the events of minor importance.

To be sure, different standards of importance prevail in different offices, and when a prize fight is "good stuff" in one, a debate in the Reichstag or a ruling on the tariff may be esteemed higher elsewhere. But each day or night editor knows the drift in the home office, and on this theory from 2 P. M. to 3 P. M. or 2 A. M. to 3 A. M. he keeps cool through all the rush, puts eight columns into space for three, and gets the forms to the stereotyper, so as to escape the rumble of wrath from the press-room — this, too, in spite of the unfortunate habit of the most surprising piece of news of the day in arriving just twelve minutes before the schedule time for "closing up."

The managing editor must look abroad, as the city editor looks about home. He deals out his instructions often over the telegraph wires. When a convention comes along, the paper must be prepared to give the biography in extenso of any possible candidates, or shrewdly outline their policies. The managing editor must think ahead of the news everywhere, and think for pictorial publication as well as text. If a French ministry is tipped over by the eccentric sea-saw of the volatile Parisian politician, it is his business to see old and new properly contrasted and labelled; the old "buried" with due honor, the new inaugurated with equal readiness.

Strikes that may spread, a link of railroad in some odd corner of the country that suddenly is bought or sold and completes some new system, — the topography of other cities, the authorities on given subjects in one section of the country or the whole country, the quick relating of one thing to another, give him opportunities desired. The rise of the interview has been followed by the demand that he shall be familiar with the best sources of opinion and how to reach them, for opinions are news nowadays. Half his effort is thinking ahead of the news.

The biographies of all notables in all countries that are kept filed in all the "libraries" of the large newspapers are a great reliance here, a thing which somehow strikes the outside public as amusing, especially when referred to in the vernacular as "obituary" matter. But it is certainly not an amusing thing to have a great man die at 2 A. M., or to see a ministry fall at some such early hour of the day, without having at hand adequate material for outlining the careers of the men concerned.

Thinking out the news is of prime importance, as much as "thinking ahead of the news." Perhaps the case that lives greenest in newspaper memories is the work of the managing editor of the *New York Tribune*, who out of a few meagre bulletins of the great Boston fire of 1872 built up by sheer executive genius a statement of the firms burned out that no New York paper equalled and few Boston papers surpassed. The New York papers had good reporters at work, but the fire had destroyed the wires. The early evening bulletins had luckily outlined the fire district. That furnished enough, for the *Tribune* had the latest copy of the Boston directory, and with a blue pencil on the map, and thirty reporters checking street numbers and names, a list was made up that failed only when removals or failures had occurred.

An incident related by the veteran correspondent, "Holland," adds another case.

A few years ago a New York editor read a brief cable dispatch stating that the stock of an American corporation, which proposed to refine sugar by an electric process, had suddenly fallen to a very low figure in the London market. The editor had only a few days before heard some intimation that this company was doing some mysterious work. The public had been attracted by its prospectus. The claim was that a method had been discovered of producing loaf sugar, or granulated, almost instantly from raw sugar and by a secret process of electricity. Persons were invited to see the operation. Those who went to the mills saw dirty brown, earthy-looking sugar poured into a receptacle and apparently delivered a few moments later as the white crystals of granulated sugar which we use upon our table. Hundreds of thousands of dollars were invested in the securities of this corporation. The commercial world which deals in sugar was wondering whether this process was not to revolutionize the making of the refined product.

The editor held that cable dispatch, thinking deeply about the news it contained, and was then persuaded that behind it lay concealed the story of a gigantic swindle. He summoned a keen-witted, clear-headed reporter, stated to the reporter as a fact what was merely a surmise, and directed him to make investigations. That was at ten o'clock in the morning. At three that afternoon the newspaper with which this editor was associated published a page, giving in detail the story of the electric sugar refining swindle, and it was the sensation of the day. The editor's intuition was correct, and some of those who were engaged in this swindle were afterward convicted of felony.

The managing editor maps out most of the "campaigns," so-called, when the controlling forces of the paper in council decide to oppose this or that ring, or to attempt to break up improper or corrupt practices in city or state. Here is a task that calls for resource and persistence. The beginning is made only after a wealth of facts is secured; then comes the steady attack day by day. It is written, no doubt, in the law of compensation, that these cases do not arise every day.

But, working in such a way, the newspaper press of the country has accomplished vast good. The breaking of the Tweed ring is the great example; but trusts have been forced to change methods, shams have been opened to air and sunlight, and adulteration crushed out, rascals brought to justice, by continuous hammering. Publicity means so much. It is the exposure of the crooked record, or the punishable act, the doubtful or corrupt vote, that the criminal, the swindler, the doubtful public character, the shady person, or evil-doer of any vicious antecedents, fears.

If his crime, his "deal," can pass unnoticed, unpublished, he feels safe. It is when the reporters begin to hunt for the facts and tell them, that he shivers or thinks of flight.

It is the business of the newspaper — a duty it owes human society — to deal with crime as the black and ugly thing it is, and in every accent to emphasize its brutal and vicious nature. That this can be done effectively, thousands of newspapers to-day testify, and their testimony can be reinforced from the mouths of police officials of years of standing, or magistrates of equal experience. It was no less a man than Andrew D. White, who, contrasting the two in an address on the growth of crime not long ago, put in parallel the work of the newspaper press in this direction and that of the courts,

and declared that the newspaper did more to repress crime, and that the weak judge or jury was far more responsible for the increase.

It is hard to decide how any one case shall be treated, and the desire to be merciful so often leads to being gulled that a cynical view of man is easily bred. Take a personal instance. Toward eleven one night, a gray-haired man, former member of the governor's staff, who had been speculating in oil and had robbed his employers, came to the office. He begged and pleaded, vowed that restitution would surely be made, dwelt on his army service, and talked pathetically of his wife.

It was his one chance, he said, and he was going to take it nobly. He was sure that no other paper had the facts. It seemed heartless to print them.

The colonel seemed more heartless the next day, when we found he had taken this one chance and run off to Canada, leaving both family and employers in the lurch.

In a live newspaper office no element of strength counts more than the *esprit du corps*. In Barrie's story, Bob Angus, the young Scotchman just inducted into the office of the *Silchester Mirror*, says to Kirker, the city editor: "The paper seems to be well conducted."

"The worst conducted in England," says Kirker cheerfully. Angus asks how the *Mirror* compares with the *Argus*. "They have six reporters to our three; but we do double work and beat them."

A flash of the newspaper spirit is here. Not blind to the faults or deficiencies of equipment of the journal which he is serving, the born newspaper worker is devoted to the task of his paper — ready to shoulder any duty, irksome or dangerous. The fascination of the work once in the veins seems always to cling there.

A variety of elements combine to make up the fascination — the excitement, the perpetualness with which something new turns up, suiting admirably one trait of the American; the opportunity for daily competition; the liking for quick appreciation; the tie of comradeship that binds the members of one force. One of the large offices in a large city, where changes are not so frequent, is more like a club in atmosphere than anything else. The members of the force are keen critics. Good work by one is recognized by all, but there is scant attention to slovenly or careless writing. If well guided by the superior, this is a constant force for improvement, and shows itself certainly in the paper, smile though the rhetoric professor may at the proposition.

But too much of this is of the roseate sort. There are drawbacks, and difficulties, and rough spots in many places. The life is irregular, the work incessant in its demands. "There are no old newspaper men," and "the average term of a night editor is three years," are old sayings that condense a great amount of cruel truth. The pay is not always adequate, though far better and fairer than it was ten or twenty years ago. The rush and grinding of the day, kept up for long, blunt any ability to do any real literary work. The very conditions of the work emphasize its superficial and ephemeral nature. The strain leads many a journalist into Bohemian habits that wreck him; or, after a term of years that have bound him to his work, he is suddenly dropped, and he seems almost helpless to turn to any other field.

But the spirit of the newspaper corps as a corps is one to be proud of. Loyalty is here if anywhere — not alone loyalty to the paper, but to the profession, and it is loyalty to the death, as many a heroic act in time of plague pent on exposure has testified, as many a silent, sure, honorable contest against wrong and for better laws and better enforcement of them, better citizenship, and better moral purpose, have testified. There is from Portland to San Francisco to-day, among the working body of every-day journalists, as much newspaper work, honest, true, eager, wholesome, and thoughtful for its own sake, as art for art's sake. Not always does it work out its own ideals. That it strives for them enthusiastically, that it puts its hand forth to do its best with its might, for pure love of it, utterly careless of recognition or other reward, and that it cherishes as a blessed memory what good it has done and whatever it may do for better thinking and better living, is the glory and honor of the guild.

Herbert S. Underwood.

BOSTON, MASS.

THE WRITER.

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WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

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VOL. X. MARCH, 1897. NO. 3.

Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

***

THE WRITER has never published a better or more helpful article than that on "Practical Newspaper Work," in the present number, by Herbert S. Underwood, the managing editor of the *Boston Daily Advertiser*. In the line of Mr. Underwood's incidents to show that the best reporter is the one who has best trained his observing faculties, is a true newspaper story told in the *Boston Post*. There had been a suicide, the subject being a handsome and very finely dressed man. Nothing on his person gave the slightest clue to his identity. The tailor's name was cut from the clothing and the trade-mark from his hat. The only article, besides clothing, found on the body was a pair of fine eyeglasses. The authorities had given up hope of finding the friends of the man, when the reporter, while examining the glasses, noticed that one of the lenses was of abnormal strength while its companion was simply clear glass. The name of the optician was on the case, and the newsgatherer took the glasses to him. After carefully measuring the lens, the dealer called to mind the case, and a short search among his oculist's prescriptions revealed the name of the doctor who wrote it. From him the name of the suicide was easily obtained, and the reporter secured a "scoop" for his paper.

***

"Begin your story in your first sentence" is good advice for every writer. The writer who invariably follows it will never find himself in the sad plight of the poet who moans in the March *Harper's*: —

> I tried to write a quatrain grand,
> A great thought to confine;
> But when I got down to the thought,
> I'd used up every line.

***

The *Philadelphia Inquirer* spoke of "the Chop-Book" in its literary notes the other day.

***

Professor Charles G. D. Roberts has accepted a position on the editorial staff of the *Illustrated American*, which is steadily growing in interest and value since Francis Bellamy became the editor.

***

Some years ago the late Rev. Jonathan T. Crane, D. D., wrote a tract on popular amusements, in which he condemned novel-reading

as one of the vices of the age, and said to his readers: "If you have but little time for reading, spend none of it on works of fiction." This is interesting now that his name has won new lustre as that of the father of Stephen Crane, the novelist.

* * *

There are plenty of *Journals* and *Ledgers*, but is there a paper in the country called the *Day-book*? And if not, why not? W. H. H.

DEALING WITH EDITORS.

Apropos of "An Australian Contributor's Blank," in the July number of THE WRITER, let me say that the form that I have found the most convenient is as follows: —

TO THE EDITOR, — Will you kindly mark the appropriate paragraph, if the accompanying manuscript is unavailable?

1. We do not pay for such contributions.
2. We have already accepted a similar contribution.
3. We have sufficient matter on hand at present.
4. It is not appropriate for our publication.
5. The subject is not acceptable.
6. The literary quality is below our standard.
7. It is too long.
8. It is too short.
9. We might accept it if it was revised.
10. We shall be glad to examine other manuscripts if you care to submit them.

Editor, —— —— ——

This will cover — typewritten, of course, — a sheet of manuscript paper 5½ x 8½ inches, and can be easily renewed when the manuscript has been returned as "unavailable."

Leaving a space of an inch and a half at the top of the first page of my manuscript, for the editor's use in the event of its being accepted, I place before the article — story, essay, or whatever I am submitting — these lines: —

Manuscript contains 0,000 words The usual rate of payment is desired. Herewith find stamped addressed envelope. If not available, please return to ——

followed by my full name and address in capitals that are plainly visible to the editor at first glance.

I may incidentally remark that, having always paid careful attention to these matters of detail, I have never had a manuscript on the list of "missing," of which many writers complain. And if a manuscript is returned, I always know the reason why; as there has never been an instance where the editor failed to check the line which applied to the refusal of his rejection of the manuscript.

Ida Meacham Strobridge.

HUMBOLDT, Nevada.

THE SCRAP BASKET.

The *Catholic Champion* (New York) for February, in an editorial paragraph, says: —

"The Rev. Fr. —— ——, Superior of the Order of ——, who had also expected to have been present, ——"

The editors of the *Champion* are scholars and men of culture, but they credit the reverend father with too great expectations. He did not expect "to have been present"; he merely expected to be present.

The Washington correspondent of the *Boston Herald* fell into the same pit when he said the other day that it was Mrs. McKinley's "wish and intention to have been present" at a certain banquet. Of course Mrs. McKinley's intention was to be present, whenever the proper time should come. This error is becoming so common that it seems worth while to warn newspaper writers against it.

H. L. R.

WINCHESTER, Mass.

QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics will be answered in this department. Questions must be brief, and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

(1.) Will you please tell me if this sentence is correct: "If a man injures another, we are agreed that compensation is due the injured one."

(2.) How would you pronounce "athletic"?

J. A. H.

[(1.) The sentence should be written: "If a man injure another, we are agreed that compensation is due to the injured one."

(2.) In "athletic" all the vowels are short, and the accent is on the second syllable.— W. H. H.]

A COLLEGE PRESS CLUB.

The Colgate University Press Club has thirty students actively engaged in newspaper work. There is a room in Alumni Hall devoted to the

needs of the club. Here are found the most valuable aids for literary workers, prominent among which is a complete set of bound volumes of THE WRITER. Each year some prominent newspaper man gives a practical address before the club.

W. W. Canfield, city editor of the *Utica Observer*, delivered an address before the club on the evening of February 11. The subject of Mr. Canfield's address was "Islands of News in Oceans of Ink." From first to last his address was a denunciation of sensational newspapers. By several examples he showed how the real news was often covered up in articles padded and lengthened with needless and senseless gush. He pointed out the fact that the people who read the sensational papers are not well informed, for the reason that they are furnished so many fakes in connection with the news that they do not know which is false and which is true. People who buy and read these papers under the idea that they contain more news than other journals generally read a lot of trash that is much worse than news.

The responsibility for the growth of this class of papers was placed upon the people who support them. Of course, many have been misled by their noisy claims of extraordinary facilities for the collection of news, and have been reading them under the misapprehension that they were honest, truthful, and reliable papers. For more than two hundred years the liberty of the press has been growing more secure, but this has been made possible because the powerful influence of public opinion has done more than courts and magistrates could do to keep the press pure. It is to be regretted if public opinion is becoming so low as to encourage the sensationalism, coarseness, and often positive indecencies of these so-called "modern" journals.

A strong plea was made for good reading. The newspaper that finds its way into the hands of the members of the household, or which lies familiarly upon the desk of the business man was described as a companion. It impresses its characteristics upon those who daily follow its columns, and carries its influence in every direction. If a paper is manly, honest, progressive, and fearless in doing right, it makes better men and women of the readers; but if it is sensational, bawdy, unreliable, and filled with fakes, it has a very different influence.

J. B. Creighton.

HAMILTON, N. Y.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Bridges. — If there is "a lilt and a thrill" in the very pen-name of this sweet singer ("Madeline S. Bridges"), so is there a deeper music in her real name of Mary Ainge de Vere. Here is a woman who has made two names famous.

The name, "Madeline S. Bridges," has for several years appeared in almost every issue of *Judge*, *Puck*, and *Life*, signed to poems or stories, while much of the unsigned work in these publications has been done by this gifted woman. It has appeared, also, many times in *Leslie's Weekly*, — which first published that most beautiful poem of hers, "Good-bye, My Sweetheart," — *Ladies' Home Journal*, *Demorest's*, and others; while readers of the *Century* are well acquainted with Mary Ainge de Vere, although comparatively few are aware that both names are borne by the same writer.

Miss Bridges, as she prefers to be known, is a tall, slender, lovely woman, with quiet, graceful ways that seem somehow to be set to music. She has dreamy, dark eyes, and dark, waving hair, a perfect profile, and the sweetest lips in the world. After meeting her once one can never quite forget the folded scarlet of her lips.

She lives a secluded life in the old home of her parents in Brooklyn, with a large family of brothers and sisters, to whom she and her life are faithfully and affectionately devoted. She is difficult to meet, as elusive as a dream. One knows that she is there, but somehow she is always escaping, like the will-o'-the-wisp. Editors who have used her work for years have never even had a glimpse of her.

Her lighter poems are just like sunrays across the dark. She brings the quick tears to one's eyes by the touch on memory's aching chord, and then she brings the smiles to chase them away.

Miss Bridges has had many sorrows. Care sits in her household, as in so many others, and death has been a frequent guest. But she is

like Rossetti's "Blessed Damozel," — "her eyes pray and she smiles," — even in her darkest hours. And so it is in her poetry, through which a pure faith runs like a golden vein; its lightness is never frivolous, its depth is never despair. — *Ella Higginson, in Demorest's Family Magazine.*

Browning. — Of Robert Browning, Dean Farrar says, in the *Independent*, that the poet was the most omnivorous reader he ever met. He seemed to know something about everything. "I believe," adds the Dean, "that when he was writing 'Sordello' he exhausted every book in the British Museum which touched on the little-known story of the Italian poet. The accuracy with which he mastered even the most recondite allusions to his subjects before he fused them together in the crucible of his imagination was most remarkable. His memory, too, was very retentive. He once repeated to me a great part of the poem of poor George Smart on David, which he regarded as reaching a very high poetic level; but he had read everything from Busbequius to Beddoes — for whom he told me he had a very high admiration, when I had quoted to him some lines from his dramas. This accuracy was extended to the minutest and most apparently insignificant details."

Hardy. — One of the few limitations to Thomas Hardy's great charm as a writer lies in his tendency to encumber his page with detail. At a supremely romantic moment, one of his people sits down to contemplate a tribe of ants, and watches them through two whole printed pages. In another case a man in imminent deadly peril surveys, through two pages, the history of the geologic changes which have befallen our planet. Each passage, taken by itself, is good enough. Taken where it is, each is terribly wearisome and wrong.

I do not know that any critic has yet recorded Mr. Hardy's singular limitations as to the invention of plot. Speaking from memory, I cannot at this moment recall a novel of his in which some trouble does not circle about a marriage license, and I can recall many instances of going to church to get married and coming back single. That, indeed, is Mr. Hardy's *pièce de résistance* in the way of invention, and it crops up in one book after another with a helpless inevitableness which at last grows comic.

But here we can afford to have done with carping, and can turn to the much more grateful task of praise. I do not think it too much to say that Mr. Hardy has studied his own especial part of England, has made himself master of its landscape, its town and hamlet life, its tradition and sentiment and general spiritual atmosphere, to such triumphant effect as to set himself wholly apart from all other English writers of fiction. His literary style is a thing to admire, to study, and to admire again. — *David Christie Murray, in Portland Transcript.*

Lover. — Samuel Lover's daughter, Mrs. Fanny Schmidt, writes her recollections of "The Author of 'Rory O'More'" for the February *Century*. Mrs. Schmidt says: "His industry was such that in the busiest years of his life he did not even grant himself time to look at the daily papers or to read any new book that was much talked of. His wife always read the papers and the new books for him, giving him in conversation a résumé of the news of the day and the contents of the books, so that he was always well informed of everything that was going on. If anything exceedingly important was on hand in the political world, or if any part of a book was particularly interesting or well written, these she would read to him while he was painting.

"Many artists are as dumb as fishes at their easels; but he could converse charmingly while he was painting, which was a particularly pleasant quality for his sitters. In painting or in writing he worked indefatigably, and seemed to be independent of the 'moods' to which many artists appear to be victims. As to his songs, he used to say himself that he never wrote a song in his life except when he could n't help it. The songs used to 'come to him,' generally words and melody simultaneously, so that he had only to write them down. Frequently the idea of a song would come when he was occupied with something quite different, as, for instance, while painting. He would then leave his easel, write down the idea, and return to his work. Afterward he would re-

turn to his written notes and work out the idea.

Reade. — Charles Reade once gave a recipe for writing novels to a young novelist now well known. It ran thus: "Make 'em laugh; make 'em cry; make 'em wait." — *The Bookman for March.*

Verne. — Contrary to what I had thought, Jules Verne does not first imagine the characters and facts of the novel he is to write, and then begin to make investigations into one or more countries for his scene of action. On the contrary, he reads up the history and geography of the countries first, just as if he intended to do nothing else than describe them fully and minutely. His characters, the leading facts and episodes of his story, rise up in his mind during this reading, which is really an object in itself and not a mere means to acquire useful notes for his book. The varied information regarding physics, chemistry, astronomy, and natural history, in which his stories abound, he has not needed for many years to look up in scientific works. These were his favorite reading from early youth, and he has his scientific material already in his memory, or selects it out of an enormous amount of facts which he is constantly acquiring from books, reviews, and newspapers. He neglects nothing which pertains to travel, discovery, phenomena, unusual events or characters, and which he thinks may be useful in any way whatsoever to his future labors. — *Edmondo de Amicis, in the Chautauquan for March.*

Wallace. — General Lew Wallace has paused in the midst of a busy year to superintend in person the erection of his new study, a most beautiful building covering nearly an acre of ground in the fine old grove surrounding his residence. Embowered in verdant shade, secure from intrusion, yet within a few blocks of the central hum of a thriving little city, it lifts its classic walls of stone, brick, and steel, "a thing of beauty and a joy" both to the architect and the beholder. When completed, it will be the finest structure of the kind in the middle West.

Entering through a graceful vestibule, one stands in the main room, which is lighted from the sky and fitted up with massive shelves and cabinets, and will be used as the general's study and library. At the west end of the room is a huge, delightfully old-time fireplace, with deep seats built in its sheltering sides. Beyond the main study a small anteroom leads to the terrace overlooking an artificial lake. The water is pumped to a tower, and from there to a beautiful fountain and the lake. The mechanical appliances of the building are in the basement. Outside the walls are decorated with a fine frieze, upon which will be heroic heads representing characters from "Ben Hur" and "The Prince of India." General Wallace has a new story in preparation. It may be that his gifted wife, also, may seek the seclusion of these quiet walls to wield again her graceful pen for the delight of a charmed circle. — *Harper's Bazar.*

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

HOW TO WRITE A SHORT STORY. A symposium by Robert Barr, Harold Frederic, Arthur Morrison, and Jane Barlow. *Bookman* (23 c.) for March.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER. M A. De Wolfe Howe. *Bookman* (23 c.) for March.

THE NATION'S LIBRARY. Illustrated. A. R. Spofford. *Century* (38 c.) for March.

HOW TO UTILIZE OLD MAGAZINES. Herman Justi. *Century* (38 c.) for March.

SOME WRITERS OF GOOD LETTERS (Edward Fitzgerald — James Russell Lowell — Matthew Arnold). Royal Cortissoz. *Century* (38 c.) for March.

A BOY I KNEW (Autobiography). — IV. Laurence Hutton. *St. Nicholas* (28 c.) for March.

CHEERFUL YESTERDAYS (Reminiscences). T. W. Higginson. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for March.

THE CONTRIBUTOR HIS OWN EDITOR. Frederic M. Bird. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for March.

ORIGIN OF PENNSYLVANIA SURNAMES. L. Oscar Kuhns. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for March.

HANDSOME NEWSPAPER WOMEN. With portraits. Helen Winslow. *Godey's* (13 c.) for March.

CONGRESSIONAL REPORTERS. John Howard White. *Home Magazine* (Binghamton, N. Y.) (13 c.) for March.

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN AND HIS WORK. F. M. Hopkins. *Current Literature* (28 c.) for March.

A VISIT TO JULES VERNE AND VICTORIEN SARDOU. Edmondo de Amicis. *Chautauquan* (23 c.) for March.

ENGLISH SOCIAL LIFE IN ENGLISH FICTION. "Droch." *Ladies' Home Journal* (13 c.) for March.

THE FIRST "NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE" AND ITS EDITOR. Rev. George Willis Cooke. *New England Magazine* (28 c.) for March.

THE HISTORY OF A POEM (Coventry Patmore's "The Angel in the House"). Edmund Gosse. *North American Review* (53 c.) for March.

AMENITIES OF PHILOLOGY. Professor E. W. Bowen. *North American Review* (53 c.) for March.

NEW LETTERS OF EDWARD GIBBON. Frederic Harrison. *Forum* (28 c.) for March.

"SAXON" FICTION. The Point of View, *Scribner's* (28 c.) for March.

THE MASTER OF THE LITHOGRAPH—J. MCNEILL WHISTLER. Illustrated. Elizabeth Robins Pennell. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for March.

ON THE USE OF BOOKS. *Harper's Round Table.* (8 c.) for January 19.

THE EVOLUTION OF A SONG ("Robin Adair"). *Harper's Bazar* (13 c.) for January 13.

GENERAL FRANCIS A. WALKER. With portrait. *Illustrated American* (13 c.) for January 23.

COPYRIGHT AND REPRODUCTION. Walter Sprange. *Photographic Times* (28 c.) for February.

SIDNEY LANIER. Edward Bright. *Illustrated American* for February 6.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Mrs. James T. Fields will write the biography of Harriet Beecher Stowe.

Mrs. Olive Schreiner is making a visit to England.

F. Marion Crawford is to deliver one hundred lectures next season throughout the country, his subject being the development of Italian art. He may also give readings from his own novels.

Beatrice Harraden has not been benefited in health by her return to England. She is now at Bournemouth, and what energy she possesses she has put into the revision of the proof-sheets of her new book, "Hilda Strafford."

Longfellow's "Wayside Inn," at Sudbury, Mass., has been purchased by Samuel H. Howe, of Boston, a descendant of the family of Howes who during three generations won for the inn its reputation. The new owner's design is to make the place a permanent memorial to Longfellow, and to restore it as nearly as it may be to its condition in the days when the poet, Ole Bull, Luigi Monti, and others made it their meeting place.

Vick's Magazine, Rochester, N. Y., devoted to floriculture, gardening, and home interests, has passed into new hands.

Madame Adolphe Roze, better known to magazine readers by her maiden name, Charlotte Fiske Bates, is preparing some interesting reminiscences of Longfellow, with whom she was closely associated for some years. She also has a volume of poems almost ready for the press.

Those who have been entertained by the pleasant stories that have appeared in late numbers of the *Outlook* and the *Youth's Companion* under the signature of "Alix Thorn" will be interested in knowing that they are the work of Miss Alice Frost, of Meriden, Conn. Miss Frost is the youngest daughter of Professor Simeon T. Frost, principal of the Meriden High School.

"Kate Vanderpoel," the composer, is Miss Cornelia Townsend, of Chicago, a sister of Edward Townsend, the author of "Chimmie Fadden."

After three years of diversified experiences, Lorettus S. Metcalf (formerly editor of the *Forum*) has sold his Jacksonville newspaper, the *Florida Citizen*, to George W. Wilson.

Frank N. Doubleday has left Charles Scribner's Sons to become vice-president of the S. S. McClure Company. Mr. Doubleday will soon organize a house for the publication of books, under the firm name of the Doubleday-McClure Company, of which he will be the president. Mr. Doubleday began his career with the Scribners when he was a lad, and has been in nearly every department of the house. He was the publisher of *Scribner's Magazine* from the first number.

H. R. Southworth is now assistant editor of the *Home Magazine* (Binghamton, N. Y.).

Lend a Hand will hereafter be published in New York. Dr. F. H. Wines will be the editor.

The *Missouri Editor* (Columbia, Mo.) has changed its name to the *Country Editor*.

The corporate name of The Joseph Knight Company, Boston, has been changed to L. C. Page & Co.

A new periodical, to be called the *Southern Magazine*, will be started soon in Atlanta. It will be conducted by Walter Barnwell.

A new magazine of short stories is called the *White Rabbit*, and is published at Oberlin, O.

The *Black Cat* (Boston) prize competition will end March 31. The publishers offer $2,100 in prizes for original short stories (2,500 to 6,000 words long), the first prize being $1,000; the second, $500; the third, $300; the fourth, $200; and the fifth, $100. The conditions of the contest were advertised in full in the February WRITER.

George T. Angell, president of the American Humane Education Society, Boston, offers in behalf of the society a prize of $200 for the most interesting useful story (similar to "Black Beauty" and the three other humane prize stories already published by the society), but which shall best illustrate the cruelties inflicted upon animals by the fashionable people of large cities. The competition will close October 1, 1897. It will be the privilege of the successful writer to receive $200 for the story, or publish it himself, if preferred.

The *Critic* (New York) asks its readers to send lists of what they consider the best twelve short stories by American authors. No story of more than 15,000 words will be considered as a short story, and the polls will close March 30. The *Critic* will be judge of the contest, and the prize will be fifteen dollars' worth of books, at American publishers' prices. Lists should be written on only one side of the sheet, and on the envelope should be written the words "Short Stories."

The Century Company (New York) offers a first prize of $500 and a number of lesser rewards for written answers (to be prepared at leisure and sent in by post) to one hundred and fifty questions covering a broad range of information.

To increase the interest of musicians and composers in the national convention of the Music Teachers' Association, which will be held in New York city next June, the executive committee announces a prize competition in composition of music, in which $500 will be awarded. There are to be thirteen prizes, in seven classes, $75 being the reward for the best cantata, sacred or secular, $50 the prize for the most meritorious organ, pianoforte, violin, and string quartette compositions, and the same for the best song, with second prizes of $25 in each class.

"The Contributor His Own Editor," by Frederic M. Bird, in *Lippincott's* for March, suggests sundry ways in which writers could do their own work, now often neglected, to their own advantage, now often missed.

D. Appleton & Co., of New York, have been incorporated to carry on a business of printing and publishing books, magazines, and periodicals, with a capital of $2,000,000. The directors are William W. Appleton, Daniel Appleton, Edward D Appleton, Daniel S. Appleton, Charles A. Appleton, and Robert Appleton, of New York city.

In the full-page reproduction of a well-known painting by Richard Wilson, entitled "Hadrian's Villa," from the original in the National Gallery of London, the readers of the *Magazine of Art* (New York) for March have the opportunity to see the results of the three-color printing process which is being developed with so much success in this country. The character of the original seems to be very well retained. There is a full-page reproduction in the same number from a picture called "Love's Token," by E. Cipolla.

A reproduction of a portrait of Mark Twain, by Charles Noël Flagg, forms the frontispiece of *McClure's Magazine* for March. An article by W. D. Howells on Rudyard Kipling as a poet is one of the most interesting features of the number.

The present *New England Magazine* is not the first magazine with that title published in Boston. The first *New England Magazine* was established by Joseph T. Buckingham as long ago as 1831, and lived to complete its ninth volume. This old *New England Magazine* has now become almost forgotten, but it played in its time a very important part. The first of Dr. Holmes's "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" papers appeared in its pages, and among its contributors were Hawthorne, Longfellow, Whittier, and Edward Everett. Rev. George Willis Cooke contributes a thorough and interesting article upon this historic publication to the March number of the present *New England Magazine*, giving as illustrations copies of all the pictures which appeared in the earlier magazine's successive volumes.

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

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NEWSPAPER WORK AS A CAREER.*

When a young man comes to choose his business or profession for life, there are two questions which present themselves. The first is: What will my work bring me? The second is: How much shall I get out of my work?

These questions recall a little experience of my boyhood. I was driving one day with a young civil engineer and a clergyman. The engineer had just achieved his first success, — one that gave promise of a brilliant future. He was talking it over earnestly with his friend, the clergyman, and ended by saying, with the patronage of youth: "What a grand thing it would have been for you had you been a civil engineer." The clergyman replied quietly, but with something of rebuke in his tone: "I would not give all the satisfaction I have found in my twenty years of pastoral work for all the honors, success, and wealth that I hope may be yours."

That clergyman had what they used to say was an "effectual call." He did not ask himself the question simply: "What will my work bring me?" He asked himself rather the question: "What am I getting out of my work?" It was the satisfaction of doing his work that appealed to him. We see the same thing to-day in quite different professions from that of the ministry. There are men making a mere subsistence in Paris who are satisfied if they can get enough barely to live on, provided they can devote that narrow living to the work of painting pictures. They may never achieve fame. They may never be more than they are to-day. But they are satisfied to do as they are doing and to take their chances.

Now it is in some such spirit as this that the young man who thinks of engaging in newspaper work as his career must approach the question of his choice. He must consider what he is going to get out of the work; what its satisfaction will be, as well as the other question; "What will the work give to me?" The necessity of laying stress on the satisfaction that comes to an enthusiast from newspaper work is seen the moment that one considers its conditions; for there is a broad distinction to be drawn between journalism as a business and journalism as a profession. The man who is simply a professional journalist is necessarily dominated by the man who is a business journalist.

Did you ever stop to consider how many people it takes to get out a modern newspaper? I asked the manager of a big New York newspaper the other day how many people, big and little, in the mechanical department, in the department of correspondence, in all departments, there were on his pay-roll, and he replied: "Between 500 and 600." A first-class provincial newspaper, say the *Waterbury American*, with which I am connected, pub-

*A talk given in the Phi Beta Kappa course at Yale by Arthur Reed Kimball, associate editor of the *Waterbury American*, on the evening of February 17, 1897.

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lished in a town of 40,000 inhabitants, had, the last time I put the question, about 100 people on its pay-roll. Now, when you have a concern that employs 500 people, you have a plant that is as big as a good-sized factory. The average good-sized factory does not employ so many. To run a good-sized factory requires a very large amount of capital. To run a good-sized newspaper requires a large amount of capital, as many who have tried it and sunk money in it have learned to their cost. The capital that goes into a newspaper must be cared for first, or the newspaper would stop. The affairs of a newspaper must be administered with ability. That is the first requisite, and for that reason, if there is any dispute between the editorial room and the counting room as to the policy of the newspaper, the counting room must, in the end, control.

If, then, a man is to become a professional newspaper man, as distinguished from one who follows newspaper-making as a business, he must be controlled by someone else. He cannot carry out his ideals, often, as he would like to do. This is one of the disagreeable conditions of journalism as a profession. It is something that any young man who intends to become a newspaper man must take into account.

The next practical consideration which I would bring to your notice is the question of pay. How much are you ready to sacrifice for the sake of doing work which you like? I myself reversed the usual process, and after studying law, though I never practiced it, I determined to become a newspaper man. I met on the street a friend, a successful lawyer, one who started as a reporter and ended as a lawyer, and we went into a club to take lunch and talk it over. This man tried to discourage me. He said to me: "When I was in newspaper work in Chicago, a leading editorial writer on our paper, the best-equipped all-round journalist in Chicago, got just $6,000 a year, and that is all he could ever get as direct remuneration for his journalistic work. I, for my part, decided not to stay in a profession or business which could, if I was as good as the best, give me an income of only $6,000 a year — which limited me to that amount." This may be a little small as measuring the pay of men at the top to-day in New York, though it is certainly large in measuring the pay of men at the top anywhere but in the biggest cities. When it comes to estimating what the best newspaper man gets, I recall the case of a friend, who is an editorial writer on a leading New York newspaper. He gets, probably, $5,000 a year for that; he is a writer on the staff of a magazine, and gets considerably more for that; he is the correspondent in this country for a London newspaper and gets considerably more for that; he does more or less writing of a general kind, and picks up a good many dollars in a year by that. Altogether, this man, by constantly working, manages to make from $10,000 to $12,000 a year, probably; but if he stops his work for a day, a week, a month, his income stops. He has to give an exact equivalent in work with the pen for every dollar that he gets. Contrast his case with that of the lawyer or the doctor, who may be called in simply for consultation, and who, for giving advice, receives a large fee.

There is a certain temptation to begin newspaper work, because the newspaper worker gets some pay from the start, if he does anything. If he enters a law office, he may have to pay for the privilege of doing work in that office. The difference is seductive, but where does it lead? A reporter who gets $20 a week regularly is doing fairly well, though a great many reporters get a good deal more than this. But the tendency, unless a man has a special genius for reporting and a unique originality and picturesqueness of style, is to keep him at about $20. I had a friend, a Yale graduate, who went on the *Springfield Republican* at $6 a week, and stayed there a number of years till his wages were $12 a week. He then turned locomotive engineer, as, on the whole, a better solution of the problem of existence.

But I have probably lingered long enough on the discouraging side of journalism. I want to tell you some things about its fascination, about the reasons why one gets satisfaction from doing the work and in doing it. In the first place, you are in touch with everything as it occurs, whether it be in South Africa, or Japan, or in the particular city where your newspaper is

published. In other words, you feel that you are a part of history as it is made. The telegraph wire brings things as close home to you as if you were actually a part of them. Let me give an illustration. When President Garfield was dying from Guiteau's bullet, it was decided to move him from the White House to a cottage near Long Branch. The removal was as present to me from its beginning to its close as if I had been one of the attending physicians. When I came down to my office in the morning, they were taking him down stairs and putting him into the ambulance. I saw the train move out slowly. I saw the people who lined the track, in crowds, with uncovered heads and moist eyes, as it passed now through this place, now through that. I heard at every stage how he was bearing the journey. I saw the flowers thrown down in front of the train. I saw them when they took him out of the car and placed him in the room overlooking the water, where he was to fight for his life. I heard the reports of the doctors on the results of the journey. Nothing that ever happened to me is as vivid and fresh as that journey of President Garfield, from which I was hundreds of miles away. The experience of being part of such an event as that is, to a man of any imagination, something wonderfully interesting, something that no one can understand unless he has tried it. This is simply one of a thousand illustrations which might be extended indefinitely.

Then there is the secret power connected with journalism. It is a different power from that which existed in the days when, as Howells says of the Ohio farmers as they took their *Weekly Tribune* out of the office: "We'll see what Horace has to say this week." We of to-day do not connect this or that opinion with any particular person, at least as a rule. It is the paper which speaks to us, not the individual: but for that very reason, what it says often makes a deeper impression. It is an impersonal influence, this power of modern journalism, which we cannot follow or trace to this or that reader, but which we see in its results. From the "head-line artist," who largely dictates to the reader of the newspaper (without that reader being conscious of it) what inference shall be drawn from the article, to the writer of the ablest editorial in the paper, all the workers on the force contribute to this influence. It may be a mere sentence, or phrase, or form of expression, which moulds public opinion and decides great events. To exercise that subtle, secret influence is fascinating in the extreme.

A great many young men who think of going into journalism are afraid that in this way they may defeat any literary aspirations they may have. There is a great deal said now-a-days about the distinction between journalism and literature, and a great deal of emphasis is laid on the fact that journalism is not literature. Journalistic work is exhausting, and to that extent unfits a man for literary effort; but all work is exhausting, and any young man is unfitted for the production of the highest literature to the extent to which he is not a millionaire. Between journalism and literature there does not exist antagonism; they are, rather, allied arts. I have but to name to you such men as Charles Dudley Warner, the late Eugene Field, Richard Harding Davis, Harold Frederic, Robert Barr, and a host of others whose names may occur to you, to show you that this fear is groundless. Charles Dudley Warner's case is a typical one. He wrote on Saturdays a series of editorials for his paper, the *Hartford Courant*, which by their charm and humor attracted the attention of its readers. His friends persuaded him to gather them into a volume and publish them in book form. He did so, and the result was "My Summer in a Garden," the book which made his success. That success came to him as a legitimate crown of his newspaper work.

In connection with this I may note that a newspaper may have a style of its own. The *New York Sun* is such a newspaper. All its articles have a distinctive style. What Richard Harding Davis has done has been simply to carry into literature the style which he acquired as a reporter on the *New York Sun*. If you want proof of this, make extracts from general *Sun* articles, such as the description of a dog fight, or of the rescue of a girl in a runaway, and mix up these extracts with descriptive extracts from one of Richard Harding Davis'

books. I will defy anybody to separate these paragraphs and tell which come from Richard Harding Davis and which from the anonymous reporter of the *New York Sun*.

Let me pass to another phase of journalism, to the journalism of the future. That phase is this: Our modern publications, almost without exception, are being edited to-day by the standard of the newspaper. That is, their editors are selecting articles, not because of their literary merit alone, but because they are what is known as "timely." Such articles are chosen because they appeal to the largest possible constituency, the constituency of the people as a whole. This is opening up new opportunities for the newspaper worker. He often graduates from the workroom of daily journalism into the quieter precincts of magazine editing, or of the editing of weekly publications. If you were to look around among the editors of the great magazines to-day and their assistants, you would find that the majority of them had begun as working newspaper men. To the young man who has ambitions in this direction the possibilities of journalism are broadening more and more with each passing year. This is something very significant. It shows us that the journalism of the future is destined to include almost every publication that issues from the million presses of the world, the book alone excepted.

Let me close with an incident. When I was last in London, I spent an evening at the National Liberal club with a friend, a London journalist of high standing. Among others to whom he introduced me was a dapper little Frenchman, who had represented Paris journals in London for twenty years. "That man," said my friend, "receives $20,000 a year for apparently doing almost nothing. His duty is to mingle in society, to keep thoroughly posted in everything English, to be in touch with English politics and social life, to be close to the French ambassador and advise him, to know many diplomatic secrets before they are known to the attachés of the French legation, to use his knowledge in his dispatches with discretion, to contribute to international good feeling, and to guide French opinion in time of crisis." As countries come closer and closer together, the international correspondent will occupy more and more perhaps the most important office to which international responsibilities attach. He will be the ambassador of the press, a more important person than the ambassador of diplomacy. What he can do to make or avert war was well illustrated during the Venezuela crisis by the leading journalists in America, who sent dispatches to London describing the course of events here and the sentiment of the American people.

This is the function of journalism to which Thackeray alluded, one may say by prophecy, when Warrington and Pendennis were passing a brilliantly lighted newspaper office in the early morning, and Warrington, turning to Pendennis, exclaimed: "There she is, the great engine. She never sleeps. She has her ambassadors in every quarter of the world, her couriers upon every road. Her officers march along with armies, and her envoys enter statesmen's cabinets."

Arthur Reed Kimball.

WATERBURY, Conn.

COMPRESSED FICTION.

We are all aware that the law which governs the swing of the pendulum governs also the swing of thought, a swerve from the base of gravity (physical or metaphysical) in one direction being invariably followed by an equal swerve in another and opposite one. This is, I believe, the explanation of the craze which has recently taken possession of the popular mind for what I may call "compressed fiction." It is a natural reaction against the verbose,

long-drawn-out style of story-telling of twenty years ago — a style which must surely have originated with the penny-a-liners, since no other reason is conceivable for its existence.

Those of us whose memories run back to the 'fifties will recall the tales of our youth. In these, how elaborately was each petty detail worked out! How minutely was each unimportant event described! How many pages were filled with conversations which were pointless and aimless, and led to nothing, save exhausting the patience of the reader. How tardily the story "dragged its slow length along." When one was reading to one's self, this prolixity mattered less, for long practice made one extremely adroit in "the art of skipping." Almost unconsciously the eye, as it glanced across the page, took in the gist of the matter, and passed over what was irrelevant. But if called upon to read aloud, one discovered with sorrowful surprise the full extent of the prosiness of even the interesting stories of that time. How much might have been left out with advantage! The author's rule too often appeared to be: Convey your meaning in as many words as possible. Never use one adjective where you can squeeze in two or three. Prolong the agony. Crowd in the superlatives. Trace each event from its incipient cause to its complete development. In short, leave nothing to the imagination of your readers.

Yes, in those old days the pendulum swung far in the direction of over-amplification. Few indeed were the stories then written which would not have been improved by a liberal use of the blue pencil.

But while it is undoubtedly true that a story can be too long, it is equally true that it can be too short. Because diluted literature is weak and inartistic, it by no means follows that literature may not be rendered equally inartistic by being compressed and condensed until all the life is squeezed out of it, and nothing but a bare, dry skeleton remains.

This is the danger nowadays. In a laudable effort to be "strong" and "concise," the new school of fiction-writers overlooks the fact that even brevity may be overdone. The telegram and the police report are hardly to be taken as models for literary imitation. It is granted that a too lavish use of adjectives is to be avoided. Where one will suffice, let the author use but one, by all means; but if, on the other hand, a dozen are really necessary to convey the shades of meaning he is seeking to convey, let him not be afraid to use them. Even superlatives cannot be absolutely banished from literature without entailing loss.

And while the ordinary reader's imagination is not so weak that it requires to be led through a story in leading-strings as of yore, it is scarcely equal to the leaps and bounds that seem to be expected of it now-a-days. If the disjointed, abbreviated, "suggestive" story of the present time is evolved much farther, it will soon resolve itself into a somewhat enlarged form of the "missing-word puzzle," so popular with the juveniles, and will end in a title and a blank page, to be "filled in" by each reader according to his own ideas as suggested by the title!

Seriously speaking, however, if it were a question of meritable choice between the two evils, of too many words or too few, I think most of us would choose the latter. It is better to be too concise than too prolix, always; but my contention is that there is no necessity to be either. An author is not compelled to sin against literary art either by defect or by excess. Let him form a clear, distinct idea in his own mind of the meaning he desires to convey,— the impression he wishes to produce,— and then let him use language, not for language's sake, but simply and solely as the means to an end — the end being to impress this mind-picture of his own upon the minds of his readers. As many words as are requisite to accomplish this purpose let him not hesitate to use, without stopping to count the number. One unnecessary word is a blemish; a hundred necessary words are a grace.

We have exhumed the Story of the Past, and pronounced judgment upon its shortcomings, neither glossing over its manifold imperfections nor extenuating its flagrant departures from the rules of a sound taste; but I am prepared to assert that the Story of the Present is no less open to criticism when judged by the rules of that same taste. For what are the

salient characteristics of the "short story" of to-day? Its chief mark is frequently repulsive realism, combined with an almost agonizing effort to be dramatic. The barer and balder a story is in its construction, the more curt and jerky it is in its style, the higher it appears to rank as a literary masterpiece!

Now why, may I ask, should this be so? Why should art in literature be governed by wholly different rules from art in painting, or art in music? Is the first sketchy outline that falls from the artist's pencil superior as a picture to the finished painting when it stands glowing upon us from the canvas? Do the few notes hastily jotted down by the musician in his notebook, with great hiatuses between, really represent a higher type of music than the completed oratorio?

To ask these questions is to answer them. Then why not apply the same rule to literature? Why not permit the author of the short story to develop and elaborate his work, instead of confining him to first touches, however masterly? Why not allow him also the privilege of filling out the curves and angles necessary to its symmetrical completeness, and adding with his own skillful hand the innumerable delicate finishing touches, which make all the difference between crudity and completeness, between "suggestion" and "perfection," in a work of art, whether that work be oratorio, picture, or book? *H. E. Belin.*

CHARLESTON, S. C.

EDITORIAL TALKS WITH CONTRIBUTORS.*

XVI.—BY THE EDITOR OF ROMANCE.

God bless THE WRITER, to the editor of which a great number of contributors and editors ought to be devoutly grateful for these "Talks." When, among a hundred manuscript stories, I find one which really meets the requirements of *Romance*, I am so delighted that I carry that story about in my pocket for days. I read it at family firesides, to every chance-met friend, and to every stranger within my office gates.

I therefore joyfully avail myself of this opportunity to talk to *Romance* contributors, in the hope that, hereafter, the delight of finding a thoroughly acceptable *Romance* story will be an everyday experience.

Let us clear the way, first, of the stories which *Romance* does not want. Ghost stories, for instance, are not wanted, or anything based on the supernatural, or on superstition. There are certain kinds of stories which authors describe in the sub-title as "A dream," or "An incident," or "An epistle." We cannot use dreams, or incidents, or episodes, or air-castle travels of any sort, or extravaganzas, or parodies, or stories of phenomena and phenomenal people, or anything that is simply the fancy of imagination. Now comes the story with an obvious moral; the sermon or temper-

* This series of "Editorial Talks with Contributors," written by the editors of the leading American periodicals, and telling what they want and do not want in the way of manuscripts, was begun in THE WRITER for September, 1895, and will be continued. The article in the September WRITER was by William Hayes Ward, superintending editor of the *Independent*. The article for October was by Robert E. Bonner, editor of the *New York Ledger*. The article for November was by Robert D. Townsend, managing editor of the *Outlook*. The articles for December were by B. Arkell, editor of *Leslie's Weekly*, and Rounseville Wildman, editor of the *Overland Monthly* The articles for January were by Joseph Newton Hallock, editor of the *Christian Work*, and Edwin D. Mead, editor of the *New England Magazine*. The article for February was by Robert M. Offord, managing editor of the *New York Observer*. The article for March was by Nella I. Daggett, editor of the *Home*. The articles for April were by Frank Lee Farnell, editor of *Frank Leslie's Pleasant Hours*, Henry Tyrrell, editor of *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly*, and the Editor of *Godey's*. The article for June was by Amos. R. Wells, managing editor of the *Golden Rule*. The article for September was by Rosa Sonneschein, editor of the *American Jewess*. The article for October was by the editors of the *Youth's Companion*.

ance lecture in disguise; the story with a purpose; the story involving a social, a scientific, a religious, or a political question, a labor problem, hypnotism, telepathy; none of these are suitable to *Romance*. Nor can we use stories of children, of wonderful babies, of animals, of things, of historical personages and historical events, or any kind of story excepting that which deals with possible men and women. Above all, *Romance* cannot use dialect stories, or stories of any period of time prior to our Civil War, or stories written for the "young person." We return poetry in the same hour in which it is received.

What *Romance* does want is summed up in the motto on the cover of the magazine: "Stories portraying the romantic side of modern life"; and the more romantic the story is, and the nearer it comes to the life of to-day, of the hour, the better we like it.

The romantic side of modern life! What "story" possibilities are there for those who observe the relations of men and women, who themselves act a part in life's drama, involving the affections and emotions, the virtues and follies of men in their relations to women, and of women in their attitude toward men; love, marriage, loyalty, or infidelity; devotion, neglect, bliss, or divorce; desire, jealousy, hate, revenge; fondness, folly, fickleness; the story of married life; the drama of the passions and temptations, the weaknesses or strength of lovers; the comedy of infatuation and of love's intrigues; the tragedy of mistress and man, of enduring and relentless love. These are themes for stories for *Romance* — stories of real life — real life romances which are also unusual and unconventional. Stories of the housewife or of the woman of the world; of the ingenue or of the demi-monde; of the ambitious youth or of the old sinner; of the gay bachelor or of the humdrum benedict, and so on — if you have a story of these people, meeting these requirements, send it in, even though it has been rejected by the editors of all the "young person" magazines the country over. This mythical person governs the theme and action of ninety-nine per cent. of all the stories printed in magazines in this country. When the present management took hold of *Romance* the "young person" was left behind. We want stories which show human nature as it is or can be; not as human nature is not and cannot be. If there is a person in the land who is young and who likes to read stories about wooden people, I should like to make that young person's acquaintance. The people in *Romance* stories must be of real flesh and bones, with warm blood coursing through their veins, and human nature governing all their actions — good or bad.

As to the style of treatment — we do not care for stories wherein two individuals settle down comfortably before a fireplace, or on the porch of the country store, or in a club corner, the one to listen while the other relates a love episode or a hair-breadth escape which occurred years before. This style is easy, but it is not entertaining. It is like a playwright coming before the curtain and relating the story of his play, instead of allowing the players to act their parts. Let us imagine *Romance* as a sort of pocket theatre. Your play is to be presented herein. Would you come before the curtain and inform the audience of the nature of each of the characters in your story? No! Ring up the curtain and let the action begin at once. Let each character reveal, by his speech and bearing, as in real life, his true nature. Let the drama take place before our eyes; let us see and judge your characters for ourselves. Let the plot unfold and gather strength, making always toward the one object, the dénouement. Then not another word. Let the curtain fall.

Asked to put in a nutshell what sort of stories *Romance* wants, I would say, romances of modern life full of dramatic action; and we are eager for *stories*, not for fine writing. We pay for stories on acceptance, not by feet and inches, but by merit. Length can be from 2,000 to 5,000 words. Stories accepted, but not available for the *Romance* magazine, are used by the "Romance Short Story Syndicate." Manuscripts are examined within a day or two after they are received. We can use perhaps 500 stories within the next year. But every word in each of these must be necessary to the story.

NEW YORK, N. Y. *Gilson Willets.*

THE WRITER.

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WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

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Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed: the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

***

Some writers do not seem to understand that while editors object strenuously to rolled manuscript, they have no objections to the form of manuscripts neatly folded. Rolled manuscripts are objectionable because of the "curl" in the paper, which never gets out when it is once in, and which makes them so abominably hard to read. Creases in a manuscript do not injure it in any way, and a small manuscript may better be sent folded than flat. There is no advantage gained by paying letter postage on pasteboard.

***

Speaking of Russell Sage's frugality in his youth, a writer in the *Interior* said recently: "The next morning he had money, which other young men had spent the night before, in his pocket." Referring to this, Professor McAfee wrote to the *Interior* to say: —

> Now, how did it get in his pocket, and why did the other young men spend it so it could get to him so soon? Of course, if he was sharp enough to own a private gambling house, I can see how the money would get to him over night. Otherwise it seems like remarkable financiering. Our classes in political economy are equally puzzled, and we have not decided whether to refer the problem to the advanced Greek classes, or to give it up. What would you advise? Hopefully,
>
> CLELAND B. MCAFEE.

To this the *Interior* writer replies as follows: —

> Brother McAfee is a professor, hence is apt to see lapses in good English. When that sentence was written I paused, looked at it an instant, and then wrote on, leaving it as it was printed. When in my work the alternative is offered of brevity with rhetorical incorrectness, or correctness at the expense of circumlocution, I choose the brevity. Point and directness is preferred to rhetorical perfection. Let us make the above rhetorically correct. "Mr. Russell Sage and his companions were paid their wages in the evening. He did not spend his money that evening, but had it in his pocket the next morning. The other young men did not have their money in their pockets the next morning, because they had spent it the night before" There are three times as many words, lacking one, in the correct, as in the incorrect statement — fifty-three to eighteen.

The excuse offered is that commonly made by lazy and slipshod writers, who prefer having others work while reading to working themselves as they should while writing. There is no need of circumlocution to express the simple meaning of the *Interior* writer's sentence. "The next morning he had money in his pocket, unlike other young men, who had spent theirs the night before," is tolerable English, and it has only two more words than the slipshod sentence which the *Interior* writer was too indolent and careless to make right. Mr. Dana, by the way, would not agree that

the phrase "were paid their wages" is "rhetorically correct."

* * *

Whether the new English Ambassador wrote "The Breadwinners" or not, is still an open question. The sentiments expressed in that once much-talked-of book are not perhaps in every way consistent with the opinions that Mr. Hay will have to stand by as the representative of a free and enlightened nation of workingmen, but then, literary men are not expected to be consistent always. Mr. Hay certainly took advantage of his literary license when he wrote, in "Jim Bludso":—

> "He weren't no saint — these injineers
> Is all pretty much alike —
> One wife in Natchez-under-the-Hill
> And another one here in Pike;
> A keerless man in his talk was Jim,
> And an awkward hand in a row;
> But he never flunked and he never lied,—
> I reckon he never knowed how."

Concerning these lines the matter-of-fact criticism was made years ago that if Mr. Bludso "never lied" it was a little difficult to see how he managed to secure

> "One wife in Natchez-under-the-Hill
> And another one here in Pike.

* * *

"Berthold Tours, a composer, died to-day," reads a London dispatch in the *New York Times*. If the telegraph editor of the *Times* had known more about Tours, he would probably have made the dispatch read, "Berthold Tours, the composer." If he had wanted to conceal the fact that he did not know much about him, he might have done so by omitting the article altogether and saying simply, "Berthold Tours, composer." As a matter of justice, Tours certainly deserved the "the."

* * *

According to the *Publishers' Weekly*, there were 3,300 new books by American authors published during 1896. It would be interesting to know how many more were written.

* * *

The letters received by authors from readers are generally interesting and sometimes amusing. For instance, the *Golden Rule*, which is running a serial, "Elijah Tone, Citizen," by Amos R. Wells, prints this letter of complaint from a hurt subscriber:—

> Do you think that any physical peculiarity of our fellows should be made a butt of ridicule? In the serial, "Elijah Tone, Citizen," the author drags physical peculiarities that are least common into association with his most unworthy characters. Now why does he not describe the size of the eyes, nose, and ears, and the number and form of the teeth (if they have any), as well as give the description he does? Has he found from statistics that a red, thin, stiff mustache, or whiskers, and large hands are the characteristics of low characters, and should be made the butt of ridicule? Why, I ask, must *sensitive*, *cultured*, and *good* people have their physical peculiarities portrayed before a vulture-like public, to satisfy the cravings of the uncultured for sensationalism?

The defence of the author of the story, who is also the editor of the *Golden Rule*, reads thus:—

> Probably a sufficient answer to this serious charge will be afforded by the fact that the countenance of the author of "Elijah Tone, Citizen," is adorned with a mustache that answers precisely to the quoted description ("a little red mustache," said two reporters, recently, in different parts of the country). Unfortunately, villains, as well as noble heroes, must be endowed with eyes and hands, mustaches and feet. Would they could all be cut off! There would then be an end of their villainy. And, being compelled to describe them in some way, the best thing a conscientious author can do is to describe himself.

Surely now that recalcitrant reader must be satisfied! W. H. H.

QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics will be answered in this department. Questions must be brief, and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

If a writer sends a manuscript to a magazine and it is accepted, is it proper to send another manuscript, say in two or three months, if the first has not yet been published? Is it advisable to do so? M. F.

[If a writer has a manuscript that seems especially adapted for any periodical, he should offer it to the editor, regardless of any previous transactions. The fact that an editor already has in hand an article, accepted but not printed, would not of itself prevent him from accepting a second manuscript from the same contributor. The editor of THE WRITER once knew an author who at one time had fifteen stories awaiting publication in the *Youth's Companion* office, all of which had been paid for liberally on acceptance. He had spent all the money he

had received for them, too, and he was complaining bitterly because none of them had appeared in print.

While, however, it is proper and frequently advisable, for an author to submit a second manuscript to an editor who holds an accepted manuscript from the same source unpublished, a writer should not make the mistake of flooding an editor with contributions because one manuscript has been accepted by him. Each manuscript should be offered according to its character and merits to the publications for which it seems best adapted. — W. H. H.]

What are the necessary qualifications of a good newspaper correspondent, and what course would you deem it advisable for a person to pursue to attain this end? H. E. C.

[No better answer could be given to "H. E. C.'s" question than is found in the admirable article on "Practical Newspaper Work," by Herbert S. Underwood, in the March WRITER. The qualities required to make a good newspaper correspondent are the same as those required to make a good reporter. The best way to become a newspaper reporter or correspondent is to begin sending news to newspapers. — W. H. H.]

Is it correct to say: "The number of brunettes in Sweden is growing fewer and fewer every year?" J. H. W.

[The sentence should be written: "The number of brunettes in Sweden is becoming smaller every year." A number cannot be "few," or "fewer," and "growing" implies increase, or an advance in some way. — W. H. H.]

THE SCRAP BASKET.

Some time last summer inquiry was made concerning the author of a poem beginning thus: —

> Oh, a wonderful stream is the river of Time,
> As it rolls through the realm of tears!

I made considerable effort at the time to find out the author asked for, but without success. Recently, however, I have met the poem mentioned, with the name of B. F. Taylor attached. Benjamin Franklin Taylor was an American poet, born 1822; died 1887. If desired, I can furnish a copy of the poem, which I regard as a gem of its kind. *H. A. Schuler.*

ALLENTOWN, Penn.

SKETCHES OF WRITERS.

XII. — GILSON WILLETS.

For several years the name of Gilson Willets has appeared every month and every week as the author of a story or an article in one or more leading publications. His magazine articles, his interviews with celebrities, his dramatic reviews, his foreign letters, have interested thousands. His stories, so tersely and beautifully told, have created for him the sobriquet, "America's Maupassant." And yet Gilson Willets is probably best known to-day as the editor and publisher of *Romance.*

Indeed his name and that of his magazine have become synonymous. He bought *Romance* when it lay on the market as in a trance. With heroic, daring treatment he restored the patient to life, health, and strength; and more,— with a knowledge of what a short-story magazine should be, with a will indomitable and fearless courage, — he took *Romance* on his back and ran ahead of all competitors. And notwithstanding the number of short-story magazines in the race, Mr. Willets keeps *Romance* in the lead.

From office boy in a publishing house to the editor and proprietor of a leading publication; from space writer on a country newspaper to regular contributor to a score of great magazines; from local recognition as a scribbler to a national reputation as a writer of brilliant short stories — these are the roads over which at the age of twenty-seven Gilson Willets has traveled. They are roads not easily traveled, even by one with a hard-working pen; but Mr. Willets made his way by living up to his own philosophy. "In these days of wrestling matches between Journalism and Literature," said he, "the pen which carves one's name the deepest is not the pen which scratches hard, but the one which scratches the hardest."

The first time I saw Gilson Willets' name in print was in 1890, as signature to a series of clever newspaper letters entitled "London as Seen by a Runaway," being an account of the experiences of a young American who had run

away from home and landed penniless in London. I have heard people say that these letters were the outcome of the writer's actual experience; but on this point Mr. Willets is reserved. I do know, however, that immediately upon his return from England he took up writing to the exclusion of all other employment. His grandmother had a country house on the Hudson, near Yonkers. There he settled and began scratching. Short editorials, over his name, began to appear in Westchester county papers. Then he sent a story entitled "How Woman Rules the World" to the *Yonkers Daily Herald*. The editor printed every word of it — four columns — and the story sold that day's edition. This story was followed by more, and soon the *Daily Herald* called for his stories faster than he could write them. Then came an offer from the publisher of the *Herald* tendering Gilson Willets the editorship. He accepted, his name was printed on the editorial page as the editor of the leading daily of Westchester county, and for months he slaved — working all day as editor and all night as writer. His health gave way, and he went down to Virginia and lived on a farm for two months. When he returned to Yonkers the *Herald* had passed into new hands, and Mr. Willets began writing stories for the *Yonkers Statesman*.

This time his work was seen elsewhere: it was reprinted in the *New York Recorder* and other New York newspapers. *Current Literature*, always in search of new writers, reprinted Gilson Willets' stories from the *Yonkers Statesman*, and gave his work flattering notice, editorially. Finally, a letter came from *Current Literature* offering Mr. Willets a position as assistant editor. With *Current Literature*, therefore, he accordingly cast his lot. A month later, in October, 1892, he took *Current Literature's* editorial chair, succeeding Bliss Carman, the Canadian poet. Mr. Willets reduced *Current Literature* to regular magazine size, and worked early and late to make it worthy of its name. At the end of the year his health again failed. This time he retired for nine months to a small Quaker settlement in the backwoods of Dutchess county, New York. While there Mr. Willets gathered the material for his Quaker novel, which will shortly appear, and which his publishers believe will bring the author international fame.

Returning to New York in the fall of 1893, he took off his coat and again devoted his time entirely to writing. A remarkable interview with Beatrice Harraden by Gilson Willets appeared in *Once a Week*. It was immediately reprinted, by the American Press Association,

GILSON WILLETS.

in a thousand newspapers throughout the country. He followed this by a now famous interview with Hopkinson Smith, in *Munsey's*. At the same time the magazines began to print his stories; but despite his desire to write only stories, requests poured in upon him for interviews. Right and left, therefore, he interviewed celebrities in all of life's works.

Other interviewers imitated him, but Gilson Willets remained the only master of the style of interview which he created. As I have said, he supplemented this work with stories, and also with dramatic reviews and magazine articles of all sorts. During the last three years his name has appeared from month to month as regular contributor to a score of publica-

tions, notably: *Munsey's*, *Godey's*, the *Outlook*, *Vanity Fair*, the *Bookman*, the *Illustrated American*, the *Art Interchange*, *Short Stories*, *Collier's Weekly*, *Demorest's*, the *White Elephant*, the *Waverley Magazine*, *Massey's Magazine*, the *Christian Herald*, the Boston *Journal of Education*, the *Home Magazine*, the *Housewife*, the *Home Journal*, the *New York Ledger*, *Ev'ry Month*, *Modes and Fabrics*, the *Presbyterian Messenger*, the *Teacher's Institute*, the *Photographic Times*, the *Sunny South*, *Current Literature*, and the *Literary Digest*, also in hundreds of newspapers supplied by the American Press Association; and exclusively in the *New York Recorder*, the *Press*, the *Sunday Advertiser*, the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*, etc., etc.

The sobriquet, "the American Maupassant," was bestowed upon Gilson Willets because of the terse style in which he writes his stories. These stories have been likened to mosaic work, in which each tiny piece is necessary to the whole. An editor recently wrote to Mr. Willets: "Your story is three lines too long. I have been trying for a week to cut it, but I am in despair. I cannot cut out even one line without marring the story." Notwithstanding the fact that Mr. Willets makes every word a necessity, his style is remarkably easy and flowing. His best-known stories are the series describing the love-life of several "Romantic Frenchwomen." These will be brought out this year in book form, under the title of "That Frenchwoman."

In appearance Gilson Willets is often mistaken for a Spaniard, having the olive skin of Spain: but by birthright he is a Quaker being the fifth Gilson Willets of the family of that name of "Willets' Point," Long Island. He is a member of several literary and athletic clubs, notably the Aldine Club, the St. Andrews Golf Club, and the Fencer's Club.

In the spring of 1896 Mr. Willets married Daisy Vander Veer, daughter of John Reeve Vander Veer, of one of New York's old Holland families. Mrs. Willets holds a high place in New York society, is an expert horsewoman, noted for her skill as a rider and a driver, and joins her husband in every kind of out-door sport. They spent their first four months of married life in Europe gathering valuable literary material in Belgium, Germany, France, and Italy. While Mr. Willets continued abroad, the American Press Association printed his letters weekly, and his "Stories of the Other Side" have since appeared in different magazines. These stories of Mr. Willets' experiences are novel and interesting, for Mr. Willets was arrested in Cologne as a French spy, helped to kill a Russian princess in Baden-Baden with cigarettes, interviewed Li Hung Chang in Paris, was robbed in Marseilles, and had all sorts of adventures in Monte Carlo.

On his return from Europe he purchased *Romance*, and, under his editorship and management, has made it the best short-story magazine in the market. Mr. Willets works irregularly, writing at any and all times, usually being hardest at work when other people are sleeping. He is alternately as busy as a beaver and as lazy as a polar bear. He is graceful and sympathetic as a writer; shrewd, keen, and critical as an editor; enterprising and daring as a publisher. As a business man he ignores all conventional business rules, and while his publishing office is a model of systematic hard work and those in his employ are faithful hard workers, his great business motto is: "No Red Tape." *John M. French.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Fields. — In 1859 the *Atlantic Monthly* passed into the hands of Ticknor & Fields, the junior publisher (James T. Fields) becoming finally its editor. Lowell had been, of course, an appreciative and a sympathetic editor, yet Fields had the advantage over Lowell of being both editor and publisher, so that he had a free hand as to paying for articles. The prices then paid were lower than now, but were raised steadily; and he first introduced the practice of paying for each manuscript on acceptance. He had a virtue which I have never known in any other editor or publisher, — that of volunteering to advance money on prospective articles, yet to be written; and he did this more than once to me. I have also known him to increase the amount paid, on finding that an author particularly needed the money, especially if it were

the case of a woman. His sympathy with struggling women was always very great. With all his desire to create a staff, Fields was always eagerly looking out for new talent, and was ever prompt to counsel and encourage.—*T. W. Higginson, in Atlantic Monthly for April.*

Hay.—I was talking with John Hay, who is to become Ambassador to the Court of St. James, in his library the other day about his ballads "Jim Bludso" and "Little Breeches," and I asked him how he came to write them.

"Oh," he said, "they are rough, hurriedly written pieces, and it is a wonder how they have lived, but they are founded on fact, and I suppose they touch a chord in the popular heart. All these pieces were written within a few weeks, while I was working with Whitelaw Reid on the *Tribune* in the winter of 1871-72.

"I had a great poetic fever just then, and I sometimes wrote two ballads in one evening. I did not keep it up long, however, as I did not estimate my work very highly, and I was a very busy man and did n't have much time for poetic excursions.

"I do not think so much of 'Little Breeches,' but I rather like 'Jim Bludso.' Each of them describes a real incident. I first heard of the original of 'Little Breeches' in a sermon preached by an old fashioned Methodist minister in a country church at Warsaw, Ill., while I was there on a visit to my mother, in 1870, I think. The tale impressed me, and I dressed it up in verse, and I suppose it is too late to kill it now.

"'Jim Bludso' also had a counterpart in real life. His original was an engineer named Oliver Fairchild, who plied for many years before the war up and down the Mississippi on the steamer Fashion. I knew him very well, indeed, and he met his death in 1860, not far from Warsaw, just in the manner described in the poem. The old boat caught fire one dark night, and the tiller ropes were burned away, so that the steering apparatus was powerless. Old Oliver held 'her nozzle ag'in' the bank' till every soul but himself was ashore.

> "And Bludso's ghost went up alone
> In the smoke of the Prairie Belle.

"Excepting my work on the life of Lincoln and some sketches and poems in the magazines, I have done little literary work lately. I do not consider my work over yet, however, and I may publish something or other before long, if time permits."—*New York Herald.*

BOOK REVIEWS.

WHY WE PUNCTUATE; OR, REASON VS. RULE IN THE USE OF MARKS. By a Journalist. 160 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Minneapolis: The Lancet Publishing Co. 1897.

If every one wrote perfect English, correct in style and grammatical expression, the work of punctuation would be comparatively a simple matter. Most people, however, write imperfect English, and for that reason they must depend largely on punctuation marks, skillfully used, to make their meaning clear. Punctuation, then, is not, and never can be, an exact science. Its signs, to be sure, have a definite force, each expressing something that is expressed by no other, and in a general way proofreaders agree upon their use; but in such English as most writers produce the use of punctuation marks, as a crutch to limping language, is to a certain extent arbitrary, and proofreaders are sure frequently to disagree as to what mark may best be used in any given place. Punctuation varies, too, according to the idiosyncracies of writers. One author may have a special fondness for the colon, and use it wherever it is possible: who shall say that his use of it is incorrect? Another writer may think that the frequent use of the semi-colon is advisable; that it breaks up the monotony of long sentences; and that for other reasons it is preferable, even though the comma might be used—as in this sentence—in place of it. Other writers may love the dash, the hyphen, the parenthesis, yea, even the exclamation point! Who can say that such fads are forbidden, so long as those who follow them do not violate plain punctuation principles, and they are not carried to excess? Punctuation thus may be regarded as a feature of style, quite as much so, in fact, as a writer's peculiar choice in words or his preference for long sentences, or short. It is only necessary that he shall not violate basic principles—such, for example, as that which makes a period at the end of a declarative sentence necessary. Each authority on punctuation has his own style, varying in many minor points from the style of each other authority. A writer, therefore, has a right to punctuate as he sees fit, or as he must to make his meaning clear, provided only he does not violate the essential laws of punctuation on which all the authorities agree.

Of "Why We Punctuate"—which ought not to be anonymous—it may be said in the first place that it is in the main punctuated cor-

rectly, and in the second place that it is logical and sensible. The author knows how to punctuate, himself, and he knows how to make the principles that guide him clear to others. He recognizes the fact that no absolute laws for the use of punctuation marks can be made, since the use of language itself is an inexact science, and even that "a variety in style of composition may demand variety in punctuation, even when the grammatical construction seems, and is, identical." With this understanding he lays down the laws for the right use of the essential marks, and shows how the different points may be used, in cases of necessity, to make bad English readable. He points out that the chief purpose of punctuation is to reveal at a glance the real meaning of written or printed language, and that proper punctuation is a process of thought clarification, since the mark tests the meaning of the language and determines whether it expresses the thought. As a matter of fact, the best way to punctuate a difficult sentence is frequently to rewrite it.

Altogether "Why We Punctuate" is a valuable addition to the literature of punctuation. It takes up each of the marks in turn, explains the force of each, and illustrates by numerous new examples their most effective use. Its examples are, as a rule, particularly happy. Some of them make plain at a glance the reasons for rules which have been disputed by many authorities, but which are based on common sense: for instance, the rule requiring the use of the comma before the conjunction between the final terms in a series of three or more terms. Among the author's examples are these: —

William, Henry, and Mary are at school.
William Henry and Mary are at school.
Among the earliest colleges established in America were Yale, Trinity, William and Mary, and Harvard.

Any one can see at a glance, by comparison, the necessity of punctuating as the author has done in these examples.

Something would be gained if in another edition of the book — which is likely to be required — the examples were set in type different from that of the text, to make them more conspicuous. A misstatement in the preface, also, should be corrected. Wilson's "Punctuation" is not out of print. The author speaks rather too slightingly, by the way, of existing works on punctuation.

The editor of THE WRITER has examined "Why We Punctuate" with more than ordinary care, and he has found in it very little with which he would not heartily agree. It is a practical guide to punctuation, and any one who masters it thoroughly ought to be able afterward always to punctuate correctly. A short final chapter on "Business Letter-writing" and an index add to the value of the book.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

SPENCER AND DARWIN. Grant Allen. *Popular Science Monthly* (53 c.) for April.

EXCESSIVE NEWSPAPER AND NOVEL READING. Hamilton W. Mabie. *Current Literature* (28 c.) for April.

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE. F. M. Hopkins. *Current Literature* (28 c.) for April.

WILLIAM MORRIS, THE ARTIST. W. Henry Winslow. *New England Magazine* (28 c.) for April.

OUR LATER LITERATURE AND ROBERT BROWNING. With portrait of Browning and fac-simile. Lewis Worthington Smith. *Midland Monthly* (18 c.) for April.

THACKERAY IN WEIMAR. Illustrated. Walter Vulpius. *Century* (38 c.) for April.

MARK TWAIN AS AN INTERPRETER OF AMERICAN CHARACTER. Charles Miner Thompson. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for April.

CHEERFUL YESTERDAYS (Autobiography). — VI. T. W. Higginson. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for April.

MEN AND LETTERS. ("The Demand for an American Literature," Bradford Torrey; "A Reminiscence of Charles Reade," Frances Courtenay Baylor; "The Book That Is Not Written," Mary Hartwell Catherwood). *Atlantic* (38 c.) for April.

BRYANT'S PERMANENT CONTRIBUTION TO LITERATURE. Henry D. Sedgwick, Jr. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for April.

THE REPORTER AND LITERATURE. Norman Hapgood. *Bookman* (23 c.) for April.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. Illustrated. M. A. De Wolfe Howe. *Bookman* (23 c.) for April.

WORDSWORTH, THE POET OF NATURE. President Augustus H. Strong. Illustrated. Four articles. *Chicago Standard* March 6; March 13; March 20; and March 27.

NEW ORLEANS WRITERS (Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart, Miss Grace King, Mrs. M. E. M. Davis, "Catharine Cole," Horace Fletcher, Miss Helen Pitkin, Miss Isabel Bowman Finley, Mrs. Mary Ashley Townsend). *Chicago Evening Post* for March 12.

BROWNING'S OBSCURITIES. Dean Farrar. *Independent* (10 c.) for March 18.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Aldrich have left Boston for Jekyl Island.

Mrs. Lydia Avery Coonley, of Chicago, is soon to be married to Professor Henry A. Ward, of Rochester, N. Y.

F. Marion Crawford sailed from New York March 13 for his Italian tour. Just before starting he visited Ellis Island to study methods and types, it was said, for a new book on which he is engaged, and which, the *Boston Globe* suggested, he would probably write on the way over.

Samuel Minturn Peck has returned from his extended European trip, with his health entirely restored.

Miss Hildegarde Hawthorne, daughter of Julian Hawthorne, has in the March number of *Harper's Magazine* a short story in the mystical vein of her celebrated grandfather.

Mrs. James T. Fields and Miss Sarah Orne Jewett spent the latter part of March together at the Hot Springs in Virginia.

Herbert Spencer has refused the offer of Cambridge University to make him a Doctor of Science, on the ground that he has always declined to accept such honors.

The Lend-a-Hand Society of Boston will celebrate the seventy-fifth birthday of Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale April 3, by presenting to the Ten Times One Society the Hale endowment fund of $25,000. Both societies originated with Dr. Hale.

The "Life of Mark Twain" by Will M. Clemens has reached its fortieth thousand.

An amusing incident in literary history occurred recently in connection with Dr. Paul Carus' story "Karma." The little tale originally appeared in the *Open Court*, and having struck there the fancy of Count Leo Tolstoi, was translated by him into Russian. Everything that Tolstoi publishes is immediately turned into French, — and so was "Karma." Then, with Tolstoi's name attached to it, it was translated into English, and the translation was printed in the November number of the *International*, a monthly magazine in Chicago, the home of which is but three doors from that of the *Open Court*.

The Sunbeams Company, of New York city, has been incorporated, with $5,000 capital, to print books, magazines, and pamphlets. The directors are George N. Avery and Harrison C. Ramsdell, of New Brighton, S. I., and Charles R. Wilcox, of Hotel Minot, New York city.

Stone & Kimball, of New York city, have been incorporated to carry on a general publishing business, with a capital of $75,000. The directors are Hannibal J. Kimball and Luther C. White, Jr., of New York; and Charles R. Farwell, of Chicago, Ill.

The Modern Stories Publishing Company of New York City has been incorporated, with a capital of $10,000. The directors are Franklin B. Warner, James W. Johnston, of New York, and Mary B. MacDonald, of Brooklyn.

The Congregational Sunday School and Publishing Society, of Boston, will be known hereafter as The Pilgrim Press.

Marshall H. Mallory is the new editor of the *Churchman*.

John Gilmer Speed is the new editor of *Leslie's Weekly*.

Miss Grace Carew Sheldon, of Buffalo, has gone to Chicago to accept the position of department editor of the *Household Realm*, which is managed and edited by Miss Alice Webster.

The *New Illustrated Magazine* (New York) is the *English Illustrated Magazine* renamed.

The *Yellow Kid*, a new monthly published by Howard, Ainslee, & Co., New York, offers prizes of $1,000, $300, $200, and $100 for the four best stories of from 1,000 to 3,000 words submitted by subscribers.

The David C. Cook Publishing Co., of Chicago, offers prizes of $1,000 and $500 for the two best manuscripts of modern religious stories containing from 60,000 to 65,000 words submitted before September 1.

The residuary estate of Alfred Nobel, the Swedish chemist and dynamite manufacturer, estimated at $10,000,000, is to be funded for the advancement of science. From the annual income of $250,000 five equal prizes will be awarded, including one of $50,000 to the writer who shall produce the greatest work in the department of physiology or medicine.

The three prize winners — among 180 competitors — in the *American Agriculturist* vacation contest were: First, P. H. Richards, Jr., Newcastle, Neb.; second, W. G. Howson, Meaford, Ontario; third, Miss Margaret B. Drake, Britt, Ia.

The American Sunday School Union, Philadelphia, offers a first prize of $600, and a second prize of $400, for the two best books upon Forming and Maintaining Character on the Principles of the Bible, submitted before October 1. The widest practical freedom will be allowed in form and style of treatment, and each writer is expected to suggest an appropriate title to his work.

After an unsuccessful effort to establish the *Great West* in Denver, the magazine has been removed to Chicago. The editor gives assurances that it will be published regularly hereafter, beginning with the April number.

Time and the Hour (Boston) has been recently enlarged and shows every evidence of deserved prosperity.

The *Lark*, of San Francisco, ends its brief life with the April number.

Lee & Shepard, Boston, have in press "Captain Molly," a story of the Salvation Army, by Mary A. Denison, of which the *New York World* said, "It is one of the sweetest love stories ever written."

Little, Brown, & Co. (Boston) have issued an attractive little pamphlet on Francis Parkman, setting forth the history and criticism of his complete works.

The Jews have a literature rich in works of artistic genius scarcely known to our modern world. Leopold Katscher, quite an authority, writes of it, in an article entitled "A Forgotten Literature," in the April *Catholic World Magazine*.

The Authors' Guild, New York, has outgrown its present quarters, and will remove May 1 to Studio No. 826, Carnegie Hall.

Mrs. Humphry Ward, who is writing a new novel, has rented an old house in Lancashire, where the action of the story takes place. The mansion has all the requirements in the way of grounds, a moat, and even the "traditional ghost" to impart the desired color to the story.

In "The History of a Poem," in the *North American Review* for March, Edmund Gosse recounts the circumstances connected with the production of the late Coventry Patmore's work, "The Angel in the House."

In "Spencer and Darwin" in the *Popular Science Monthly* for April, Grant Allen defines the relations of those two great philosophers to the doctrine of evolution: of Spencer as the first formal promulgator of it, seven years before the publication of "The Origin of Species"; and of Darwin as having pointed out the method of evolution — through natural selection — and having furnished definite proofs and illustrations of it.

Justin McCarthy's installment of his "Story of Gladstone's Life," in the April Magazine Number of the *Outlook*, is made especially attractive by his comparison of Gladstone with Disraeli and Bright. Of the twenty pictures, many are from photographs taken expressly for this purpose.

L'Art de la Mode (New York) is running a series of articles entitled "The Correct Thing," the first paper of which deals with church weddings, and explains all the perplexing little questions that always arise on these momentous occasions.

Howard Paul has an interesting article in *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly* for April, telling of a dinner with Artemus Ward.

"Thackeray in Weimar," by Walter Vulpius, in the April *Century*, describes the English humorist's friendly relations with Goethe's household and his interviews with the great poet. It is accompanied by a number of characteristic drawings by Thackeray never before printed.

Rev. Dr. George S. Mallory, editor of the *Churchman*, died in New York March 2, aged fifty-eight.

Rev. E. Cobham Brewer died at Edwinstowe, Eng., March 6, aged eighty-seven.

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher died at Stamford, Conn., March 8, aged eighty-five.

Mrs. Cora Stuart Wheeler died at Newton, Mass, March 10.

Professor Henry Drummond died at Tunbridge Wells, Eng., March 11, aged forty-six

William T. Adams ("Oliver Optic") died at Dorchester, Mass., March 27, aged seventy-five.

Mrs. Margaret J. Preston died in Baltimore, March 28.

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THE USE OF TITLES.

For a democratic nation that affects to despise titles, we of the United States have an exceptionally large supply of them. To start with, every man of us is a "Mr.," by right of mere existence, and about one in ten is an "Esq.," by right of unreasonable pre-emption. Even out of Kentucky and the South generally, "Colonels" may be met on every street, and "Generals" and "Professors" are perhaps equally numerous throughout the land. Time and money enough have been wasted in printing, speaking, and trying to establish titles in this democratic land of ours since the Revolution to wipe out the national debt. The mere cost of printing the unnecessary "Mr." before masculine names in a single day's issues of the newspapers of this country is enough to give more than one weary eyed proofreader a six-months' trip to Europe.

There is no question that Americans have too many titles, and those who write, for the newspapers particularly, should do all they can, by omission, to minimize the evil. The general rule should be never to use a title without good reason. If this rule were usually followed, time and money would be saved, and the value of the titles used would be enhanced. Many publications — THE WRITER among them — always omit the title "Mr." before the names of men, unless the surname alone is printed, and the best modern style is to refrain from the use of titles as much as possible.

A set of rules on this subject prepared several years ago by W. Churchill, city editor of the *Oakland* (Calif.) *Morning Times*, is worthy of general adoption. Mr. Churchill's rules for his reporters read as follows: —

OF TITLES.

The following suggestions are expected to govern the use of titles in copy: —

In general, titles are to be used in speaking of all officers engaged in the performance of their proper official duty. Whenever it can be done without injury to the sense, it is well to avoid titles. If, however, it is sought to produce a special effect, and that effect is of sufficient importance to justify it, these rules may be suspended. Lapsed titles, such as "Ex-Governor," "Ex-Mayor," and the like, are to be used only when they are material and relevant to the matter in hand.

"MR."— This should never be used in connection with initials or Christian name. "Mr. and Mrs." is allowed.

"ESQ." — Not to be used.

FRATERNAL SOCIETY TITLES. — Never to be used, except in fraternity matter.

CLERICAL TITLES. — "Rev.," to be used of the clergy in general in connection with the Christian and surnames, as "Rev. George W. Sweeny," never "Rev. Sweeny"; in case the

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Christian name be not known, say "Rev. Mr. Sweeny." Use "Rev. Dr.," as a rule, with the surname alone, omitting the Christian name; "Rev. Dr. Tyng" is preferred to "Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, D. D."

"PROFESSOR."— This must be used only in speaking of persons who occupy chairs in academic faculties. School teachers, boxers, barbers, and the like are not to be dubbed professors.

"DOCTOR." — Dr. Woolsey is preferred before "E. H. Woolsey, M. D."

MILITARY TITLES, REGULAR ARMY.— Titles of rank are to be used in speaking of all persons holding the rank of captain or higher. Subalterns and non-commissioned officers receive their titles only in official documents, and in reports of affairs strictly military. Lieutenants of both grades are properly alluded to in ordinary news matter as "Mr. Casey, U. S. A." Non-commissioned officers and privates do not receive the qualifying initials "U. S. A." The same rule applies to the Marine Corps.

MILITARY TITLES, NATIONAL GUARD. — National Guard and volunteer titles are never to be used except in reporting matters wholly concerned with the service.

NAVAL TITLES. — Follow the rule laid down for the regular army, beginning the use of titles with Commander.

JUDICIAL TITLES. — Every Judge and Justice of the Peace is entitled to the title of Judge during the term for which he sits upon the bench; with the end of such term his right to the title terminates. Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States are correctly styled "Mr. Justice."

CIVIL TITLES. — Persons holding municipal or other offices of the civil government are entitled during their term of office to receive the usual style of their rank when engaged in the exercise of the duties of that office.

Such titles as "Ex-Ambassador to England Bayard" or "Ex-Commissary of the Military Department of the Southwest Jones" are to be carefully avoided. "Mrs. Dr. White" and "Mrs. Rev. Black" are contrary to law, and people who use them may find themselves in the state prison some day. If it is necessary to be explicit, one can say "Mrs. Black, wife of Rev. Dr. Black," or, in addressing a letter, "Mrs. Black, Care of Rev. Dr. John F. Black." The universal rule, to paraphrase Joseph Pulitzer, should be: "Simplicity, SIMPLICITY, SIMPLICITY."

There are cases where the use of "Mr." belittles a man. Men who attain the highest eminence surpass titles, as in the case of Shakespeare, Dante, Victor Hugo, Bismarck, Gladstone, Longfellow, or Tennyson. "Mr. Shakespeare" would be an absurdity. The omission of "Mr." in recognition of superiority, however, and the omission of "Mr." to show familiarity are two different things. It is well to speak of men whose names are household words, like Washington, or Grant, or Lincoln, without the qualifying "Mr.," but it is belittling a living President's high office to speak of him familiarly as "Cleveland" or "McKinley." In that one case, the more frequent use of "Mr." is desirable.

The use of official titles — when they must be used — is something of a fine art. President McKinley should be addressed personally as "Mr. President." A letter intended for him should be addressed, "The President of the United States, Executive Mansion, Washington, D. C." The term "Hon." is never applied to either the President or the Vice-President. On the other hand, "Hon." is properly given to all the members of the cabinet, to chiefs of bureaus in the several departments at Washington, to assistant secretaries, to members of both branches of Congress, to the justices of the supreme court of the United States and to the judges of all inferior Federal courts, to collectors of customs and postmasters where the nomination is made by the President and confirmed by the senate, and, as a rule, to all Federal officials who get their positions by this method, with the exception of the officers of the army and navy, whose titles are designated by law.

The etiquette of titles for state officers varies in different states. In Massachusetts the governor is "His Excellency" and the lieutenant-governor "His Honor," by provision of the state constitution. The custom in Massachusetts is to give the title, "Hon.," to the various elective state officers, such as the secretary of

state, the auditor, etc., to the members of the governor's council and of the state senate, to the speaker of the house of representatives, to the justices of the supreme judicial court of Massachusetts, to the judges of all inferior courts of record, and to the mayors of the various cities of the commonwealth.

The rules for the use of titles in signatures to letters, to correspondents not personal friends, are as follows: —

A name that does not indicate the sex of the writer is understood to be that of a man.

Doctors, ministers, and others who have titles that a correspondent not personally acquainted with them should use in answering their letters, should prefix their titles to their signatures, in parenthesis, as: "(Rev.) George Whitefield Mead."

Similarly a woman signing a letter not to a personal friend should prefix, in parenthesis, her proper title, "Miss" or "Mrs." If a letter is signed with a name without a prefix, the recipient should not use any prefix in addressing his letter in reply.

In addressing envelopes, excepting in society correspondence, where formality may be required, it is better to omit "Mr." and never to use "Esq." Honorary titles should, as a rule, be used in such cases, as "Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D.D."; "General P. A. Collins"; but "Mr." means nothing, and may better be omitted. "Miss" and "Mrs." should always be used, if they can be used with certainty.

Arthur Fosdick.

BOSTON, MASS.

EDITORIAL TALKS WITH CONTRIBUTORS.*

XVII. — BY THE EDITOR OF THE CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE.

The *Catholic World Magazine* is representative of the best Catholic thought. That means that its field is as broad as Truth itself. Science, literature and art, sociology, and theology are all included in the scope of its one hundred and forty-four pages.

We want articles which are thought-provocative. We aim to give Catholic comment on current topics, and to discuss, from a Catholic point of view, whatever is prominent in the public mind. Therefore, we want papers which are of fresh public interest. At the same time, our magazine does not, by any means, circulate exclusively among Catholics, but is, in the best sense of the word, inter-denominational.

Our magazine has always been thoroughly in accord with the progressive policy of Leo XIII. toward the emancipation of the people and the Christianizing of the democracy. Clear, fact-full papers on social and economic subjects are needed by us. But we have no room for mere theorization.

We publish each month at least two stories or storyettes, of from three thousand to five thousand words — and we seldom have enough

* This series of "Editorial Talks with Contributors," written by the editors of the leading American periodicals, and telling what they want and do not want in the way of manuscripts, was begun in THE WRITER for September, 1895, and will be continued. The article in the September WRITER was by William Hayes Ward, superintending editor of the *Independent*. The article for October was by Robert E. Bonner, editor of the *New York Ledger*. The article for November was by Robert D. Townsend, managing editor of the *Outlook*. The articles for December were by B. Arkell, editor of *Leslie's Weekly*, and Rounseville Wildman, editor of the *Overland Monthly*. The articles for January were by Joseph Newton Hallock, editor of the *Christian Work*, and Edwin D. Mead, editor of the *New England Magazine*. The article for February was by Robert M. Offord, managing editor of the *New York Observer*. The article for March was by Nella I. Daggett, editor of the *Home*. The articles for April were by Frank Lee Farnell, editor of *Frank Leslie's Pleasant Hours*, Henry Tyrrell, editor of *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly*, and the Editor of *Godey's*. The article for June was by Amos. R. Wells, managing editor of the *Golden Rule*. The article for September was by Rosa Sonneschein, editor of the *American Jewess*. The article for October was by the editors of the *Youth's Companion*.

of the right sort. We do not desire mere character-studies. Our readers prefer a story with a plot and a purpose. It is not necessary to our favorable judgment that a story should have a moral as aggressive as are those appended to Æsop's "Fables." But it is essential that it should be true to the best that is in human nature, as well as to its worst, and that it should be elevating in tone and tendency.

We want entertaining matter. Ours is a magazine for the family, and must cater for the tastes of all between sixteen and sixty. Do not be afraid of a humorous touch in your article. Our public likes to laugh as well as cry. A family magazine is not a school reader.

We want poetry — *real* poetry! Remember, not every poetical thought arranged with a view to its geometrical presentation on the printed page is a poem; and not every idea which has appealed to your own emotional nature is, therefore, capable of versification.

We want biographical sketches of men and women who are in the public eye, or of dead and gone celebrities concerning whom you can find anything fresh to tell us.

Send us incidents of travel which show the customs and manners of different peoples and nations, and, if possible, send materials for illustration with your article. We use three or four illustrated articles each month, and striking pictures will be likely to ensure your article a certain amount of favor.

Above all, if you have written something on a subject which you have never seen treated in any other magazine, or treated a subject after a fashion out of the ordinary rut, be sure to send it to us, and do not fancy that your manuscript will be pigeon-holed if your name is unknown. Every editor worthy of his position can point to contributors whom he has "made"; and every editorial Reader of common sense has his eyes wide open to discover your possible genius. *A. R. Doyle.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.

THE "UNRELIABILITY" OF NEWSPAPERS.

A common expression with unthinking people, men who are unacquainted with the inside workings of newspapers, is: "I never believe what I see in the papers." It is an exceedingly popular and overworked phrase, and is regarded as a good bit of raillery by those immaculate critics who use it. Bishop W. W. Duncan, of South Carolina, who presided over a state conference held in Missouri recently, in response to some remark of a brother concerning a statement in a newspaper, remarked, sarcastically: "It is a great relief to know that the newspapers do not *always* tell the truth." Whereupon all the delegates, as in duty bound, *smiled approvingly.*

At that very meeting there were at the press tables reporters who were making for the newspapers records of the proceedings of the conference which for accuracy were equal to the reports kept by the official secretaries, and in extent far exceeded them, their accuracy being admitted by the members after they had read them.

People who have had access to a first-class editorial room and have observed the methods of handling news matter are not the ones who criticise the editors on the grounds of carelessness and want of diligence in striving for accuracy. Indeed, the ordinary layman would wonder why editors are so particular in their

scrutiny and emendation of apparently innocent articles sent in as news, and why they take so much pains to learn the truthfulness of them, when it would not seem that by any possible chance the matter would wrong anybody, even if statements were incorrect. Let some one not known to the night editor send a message in to a metropolitan newspaper, and he is likely to look in vain for it in the next day's issue, even though he may have taken the pains to telegraph it in the hope of securing its insertion. Even when the best and most reliable correspondent sends a message affecting the honor and reputation of people hitherto regarded as reputable citizens, the careful night editor frequently telegraphs to some well-known resident of the town for an endorsement as to the accuracy of the news, or asks the correspondent to have some responsible person corroborate his story.

Not long ago a policeman in a city in this county, acting on his own responsibility, went around town Sunday morning and took a list of the merchants who, he thought, were violating the law by selling goods on Sunday. His list included some of the most eminent men of the place, many unexceptionable church members. The true situation was that the merchants were not acting outside of the law, but had permission from the proper authorities to sell food and necessary household articles to workmen who, by reason of the distance of their employment from town, had been unable to make their purchases Saturday night. Sunday morning a prominent minister stated in his pulpit that he understood that a number of the leading merchants of the city had been arrested for violating the law in regard to keeping open their stores on Sunday, and would probably and properly be held to account by the legal authorities for the transgression, and concluded by drawing a graphic warning for the good people present. Under the facts in the case, suppose some newspaper should make such a statement and venture an opinion upon such evidence. Why, the editor would become the victim of such a storm of censure as would almost force him to leave town, and possibly a libel suit or two would be wafted toward him in the cyclone.

The average newspaper man would not have "understood" anything about the matter; he would have gone direct to police headquarters and ascertained whether the arrests had been made, and if so, upon whose authority. The mitigating circumstances would have been most carefully inquired into, and the truth would have been laid before the people. What he told he would have *known*.

The truth is, in general, newspaper reports are so nearly accurate in all essential details that the public is quick to detect even a slight error and make it a matter of severe comment. A misstatement that would be inconsequential in most callings would be fatal in the newspaper profession. There are rare cases where alert editors have been imposed on by an irresponsible correspondent, but when they find that such is the case no one is more relentless in running down the impostor than they are, and they make such an example of him that he finds it impossible again to obtain employment in a profession that he has disgraced.

In the courts of justice of the present day the newspaper reports of trials are accepted by the officials and attorneys with almost as great confidence as the record itself. The men who do the reporting are men of industry and brains, who have arrived at proficiency after as careful and systematic a course of preparation as is required in the profession of law or medicine. Of course they occasionally make mistakes, because they are human beings, but their errors are exceedingly rare. Their daily work is open to the inspection of tens of thousands of critical eyes, eagerly watching for the slightest slip. What other profession could stand that ordeal unchallenged?

Finally, when the newspaper man is convinced that he has made a mistake, unlike most followers of other professions or callings, he does not seek to justify it, but most willingly and cheerfully makes the correction in accordance with the facts. The real wonder about the matter is, considering all the material handled in the course of a day's business, and the vast variety of it, that human hands and brains can make the modern newspaper so nearly accurate. *Edgar White.*

MACON, MO.

THE WRITER.

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WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

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*** THE WRITER will be sent only to those who have paid for it in advance. Accounts cannot be opened for subscriptions, and names will not be entered on the list unless the subscription order is accompanied by a remittance. When subscriptions expire the names of subscribers will be taken off the list unless an order for renewal, accompanied by remittance, is received. Due notice will be given to every subscriber of the expiration of his subscription.

*** The American News Company, of New York, and the New England News Company, of Boston, and their branches, are wholesale agents for THE WRITER. It may be ordered from any newsdealer, or direct, by mail, from the publishers.

*** Everything printed in the magazine without credit is original.

*** Not one line of paid advertisement will be printed in THE WRITER outside of the advertising pages.

*** Advertising rates will be sent on request.

*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

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In THE WRITER for April was published an article by Gilson Willets, in the series of "Editorial Talks with Contributors," in which Mr. Willets said: "We pay for stories on acceptance." Since the article appeared, a number of readers of THE WRITER have written to the editor to say that on submitting manuscripts to *Romance* they have received from Mr. Willets the following circular letter: —

"*Dear Sir*, — Your story is quite acceptable to *Romance*, and if you will send $1 for a subscription to make you a member of the Contributors' Club. I will print your story in an early number. I am obliged to ask you for the subscription, in order to print your story, because the membership of the Contributors' Club has become so large that I have decided to print henceforth, beginning with April number, stories only by *members of the Contributors'* Club. As I have such a stock of *manuscripts on hand, it is not at present* practicable for *Romance to pay cash for contributions.*

"A great many authors are availing themselves of this arrangement, as all members of the Contributors' Club are entitled to service No. 1 of the Literary Bureau free of charge, and from all the letters in my possession it seems that the arrangement is satisfactory. Hoping that you will join us, I am, faithfully yours,

"GILSON WILLETS, *Editor and Publisher*."

In other words, instead of paying for manuscripts, the publisher of *Romance* is trying to induce writers to give their contributions to his magazine, and pay for a year's subscription simultaneously. Those who like to do that sort of thing are no doubt pleased at having learned of this new opportunity for doing it. THE WRITER regrets, however, that it has been made a medium for transmitting misinformation.

***

The photograph of Professor Charles G. D. Roberts from which the portrait printed in this number of THE WRITER was made was taken expressly for the magazine by H. G. Rogers of New York.

***

"What is news?" That which interests your readers.

***

E. F. Benson is said to have so mistrusted his ability as a story-writer that when he had half finished "Dodo" he submitted the manuscript to a well-known writer whom he knew, for advice as to whether it were worth while for him to go on with it. Evidently the writer whom he consulted did not possess sound literary judgment.

***

Why should not women writers prefix "Mrs." or "Miss," in parenthesis, to their names on the title pages of their books? Many awkward misunderstandings would thus be avoided, and if the custom were general, nobody would object to it. Newspaper reviewers, especially, would be saved from embarrassment, and readers generally would be enabled to talk intelligently about authors whose books they read, but whose personalities may not be familiar to them.

***

Some of the advice about letter-writing that is published from time to time is utterly ridiculous. For instance, an article headed "Don'ts for Letter Writers," which is running through

the papers now, begins with these interesting paragraphs: —

> Don't write your letters or notes in paragraphs; write continuously.
>
> Don't leave a margin on either side of the page; this is schoolgirlish and obsolete.
>
> Don't put the date at the upper right-hand corner; put it at the lower left-hand corner, at the end of the letter, and write it all out, instead of using figures.

Sensible people might think the advice given in the first paragraph sarcastic, if the rest of the article did not show plainly that the writer is incapable of sarcasm. A letter without paragraphs is an absurdity, and only an ignorant follower of fashion could be persuaded that letters may properly be written in that way. As for margins, no sensible person is likely to draw a pencil line half an inch from the edge of the page, right and left, and thus ensure leaving a frame of white paper around the writing, but a common-sense margin will make any letter more beautiful, and so is worth having. So far as the date is concerned, letter writers should put it where it will do the most good, and that is usually in the upper right-hand portion of the first page of the letter. As for spelling out the date, there is no law against it, if people have leisure and require occupation fit for the feeble-minded. Others will be relieved, no doubt, to learn from the author of "Don'ts for Letter Writers" that "the year in figures is permissible." After all, though, one who dates a letter "Wednesday, January the fifteenth, eighteen hundred and ninety-seven," has a sheet of note paper pretty well filled already, which is a distinct advantage to one who could be persuaded ever to date a letter in that way.

***

"The economy of time and space implied by the use of figures is offensive to good society," we are told. Alas! Similarly we are advised: "You must n't write on each side of the sheet one after the other,"—[*sic*]—"just as they come. Use the front page first, then turn it over and fill up the back; if you still have something left to say,"—[which isn't likely in the case of one who would follow these directions],—"attack the other side of the front page, writing crosswise from top to bottom, and so on down, filling both the inside pages." Alas, again! Furthermore: "Use two one-cent stamps, instead of the red two-cent stamp." Once more, and finally, Alas!

***

In letter writing, as in other things, following the fashion is never "good form" when fashion conflicts palpably with common sense. It is a consoling thought that anybody who would write a letter in accordance with the directions quoted never could by any possibility write a letter that it would be worth anybody's while to read. W. H. H.

THE SCRAP BASKET.

In "The Book of Job" of the Modern Reader's Bible Series, now being brought out by the Macmillan Company and edited by Richard G. Moulton, professor of literature in English in the University of Chicago, I notice two sentences of what seems to me rather complicated construction.

First, about the middle of the fourth page of the "Introduction" is this: —

> Thus in the "Book of Job" all these literary forms can be combined, and all the modes of thinking of which these forms are the natural vehicles.

Second, from page 11 of the "Introduction" I copy this: —

> Only with this last hope can they stave off the one thing inevitable, dark horizon bounding the light of their life — the thought of Sheol, into which every man must at last go down to return no more, a land of darkness, without order, where in secret isolation he must abide, half consciously wasting from flesh to shade, stranger to all that has succeeded to his place, enduring to himself what pain there may be of flesh, what mourning of spirit.

V. S. P.

CHICAGO, Ill.

Here is some critic's English, from a review of "The Green Fire" in the "World of Letters" column, conducted for the *New York Mail and Express* by Richard Henry Stoddard: —

> "Add to these romantic personages an old Gaelic servant, who is cursed, or blessed, with the "second sight" of his race. Place these in Brittany in the First Book, and such of these as survive the shocks of their temperament in the Second Book in one of the Hebrid Isles, and constructed from these materials the literary tendency of the Scottish Celtic Renascence, of which "Green Fire" is, we imagine, as fine an example as Miss Macleod can give in her florid, impassioned prose romance, which is interspersed with Gaelic poetry, of no great merit, if we may judge from her translations of it, and which

moves the reader with those forewads (speaking Celtically), which have a mysterious melody of their own.

Hither and thither,
And to and fro,
They thread the maze
Of Weal and Woe:
O winds that blow
For golden weather,
Blow me the birds,
All white as snow,
On the hillside heather—
Blow me the birds
That angels know;
Blow me the birds,
Be it Weal or Woe!"

A. E. G.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

NEWSPAPER ENGLISH EDITED.

While thus engaged, even his servant was not allowed to enter his quarters. — *General Horace Porter, in the Century Magazine.*	While he was thus engaged, not even his servant was allowed to enter his quarters.
Then an exhibition of turning and cutting corners was given, the man on the box steering the ponderous machine a great deal more certainly and with apparently as much ease as he could have driven a horse engine. — *Boston Transcript.*	Then an exhibition of turning and cutting corners was given, the man on the box steering the ponderous machine with much more certainty than he could have driven a horse engine and apparently with no less ease.
He repeated his request, saying: "Please rattan me; I'll not tell." — *Boston Journal.*	He repeated his request, saying: "Please rattan me. I won't tell"
Biography is only legitimate when it gives to the world information which the world is better for possessing. — *New York Commercial Advertiser.*	Biography is legitimate only when it gives to the world information which the world is better for possessing.
He dared to assume responsibility; but he must act alone. — *Bishop John P. Newman, D. D., in The Independent.*	He dared to assume responsibility; but he had to act alone.
We would never have known Washington had it not been for British oppression. — *Ibid.*	We should never have known Washington had it not been for British oppression.
The effect of wearing veils upon the eyesight. — *Boston Budget.*	The effect upon the eyesight of wearing veils.
The Methuen organ company will put new works into the organ, which has now been stored away for thirteen years, so that naturally these have deteriorated, but it is not said that the pipes are to be sold for junk or kindling wood (according as they are wood or metal) so that it may be presumed that they will be used. — *Springfield Republican.*	The Methuen organ company will put new works into the organ. It has now been stored away for thirteen years, so that naturally the pipes have deteriorated; but it is not said that they are to be sold for junk or kindling wood (according as they are wood or metal), and it may therefore be presumed that they will be used.
Her richer sister has a maid and footman in Europe. — *Ian Maclaren in the Outlook.*	Her richer sister in Europe has a maid and a footman.
We will indeed miss him. — *Boston Globe Headline.*	We shall indeed miss him.

SKETCHES OF WRITERS.

XIII.—CHARLES GEORGE DOUGLAS ROBERTS.

"The Old Man" he is fondly called by the poets who are his companions, not that he is so much the elder of the group, but perhaps because he had already achieved a certain measure of reputation and was a full-fledged man of letters when the others were just beginning their first callow boy-bows to the Muse. And the name, given at the outset, in a comic, mock-filial mood, has stuck to him as a term of endearment.

Roberts published his first book, indeed, as early as 1880, almost ten years before any of his comrades had reached the dignity of covers. The precocity of his talent appears when we compare this date with that of his birth, January 10, 1860. Indeed, when one considers the inevitable delays which occur in getting a volume through the press, it is safe to say that the poems in "Orion" (Lippincott, 1880) must all have been written at the age of nineteen or earlier. It would be foolish to claim that there was anything in the book worthy of comparison with the poet's maturer work, but it would be equally uncritical not to perceive that the book had much more merit than is usual in juvenilia, even in the juvenilia of geniuses.

The place of Roberts' birth, too, as well as the date, is not without importance in a consideration of his work. He was born at the mouth of the Keswick river, near Fredericton, New Brunswick, and the first fourteen years of his life were passed in the village of Westcock, beside the Tantramar river and the marshes through which it empties into the Bay of Fundy. Again and again the Tantramar marshes reappear in his verse, and his greatest poem, "Ave; an Ode for the Centenary of Shelley's Birth" (first published by itself in a limited edition, 1893, and afterward included in "Songs of the Common Day"), might be described as one huge, highly elaborated simile, likening the work and the career of Shelley,

the greatest influence which the development of his own art received from books, to the country of spacious sea-marsh and turbulent tide, which was the greatest influence it received from nature.

> "The pounce of mottled marsh-hawk on his prey;
> The flicker of sandpipers in from sea
> In gusty flocks that puffed and fled; the play
> Of field-mice in the vetches; — these to me
> Were memorable events. But most availed
> Your strange unquiet waters to engage
> My kindred heart's companionship; nor failed
> To grant this heritage, —
> That in my veins forever must abide
> The urge and fluctuation of the tide."

Roberts comes, on his father's side, of a long line of English college professors and men of scholarship and influence. His father, Rev. G. Goodridge Roberts, M. A., is rector of the English church at Fredericton, and a canon of the cathedral there. His mother, born Emma Bliss, belongs to a prominent loyalist family that left the states and settled in the Provinces at the time of the American Revolution. She is a sister of Bliss Carman's mother, and of kin to the mother of Emerson. There is certainly poetry in the blood, and Roberts' sister and his two younger brothers are also writers of verse of no mean order.

When the family left Westcock for Fredericton, in 1874, the boy, who up to that time had been taught wholly by his father, was sent to the Collegiate school, and afterward to the University of New Brunswick. He distinguished himself especially in Latin and Greek, and in mental science and political economy. He was graduated with honors in 1879, and received the degree of M. A. in 1881. After some experience in teaching as headmaster of public schools in Chatham, and afterward in Fredericton, he went to Toronto in 1883, and there founded *The Week*, the most important literary paper in Canada. In 1885 he was called to Windsor, Nova Scotia, to take the chair of English and French literature in King's College. Here, at "Kingscroft," his villa in the fir woods, he lived for ten years, becoming meanwhile an F. R. S. C. and F. R. S. L. In 1895 he resigned his professorship and devoted himself entirely to the preparation of the three books, which now appear almost simultaneously, "The Forge in the Forest," "The Book of the Native," and "A History of Canada," a triple achievement for which a little more than a year seems all too short a time. In February of this year he removed to New York and became the associate editor of the *Illustrated American*.

Besides "Orion," Roberts has published four volumes of verse, "In Divers Tones" (Lothrop, 1886), "Ave" (——, 1893), "Songs of the Common Day" (Longmans, 1893), and "The Book of the Native" (Lamson, 1897). The title of the latest of these is characteristic. "The Native" is precisely what Roberts, on one side of his personality, at least, chiefly aspires to be.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

I have already spoken of his fondness for the Tantramar marshes and the giant tides of Fundy. But all that concerns Canada has something of the same spell for him. Unlike Carman, it is the home-loving rather than the wanderer spirit that possesses him. Sometimes, in a Carmanesque mood for the moment, he may write such a poem as "Afoot" —

> "Comes the lure of green things growing,
> Comes the call of waters flowing,
> And the wayfarer desire
> Moves and wakes and would be going," —

the cadence of which should never be mistaken for Carman's. But the mood is infrequent. All his excursions include a return ticket to the Maritime Provinces, and "Up and Away in the Morning" is always for the sake of "Home, Home in the Evening." To this characteristic we owe not only those poems of which the love of home is directly the motive, but *genre* poems like "The Wood Frolic," and such careful drawing of the homely aspects of the every-day life near him as the fine series of sonnets which begins "Songs of the Common Day," and gives that volume its distinctive color. It is this strong autochthonous feeling, no doubt, which is at the root of his patriotism, a patriotism which, if it were considered too seriously, might seem a trifle premature. But to him Canada is already a nation. His imagination sees her future independence and greatness already an accomplished fact. He is neither Briton nor American, but assertively Canadian; and, if history ever make his dream a reality, his own poems will not have been an entirely negligable factor in bringing it to pass. Who is the greatest poet born on Canadian soil? is a question which I shall not here discuss, but when I say that Roberts is *par excellence* the "Poet of Canada," I have little fear that any one will contradict me. Few countries possess a nobler hymn than "Canada" —

> "O child of nations, giant-limbed,
> Who stand'st among the nations now
> Unheeded, unadored, unhymned,
> With unanointed brow!" —

or finer ballads of their heroic past than "The Keepers of the Pass"

The "native," too, in a wider sense, his more remote and mystical poems show him to be. Their very titles, "Autochthon," "Kinship," "Origins," make us feel in advance that this world is not alien or hostile in his thought. Something of the pagan love for earth, the universal mother, something of the modern notion of the evolution of the spiritual out of the material, something of personal sympathy for the elemental, makes him conscious of a feeling in the presence of the primeval forces of nature like that of a man who dwells in the places he dwelt in as a child. Perhaps, too, none of his poems reveal so well as these do Roberts' true style, — chiselled, Parnassan, calm.

> "The mount, the star, the germ, the deep,
> They all shall wake, they all shall sleep.
> Time, like a flurry of wild rain,
> Shall drift across the darkened pane.
>
> "Space, in the dim predestined hour,
> Shall crumble like a ruined tower.
> I only, with unfaltering eye,
> Shall watch the dreams of God go by."

Roberts has written no "long poem," and yet, of all the younger poets, except Kipling, he has shown the greatest narrative and descriptive power; but for the exercise of this power where it is most indispensable and effective, that is, in sustained work, we must seek for the present, not in his poetry but in his prose. "The Forge in the Forest" (Lamson, 1897), while it does not show great dramatic mastery of plot and characterization, certainly does show great powers of narration. It is a story of Grand Pré and the Acadians, full of incident and adventure, full of the breath of out-of-doors and wild life, full of the picturesque romance of the time in which its scene is laid; and, moreover, written with a grace and charm of style for which one must look far, among contemporary writers of fiction, to find a parallel. He must be very much a-weary of the world indeed who, after reading the first page, will put the book down until he has read the last.

The appearance of "A History of Canada" (Lamson), now in press, will be awaited with much interest. The other prose works of Roberts must be dismissed here, for lack of space, with a mere enumeration. They are "The Raid from Beauséjour," "Around the Camp-fire," "The Canadians of Old" (a translation from the French of de Gaspé, including some remarkable versions in verse of the poems in the original), Appleton's Canadian Guide Book, of which it may be said that, though a guide book, it is literature, and "Earth's Enigmas" (Lamson, 1896), a collection of sketches and short stories of quite unusual interest. The two *symboliste* sketches in this volume, indeed, entitled "Do Seek Their Meat from God" and "The Young Ravens That Call Upon Him," taken together with a companion

story since published in the *Chap-Book*, called "Savory Meats," form an altogether unique and extraordinary tryptych. I am inclined to think these three pieces Roberts' most notable contribution to literature. The problem of the struggle for existence, of the preying of life on life, is treated with an inexorable fidelity to the fact, a catholic sympathy, a sense of universality and mystery, and a calm acceptance, that reaches the level of "pathos" in the highest Greek usage of the word. There is a finality in these three prose poems that is known only to the greatest art.

Richard Hovey.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Mary Tracy Earle, whose story, "The Man Who Worked for Collester," in the March *Century* has attracted wide attention, will be remembered as the author of the book "The Wonderful Wheel," published last fall by the Century Company, and also of "The Captor of Old Pontomoc," a somewhat sombre story, which was printed in *Scribner's* for June, 1896. In response to a request for biographical information, she writes to the editor of THE WRITER: "I think I should be a sad subject for a biographer, for there have been no events in my life that have any general interest. I was born in southern Illinois, in the bit of hilly borderland between the North and the South, and while I thought myself a New Englander because my people were before me, I see in looking back that I was much more of a Western girl. After I was grown, I spent several years in the South,—principally on the Gulf coast, between New Orleans and Mobile,—and the complete newness to me of the country and the life there must have impressed me, for since I began, four years ago, to work seriously at writing, all that I have done has been of the South. Besides what has been published, I have enough short stories for a volume, which I hope soon to bring out, and I hope, also, to write other books, somewhat in the style of 'The Wonderful Wheel,' which is proving itself to be something of an all-round story. I wrote it for children, it was published as a grown story, and some of the reviews accept it in one way and some in another."

Sara Beaumont Kennedy, who wrote "The Assembly Ball," published in *Harper's Magazine* for February, is a Tennesseean by birth, and resides in Memphis with her husband, Walker Kennedy, who is both an editor and an author. Mrs. Kennedy was educated at Raleigh, N. C., of which state her parents were natives. In her childhood she knew the little town of New Berne well. Thomas Pollock, who bought out Baron De Graffenried's patent to that section of country, was her ancestor. Pollock was twice named colonial governor, and the principal street in New Berne still bears his name. Most of Mrs. Kennedy's literary work has been done for the *Outing* magazine, to which she has contributed a series of colonial stories during the past two years. In the near future these stories are to make their appearance in book form. Her poems have found their way into several magazines and many newspapers, both North and South.

Ruth Lawrence, the author of "One Sinner Repenteth" in *Short Stories* for April, began several years ago to write political squibs, which appeared in various New York daily papers. She has written a number of short stories and several articles on historical subjects. Last autumn she won the prize offered by the *New York Sunday World* for the best campaign ballad. There were 1,530 competitors in the contest. She has prepared two or three pamphlets for the Society of Colonial Dames, of which she is historian. Brentano's will soon publish a volume of her poems, entitled "Colonial Verses."

Frank E. Wolfe, who had a notable railway story, "Hutchins' Red Lamp," in *Short Stories* for April, has written a number of stories based on railroad, telegraphic, and river incidents, also a few based on newspaper experience. Most of these have been published in papers devoted to the crafts, and therefore have not been brought prominently before the general public. Mr. Wolfe's experience on railroads in all parts of the country, in almost every capacity, from flagman to chief train dis-

patcher, is valuable to him now that he is working the field over. There is a call for correctly written railway stories, but almost all that are written are full of mistakes and inaccuracies. Mr. Wolfe has written serial stories for the Current Literature Company, some of which have not been printed as yet. "Hutchins' Red Lamp" is based on facts, and the magnate is a New York millionaire. Last September Mr. Wolfe organized and led the little expedition of exploration into Northern Maine, where the party discovered and thoroughly explored the Alleguash cavern. This expedition was formed by a syndicate headed by the *New York Herald* and the *Boston Herald*. The Alleguash cave story attracted quite a little attention. Mr. Wolfe is at present in charge of the *Boston Herald's* telegraph department, and is assistant correspondent, covering New England, for the *New York Herald*.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Harris. — Joel Chandler Harris was born in 1848, in a sleepy little village, Eatonton, the capital of Putnam county, in middle Georgia. Before he was six years old he was able to read, and "The Vicar of Wakefield," falling into his hands about this time, stimulated the imaginative side of his nature, and led him to devour anything in print that came in his way. Beyond a few terms at the village school, he enjoyed but small educational advantages; but when he was twelve years old he met with a piece of good fortune that, in a measure, supplied the lack of scholastic training, and powerfully influenced his whole career. He had heard that a certain Colonel Turner, a rich, bookish sort of man, who resided on an extensive plantation, was publishing a weekly newspaper called the *Countryman*, and that he wanted a bright, capable boy to learn the printer's trade. Young Harris lost no time in visiting the colonel and applying for the place. The dilettante publisher and the youthful applicant for employment took to each other at once, and the boy went to work. Colonel Turner, quickly recognizing the literary taste in his apprentice, allowed him the unrestricted use of his library during his leisure hours, occasionally giving him judicious hints regarding his reading. Almost before he was aware, he was well-versed in belles-lettres, and with this acquisition of knowledge came a growing impulse to write. His first efforts were sent in anonymously, but when Colonel Turner printed them, and spoke well of them, the author avowed himself. After that he was not only invited, but urged, to write regularly, and his contributions soon took a wide range, embracing local articles, essays, and poetry.

The civil war ended the existence of the *Countryman*. Harris was now of an age to seek a wider field, and he found employment on the press — successively in Macon, New Orleans, Forsyth, and Savannah. While in Savannah he was married to Miss La Rose, a Canadian girl. The yellow-fever scourge that struck the city in 1876 caused Mr. Harris to leave for Atlanta, where he became a member of the *Constitution* staff. Here his literary career proper had its beginning. In the course of a few weeks the "Uncle Remus" sketches attracted attention everywhere, and the result is familiar to the world in the volume, "Uncle Remus: His Songs and Sayings." In 1883 was published "Nights with Uncle Remus"; in 1884, "Mingo, and Other Sketches in Black and White"; and in 1887, "Free Joe, and Other Georgian Sketches."

During these years of busy literary work Mr. Harris was confined closely to his desk in the *Constitution's* editorial rooms, as he is to-day. He permits no literary work to interfere with his newspaper duties, and the copy that he furnishes his paper in the course of twelve months would make seven or eight volumes of ordinary size. He rarely takes a vacation, and when he writes a story he has to turn aside from the political, commercial, and material matters that he discusses every day. His methods of work are simple. He does not wait for inspiration. He maps a plot in his mind, pictures to himself some of the leading actors, and then, after a hard day's editorial work, sits down to write. He writes with ease, but not rapidly. He puts his conscience into his work. If he cannot put nature on the printed page, he is bound to put her counterfeit presentment there. He does not strain after

unusual or sensational effects, and he uses the simplest and strongest English he can command. — *I. N. H., in the Buffalo Express.*

Hawthorne. — He had none of the frantic reconsiderations of Scott or Balzac. If he made a change in a word, it was while it was fresh, and no one could obliterate what he had written with a more fearless blot of the finger or one which looked more earnest and interesting. There was no scratching nor quiddling in the manner with which he fought for his art. Each day he thought out the problems he had set himself before beginning to write, and if a word offended him, as he recorded the result he thrust it back into chaos before the ink had dried. I think that the manuscript of "Dr. Grimshawe's Secret" is an exception, to some extent. There are many written self-communings and changes in it. I am not sure but that my father sometimes destroyed first drafts, of which his family knew nothing. Indeed, we have his own word for it that "he passed the day in writing stories and the night in burning them." Nevertheless, his tendency we know to have been that of thinking out his plots, and scenes, and characters, and transcribing them rapidly without further change. — "*Memories of Hawthorne,*" *by Rose Hawthorne Lathrop.*

Oliver Optic. — William T. Adams was born in Medway, Mass., July 30, 1822. In 1842 he was the principal of a grammar school in Dorchester. In 1845 he resigned, to help his father in the management of a hotel, but in 1847 he returned to teaching, becoming finally the principal of the Bowditch school for girls. In 1865 he resigned to devote himself wholly to literary work, to which he was already fully committed.

At the age of nineteen Mr. Adams first appeared in print in the columns of the *Social Monitor*, his contribution being an extract from one of his school compositions. His first story was written while he was a teacher in Dorchester, and was a temperance tale, which appeared in two numbers of the *Washingtonian*. In 1848 he made a trip to New Orleans, going by the mail route and returning by the Mississippi and Ohio rivers. This was the beginning of an extended series of travels, which continued at intervals throughout his life, and the last of which was made but just before his death. At this time the soldiers were returning from the Mexican war, and the Crescent city was filled with them. Mr. Adams sat at table with General Zachary Taylor and Colonel Bliss, and saw many of the men whom the war had made famous. From this experience and that with which he met on the return trip, a large mass of material was gathered, and on his return Mr. Adams began to write a serial story. This proceeded slowly, and was completed in 1852. It was published in the *American Union*, the publishers paying the author for it the sum of $37.50, having successfully "beaten him down" from his asking price of $50. This story was "Hatchie, the Guardian Slave." It was intensely sensational, and was widely read.

This success led Mr. Adams to believe that success for him lay in literary work. He wrote in one night a seven-column story, which appeared in the *True Flag*, then published by William U. Moulton, whose wife has since achieved fame as Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton. This was so successful that it was followed by others in rapid succession.

So prolific was his pen at this period that for publication purposes he was obliged to adopt a dozen pseudonyms. None of his work was done over his own name. The pen name which he made famous he got from a new play which appeared at the Boston Museum, "written by a gentleman of Boston." It was very successful, attracting much attention. One of the taking characters of this play was a certain "Dr. Optic," a name which chanced to appeal to Mr. Adams as an excellent pseudonym. He added the alliterative name "Oliver," and the name "Oliver Optic" thus had a being.

Mr. Adams next began to contribute stories and sketches to the *Waverley Magazine*. All this time he was still engaged in teaching. Sometimes he was engaged on four serial publications at once, which were in the process of publication. Besides this work he wrote editorials for three newspapers, and discharged all his duties as a citizen.

In 1854 he was invited by the publishing house of Brown, Bazin, & Co., then just beginning business, to write a book, which should be their first venture. He was unable, just

then, to comply with their request, but made a collection of his published stories, which was brought out under the title, "In Doors and Out." This book was a success, and the firm next called for a juvenile book. Mr. Adams was doubtful of his ability to produce it, as he had never attempted a book of this class. But he began the work diligently, and, in ten days, "The Boat Club" was written. Before the last pages were completed the first were already in type. The book, as every one knows, was a success from the beginning, and, although it is forty years since it appeared, the book is still in print and eagerly read. "All Aboard," the sequel to "The Boat Club," appeared the succeeding year, and "Oliver Optic," writer of books for boys, was famous the country over.

The firm of Brown, Bazin, & Co. was not successful, and the "Oliver Optic" publications passed to the firm of Phillips, Sampson, & Co., and in 1862 to Lee & Shepard, who have since published them. The Boat Club Stories expanded into a series, and were followed by the Riverdale Series. Others followed in rapid succession, and have occupied the mind of the author and the attention of the juvenile public for two generations.

In 1867 the first number appeared of a magazine for young people, under the title of *Oliver Optic's Magazine—Our Boys and Girls.* This was published by Lee & Shepard, and contained as its chief feature in each number an instalment of one of the tales of "Oliver Optic." A large number of these appeared thus, in serial form, during the nine years of the life of the magazine, which was continued from 1867 to 1875, both years inclusive. This publication displayed, more than anything else, the versatility of Mr. Adams' genius. Not only did every issue contain an instalment of a serial story, but scattered throughout the magazine were a large number of single short tales. Mr. Adams was also the editor and manager of the magazine itself, writing an editorial article upon some occurrence of the day in each number, and thus keeping the young reader in touch with the life of the great world.

In the writing of his stories, which now number 106 volumes, Mr. Adams has not relied *wholly upon his imagination.* Many of them, as the titles suggest, are books of travel, and are full of instruction as well as entertainment to the young.

"Oliver Optic" was very systematic in his work. Immediately after breakfast he would go to his little workshop, which was in reality formerly a piazza, but which was enclosed according to his own plan to make his little "den." Here he would seat himself at his typewriter and at once begin his work. Some years ago Mr. Adams was threatened with an attack of writer's cramp, and was obliged to discontinue the use of the pen. He resorted to the typewriter, and found it an excellent substitute for the pen. He became, in a short time, an expert operator. In writing a book, Mr. Adams employed a method not unlike that of the playwright. He kept a "plot-book," and in this he sketched the cast of characters, and the general plan of the story in hand. The plot usually filled not more than a page of this book, and from this brief sketch alone he would write his story. Four or five hours a day of diligent work would enable him to write a book in a remarkably short time.

At the close of his day's labor he would almost invariably jump upon an electric car, come into town, pay a visit to his publishers, drop around at the Press Club for luncheon, and go home refreshed for an evening of social enjoyment, a sound night's repose, and another morning of labor. — *Boston Herald.*

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

TWO UNDESCRIBED PORTRAITS OF SHAKESPEARE. Illustrated. John Corbin. *Harper's* (38 c.) for May.

THE REFORM OF AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS. Charles Dudley Warner. Editor's Study, *Harper's* (38 c.) for May.

THE NEW CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY. Illustrated. Nannie Belle Maury. *Cosmopolitan* (13 c.) for May.

THE NEW EDITOR-IN-CHIEF OF THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION. With portraits of Clark Howell, Henry W. Grady, Joel Chandler Harris, and Captain Evan P. Howell. Joel Chandler Harris. *Review of Reviews* (28 c.) for May.

THE COLLECTION OF NEWS. Illustrated. T. B. Connery. *Cosmopolitan* (13 c.) for May.

DONALD G. MITCHELL ("Ik Marvell"). Frontispiece portrait. *McClure's Magazine* (13 c.) for May.

HENRY DRUMMOND. Ian Maclaren. *North American Review* (53 c.) for May.

WAS POE A PLAGIARIST? Joel Benton. *Forum* (28 c.) for May.

DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH, THE SCULPTOR. Illustrated. Mrs. Helen B. Emerson. *New England Magazine* (28 c.) for May.

THE NEED OF COPYRIGHT REFORM. W. Morris Colles. *North American Review* (53 c.) for April.

THE GENTLE ART OF THE TRANSLATOR. Caroline W. Latimer. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for April.

THE DRAMATIC CRITIC: HIS WORK AND INFLUENCE. E. A. Dithmar. *Forum* (28c.) for April.

THE FUTILITY OF THE SPELLING GRIND. Dr. J. M. Rice. *Forum* (28 c.) for April.

EMERSON AND THOREAU. F. B. Sanborn. *Forum* (28 c.) for April

JOHN JEROME ROONEY. Henry Coyle. *Weekly Bouquet* (13 c.) for March 25.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE. Lilian Whiting. *Chicago Inter-Ocean* for April 3.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. Joseph Anderson. *Boston Transcript* for April 3.

HENRY DRUMMOND. Rev. D. Sutherland. *New York Ledger* (13 c.) for April 17.

MARGARET J. PRESTON. "J. M. B." *Nashville Christian Advocate* for April 22.

NEWS AND NOTES.

William Dean Howells intends to visit Carlsbad this summer to take the waters. Mr. Howells is suffering from illness for the cure of which his physician has told him the trip to Europe is necessary.

Rudyard Kipling, who has been in England of late, has been sent to Greece as war correspondent of the *London Times* at a salary of $5,000 a month.

It has been disclosed that Rev. E. P. Tenney, of Cambridge, Mass., who is about to publish a religious work entitled "Our Elder Brother," is the author of the widely discussed book, "The Heavenly Camp Fires," brought out last year. As the narrative is supposed to be related by a disembodied spirit, Mr. Tenney thought his name would seem incongruous on the title-page.

Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Mrs. Higginson, and Miss Margaret Higginson have sailed for Europe, where they will remain until the autumn.

The *Buffalo Courier* is authority for the statement that Ruth Ashmore, the author of the "Side Talks with Girls" in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, is no other than Mrs. Isabel A. Mallon, the newspaper woman whose signature, "Bab," is known throughout the United States.

Invention (London) says that President Wilde, of the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society, has offered to the French Academy of Sciences a sum of £5,500, with a view to founding an annual prize to be awarded to the author of a discovery or of a deserving book on astronomy, physics, chemistry, mineralogy, geology, or mechanics. He makes his handsome gift in consideration of the numerous advantages reaped by him from French science, pure as well as applied.

The King of Belgium has instituted an international prize of 25,000 francs to be awarded in 1901 for the best work on the military history of the Belgians from the time of the Roman invasion to the present day. Competitors may use the French, Flemish, English, German, Italian, or Spanish languages. Foreigners who desire to compete must send in their work before January 1, 1901, to the Minister of the Interior and Public Instruction at Brussels.

The *Black Cat* prizes have been awarded as follows: First prize, $1,000, Charles Stuart Pratt, Warner, N. H.; second prize, $500, Joanna E. Wood, Philadelphia, Penn.; third prize, $300, James Langston, New York, N. Y.; fourth prize, $200, William C. Hudson, Fordham, N. Y.; six prizes, of $100 each, to Mary Foote Arnold, Terre Haute, Ind.; William Maynadier Browne, Readville, Mass.; John M. Ellicott, U. S. N., Mare Island, Calif.; Bert Leston Taylor, Duluth, Minn.; Sallie Pate Steen, South Enid, Oklahoma; James J. McEvilly, Washington, D. C. The intention was to award only five prizes altogether, but the stories submitted by the six authors last named were adjudged to be of equal merit, and the *Black Cat*, instead of dividing the fifth prize of $100, according to the usual custom, or deciding the matter by lot, awarded the full sum of $100 to each author, thus increasing the total amount of prize money from $2,100 to $2,600.

The League of American Wheelmen has offered a first prize of $50, a second prize of $25, a third prize of $15, a fourth prize of $10, and five prizes of $5 each for the best photographs of bad country roads sent to Otto Dorner, Milwaukee, Wis., before January 1, 1898.

Toilettes (New York) for May has a "list of names of dress goods in every-day use and what they mean," which writers will find useful.

William H. Rideing will retire July 1 from the associate editorship of the *North American Review*, to which he was appointed by Allan Thorndyke Rice nine years ago. He will retain his position as associate editor of the *Youth's Companion*.

William T. Ellis, who has been an associate editor of the *Golden Rule*, of Boston, for two years, has become an assistant editor of the periodicals of the Presbyterian Board of Publication in Philadelphia, the editor of which is Rev. Dr. J. R. Miller.

A. E. Keet, who has been the editor of the *Forum* since August, 1895, has resigned the position.

W. H. Mallock is to be the editor of the consolidated *National Observer and British Review*, which perpetuates in full the titles of both weeklies. All contributions will be anonymous.

Four O'Clock is a new "monthly magazine of original writings," published in Chicago.

A new weekly political and society paper is to be started in Denver. It is to be called the *Autocrat*, and is to be modeled after the *Argonaut* of San Francisco.

A new weekly paper called the *Church Economist* and designed to supply practical information and suggestions to those connected with church affairs, has been started in New York. It is edited by Henry R. Elliot, formerly of the *Evangelist*.

The *Penny Magazine*, of New York, is prospering highly under the management of its projector and present editor, Thomas C. Quinn. It is now celebrating its first anniversary, and announces that its "high-water mark of circulation" has been raised from 6,000 to 125,000 in a year.

The *Penny Magazine*, of Philadelphia, is dead.

The *Week* (Toronto) has suspended publication.

An unsuccessful attempt was made recently to sell at auction the business of the Alpha Publishing Company of Boston, but only three of the twenty persons present made any offers whatever, and the assignee accordingly stopped the sale, saying that he would negotiate on private terms.

Progress of the World has been absorbed by the *Scientific American*.

The *Arena* has absorbed the *American Magazine of Civics*. The *Arena* will be published in New York after June 1.

The *American Bookmaker* has been transformed into the *Printer and Bookmaker*, with J. Clyde Oswald as editor. It is published by the Howard Lockwood Company, New York.

Home and Club Life (Boston) is the new name of the *Happy Thought*.

A personal letter from the editor of the *Great West* says that he is contemplating the discontinuance of that publication after issuing one more number, and giving his efforts to the re-establishment of his former venture, *Travel*, of which in 1895 but six numbers were issued.

Collier's Weekly has been ordered by the courts to pay about $1,800 damages for libel for having published a story by Mrs. Edith Sessions Tupper, which was construed as reflecting on an artist, although the artist was not named.

"The Need of Copyright Reform" is forcibly advocated in the *North American Review* for April by W. Morris Colles, director of the Incorporated Society of Authors, who, describing the present chaotic state of affairs as regards copyright laws in this country and England, pleads earnestly for some common basis of practice upon which both nations can agree.

Johannes Brahms died in Vienna April 3, aged sixty-four.

S. C. Griggs died in Chicago April 5, aged seventy-seven.

Professor Edward Brinker Cope died in Philadelphia April 12, aged fifty-seven.

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THE TALK OF FICTION.

In "Dr. Thorne" Trollope says that no author could report a conversation exactly as it occurred; if he did so, his report would be thought a caricature. Until the dominance of the realist this was apparently the general opinion. One has only to read over an interview between Pendennis and Warrington, or between Walter Gay and Florence Dombey, and then any conversation in Howells' novels, to see what liberties the best of writers used to take with reports of suppositious conversations, and how minutely they are followed now.

The dialect writers follow the same rule of fidelity to nature. Stephen Crane is not alone in an almost revolting truthfulness of talk. Yet any one who has a quick ear and a fancy for vernacular will be surprised, often, at the slips made by these morbidly painstaking authors. One such mistake is that of causing the unlearned to converse freely. This is an error to be noted in the case of Richard Harding Davis' Hefty Burke. The real Hefty never would put together so many sentences at once. He is unused to turning his thoughts into words; he has a very small vocabulary, and that is not at his instant command. I never saw, outside of fiction, a fluent, uneducated talker. Although sometimes garrulous, such a person is invariably rambling, repeats himself interminably, and does not generally finish his sentences, which may not have subjects or verbs, and are practically never perfect and in a continuous stream, as in current representation of the shrewd unlettered. I should say that it is impossible for any one who cannot write a fair letter to make a fair speech. Yet our dialect-writers, from Bret Harte to Miss Wilkins, cause such characters to spout rough eloquence by the page.

Another thing: the dialect-speakers always use the briefest sentences, if they do finish them. They never employ clauses. They never say "who" or "which," except interrogatively. To them it is impossible to construct anything like: "The man who seen ye come along thet road which ye passed jest now." Such a combination of careless and careful English — for "who" and "which," so spoken, are unusually careful English — would be as absurd as would the same mistakes tacked to a Greek quotation. You may find a similar sentence, however, in almost any current country tale.

Naturally, a foreign tongue, or the blunders of a foreigner, will betray still more errors.

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Rudyard Kipling, the Wonderful, displayed his mastery of our several dialects in his story. "The Walking Delegate." Even he, though, fell into two palpable traps in "Bimi," where he noted the speeches, in much-shattered English, of Hans Breitman. He made the German say "was" and "thatch" correctly. Any one should know that "w" and "th" are two sounds that no German not better versed in our language than Hans was could possibly use as written. Mrs. Burton Harrison, in her novel, "The Anglomaniacs," has an Anglican butler who drops and adds the letter "h" in the same sentences. This is a feat that no cockney ever accomplished; he may drop, or he may add, but not at once.

An ear for oddities of diction is needed in writing work of this sort, and the correct ear will not play one false any more than it would in music. It always sounds the true note; or it makes a discord. *Ruth Hall.*

CATSKILL, N. Y.

EDITORIAL TALKS WITH CONTRIBUTORS.*

XVIII.—BY THE EDITOR OF THE HOME MAGAZINE.

Persons who aspire to write for the magazines waste a great deal of time and a great deal of energy in sending their productions to the wrong publications. Therefore, I take great pleasure in responding to the invitation of the editor of THE WRITER to tell about what kind of articles and stories the *Home Magazine* wants. Almost every magazine has a style of its own: this is no more than natural, as every editor has a style of his own. It follows that if the writers who wish to sell manuscripts to the editor would first study what the editor wants, there would be a great many postage stamps saved, and the editor's brain would be spared the endless rack, and tear, and worry of reading and sending back manuscripts that are not at all suited to his purpose.

The *Home Magazine* of Binghamton occupies a unique position in the publication field. In the first place, let me try to tell you what the word "Home" in our title means. Our magazine is unlike the *Ladies' Home Journal*, or the hundred or so other "Home" publications, in that we do not aspire to reach the inner family circle in particular: our magazine is published by and in behalf of the Commercial Travelers' Home which the commercial travelers of the country are building at Binghamton, N. Y., and its purpose is to raise revenue to complete and maintain this structure. The word "Home" in our title means the Commercial Travelers' Home: therefore we do not want to print the recipes for chapped hands, or the descriptions of cozy corners, or the fashion notes, with which some of our contributors have been so kind as to burden us.

Our aim is to publish a magazine of high-class literary merit, one that will appeal in general to people of literary tastes, and at the

* This series of "Editorial Talks with Contributors," written by the editors of the leading American periodicals, and telling what they want and do not want in the way of manuscripts, was begun in THE WRITER for September, 1895, and will be continued. The article in the September WRITER was by William Hayes Ward, superintending editor of the *Independent*. The article for October was by Robert E. Bonner, editor of the *New York Ledger*. The article for November was by Robert D. Townsend, managing editor of the *Outlook*. The articles for December were by B. Arkell, editor of *Leslie's Weekly*, and Rounseville Wildman, editor of the *Overland Monthly*. The articles for January were by Joseph Newton Hallock, editor of the *Christian Work*, and Edwin D. Mead, editor of the *New England Magazine*. The article for February was by Robert M. Offord, managing editor of the *New York Observer*. The article for March was by Nella I. Daggett, editor of the *Home*. The articles for April were by Frank Lee Farnell, editor of *Frank Leslie's Pleasant Hours*, Henry Tyrrell, editor of *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly*, and the Editor of *Godey's*. The article for June was by Amos R. Wells, managing editor of the *Golden Rule*. The article for September was by Rosa Sonneschein, editor of the *American Jewess*. The article for October was by the editors of the *Youth's Companion*. The article for May was by A. R Doyle, editor of the *Catholic World Magazine*.

same time will be of particular interest to business and commercial men. For instance, we want good stories about commercial travelers and business life; we want special articles, illustrated if possible, on subjects that are of interest to business men; we want articles on new inventions in commerce and the arts; on topics of timely interest: on commercial museums; chambers of commerce, and new efforts and developments in this line.

We try to make our magazine American; that is, we want as much matter by American authors as possible. We like patriotic stories, though we draw the line between patriotism and jingoism. We are always in the market for short fiction, the shorter the better. In fact, we make a specialty of short stories of from 800 to 3,000 words in length, and they have proved very popular. We make three qualifications — they must be short, full of action, and with a probable plot. As a general thing, we do not care very much for serials unless they are good, short, and something out of the ordinary. Character sketches, and descriptions of travel if they are short and will bear illustrating, are also acceptable.

One thing we are putting particular stress on is articles on topics of current economic interest. We are for no political or religious creed, yet, at the same time, we wish to keep abreast of the times, and if there is anything going on in politics or in sociology, we are ready to give space to it. Our articles on economic subjects have been made features of in the past and have been quite popular, and we shall continue them.

We give space in a special department to short anecdotes and verse about commercial travelers. All this must be clean and profitable, and if it is humorous, all the better.

These may be considered the general boundary lines of our editorial province, but they are by no means fixed. To decide arbitrarily in advance just what we want and don't want would be to prevent all improvement, all progress; and magazines have to improve, to keep up with the times, just like other folk. We strive to make our tastes elastic, and to keep out of the rut of the commonplace. We want originality in all things — in style of writing, in treatment, and in subject. In fact, we have somewhat of a partiality for new writers. Too many of the old writers, who have achieved their fame, are careless in their work — magazine writers in particular. They are after the almighty dollar first, last, and always. It is different with beginners: they have their reputation to gain; they *have* to be particular, or their work will not attract any attention. Most of the masterpieces of American literature have been written by persons who, when they wrote, were comparatively unknown. Now, I hope some too critical reader will not pick up this statement and enumerate a long list of exceptions. Of course there are exceptions, but the general rule holds good, I think.

If, through the kindness of THE WRITER, this little article shall be the means of widening the circle of our contributors and extending our acquaintance with the writing public, we shall be grateful. We appreciate the value of such a publication as THE WRITER, — it enables the editor and the contributor to become better acquainted, and to become better acquainted means better results all around.

Arthur T. Vance.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

NEEDED NEW WORDS.

There are a number of new words that are seriously needed in the English language. Among them are: —

1. A prefix for the names of men that shall designate whether they are married or not, as "Mrs." and "Miss" do for women. This is desirable, in spite of the fact that story tellers have based so many interesting plots on

the mystery surrounding male matrimony.

2. If the matrimonial classification is to be made complete, a prefix that shall be given to widows, now that many are discarding the wearing of a distinctive garb of widowhood.

3. The pronoun that will express personality without gender — doing away with such sentences as "every one is the architect of his or her own fortunes."

4. A prefix that shall designate the innocent or injured party to a divorce suit—a vindicatory prefix — for preventing conversation like the following: "Is she a widow?" . . . "No, she is divorced," a cruel, but common reply, when the party spoken of is the sinned against, not the sinner.

How much longer must we wait for these much needed words? I realize that it is a good deal easier to show the need than it is to supply it properly.

J. M. Parsons.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

THE STORY OF A STORY.

Our friend, the editor, has asked me to give one or two illustrations of the way in which a story is written and published. In this paper I will follow along the steps in the writing and publication of "The Man without a Country." This story is used as a reading-book in some of the schools in the Western states, and I know that some of our readers have seen it.

For the rest, I will say briefly that it describes the life of an officer of the United States army, who, in a frenzy of anger at a court martial, where he was on trial, cursed the United States, in whose service he was, and said he wished he might never hear the name of the United States again. The court, in the story, sentenced him to have his wish fulfilled, and for fifty-six years, from that time till the very day of his death, he never hears the name of his country. He is a "man without a country." He guesses much about his country, but no one is permitted to talk to him of his country or to tell him anything of her affairs.

He knows that his country exists, because he is kept all his life in a sort of honorable confinement on some vessel of the United States navy. He is even made in the story *to assist in the battle in* which the frigate United States took the English frigate Java.

Here is a very improbable story. I took care so to arrange every part of it that any person thoroughly acquainted with the history of this country should know that it was a parable, or what the old writers called "a piece of invented example."

But there are a great many persons who are not well acquainted with the history of their country. The story was published in the Civil War at a moment of great excitement, when very improbable things took place every day. The story was very widely circulated. For these reasons it happened that many persons in different parts of the country supposed at the time that the story was true. I meant that they should, if I could make them. But I took no liberty in telling my story which a novelist is not entitled to take. The whole is told by a fictitious character named Frederic Ingham. It is told of another fictitious character, to whom the name of Philip Nolan is given. I had the same right to invent these people, to give them their names, and to invent their adventures as Walter Scott had to invent Edward Waverley, or Mr. Dickens to invent Barnaby Rudge.

I have never been pleased, therefore, that an irreligious paper of wide circulation, published under the auspices of a great ecclesiastical corporation, said that I was a "forger and a counterfeiter."

How is such a story written?

You see, at the beginning, you have a moral which you want to impress. You want to show to young men in the United States how horrible a thing it would be if they had no country. At that very time a Western politician of some notoriety had said that he did not wish to belong to the United States. General Burnside, who was in command of the district where he lived, arrested him and sent him over the border.

You may hear foolish women say the same thing now, in the intervals of flirting or dancing. "O dear, no! Do you know? I wish I had not been born in the United States." You can hear young men in the intervals between comparing two varnishes for russet tennis-shoes express the same wish.

I had determined to show that it is a very bad thing to have no country. I had to show this for a whole lifetime. So I invented a man who expressed this wish when a young man, and who died as an old man, after he had tried his experiment. For my purpose I made him an officer in the army of the United States. This was not as if army officers have duties to the country more pressing than those of her other sons and daughters: but because they are so well defined that they could be more easily handled in a story.

Where, then, shall we find such an officer about sixty years before 1863?

In 1804, fifty-nine years before, Aaron Burr started on his scheme for a conquest of northern Mexico. In 1805, he went down the Mississippi to carry out that scheme. Burr was an adventurer willing to abandon his country, if he could make any personal profit even by treason. Clearly, it will help our story a little if we connect our Man without a Country with Aaron Burr.

I therefore fixed this time, and the young officer was to be on service in what was called the Legion of the West when Aaron Burr went down the Mississippi river in quest of an empire.

So I knew who my hero was to be, where he was to be, and when.

To prepare myself to describe him I had first to read, and to read carefully, the story of this adventure of Aaron Burr's. It has never been well written. It would be a good subject for any intelligent young person now. Queerly enough, the American historians have known very little about it, have cared less, and have not written down even what they knew.

I had to prepare myself by reading from the original authorities. I went to the Antiquarian hall in Worcester and read from the files of the old newspapers of the day. I read the official documents published by the government, which are very few. I read the long report of Burr's trial for treason. I read the annual reports of the secretary of war, that I might know where our little army was stationed and who were its officers.

I also read the greater part of General James Wilkinson's memoirs. He was the commander of our army at the West at that time. He was, by the way, in the secret pay of the king of Spain, as has been made certain since his death. He would have been hanged for treason, as he should have been, could this have been proved while he lived. It was suspected by the government, but could not be proved.

All this about Burr was of little or no use for the plot or movement of the story. All that I needed for that was to know that he went down the river in 1804 and again in 1805. But it gave me, what every story needs, its true local color, or what people call its atmosphere. It taught me how such a young man as my hero would be educated, what his habits would be, what his prejudices, and what his temptations. To speak of a detail, I think I should not have known that Money-Musk was a dancing tune in those days but that an old newspaper told me that the people danced Money-Musk among other dances at a ball given in Burr's honor.

Among other things which I got for my story was the hero's name. This General Wilkinson had a business partner in Orleans, — which we call New Orleans, — which was a French or Spanish colony till 1803. This partner's name was Nolan. In 1801 he went into the Spanish

province of Texas to hunt for wild horses, which he had agreed to furnish for the Spanish garrison in Orleans. The Spanish officers in Texas thought he came on warlike intent, or pretended to, and killed him treacherously.

This was very convenient for General Wilkinson. For whenever he was called upon to explain anything which was suspicious, he would say that his proofs of what he said were unfortunately lost when Mr. Nolan was killed in Texas. As if Mr. Nolan would have carried on a hunting adventure his business correspondence with General Wilkinson!

Now, while my hero had no name, I stumbled on this name of Nolan. I saw that this would be a good name for my man. It was the name of an adventurous Kentuckian, who might be still remembered in Louisiana. In fact, I found afterward that he was. In reading Wilkinson, I took a memorandum of the name of Nolan, and I took the impression that his whole name was Stephen Nolan. Well! if in that family they named one boy from the evangelist Stephen, they might name another from the evangelist Philip. Many years before, on St. Stephen's Day, I had heard a clergyman preach a sermon on St. Philip by mistake. So, giving my hero the surname of Nolan, I gave him the Christian name of Philip, and in my story he speaks of Stephen Nolan, once as his brother, once as his cousin. This variation between the brother and cousin is intentional in the story. It is one of those slips Frederic Ingham would readily have made in regard to an unimportant detail. Proofreaders hate such slips, and should. So do the people called critics. But they add to the naturalness, or what is called the *vraisemblance*, of the story.

A year after the story was published I was looking through Wilkinson's memoirs again, and I found, to my surprise and horror, that the real man who was killed in Texas in 1801 was named Philip Nolan, and not Stephen Nolan, as I had supposed. That is, I had given the name of a real man, who was killed in Texas in 1801, to a fictitious character whom I had created, who was in the United States army in 1804. When I discovered this, I discovered for the first time how it could be that two aged ladies, who said they were sisters of Philip Nolan, had sent to me for more particulars of his life.

The plan of the story required that the hero, Philip Nolan, should spend most of his life at sea. To prepare for this I must know about the United States navy, particularly in those earliest days of the navy at the beginning of the present century. I therefore read the reports of the war and navy departments from the year 1804 to the year 1830. I took notes of the names of all of the vessels and of many of the officers. As a writer of fiction, I had no right to say that a real Captain Shaw, in a real ship Intrepid, did this thing or that. But, if I wanted to make my story natural and plausible, if I knew that "Shubrick" was a well-known officer in the early navy, I could invent another "Shubrick," as I had invented a second Nolan, and I could put this invented Shubrick on an invented vessel. To do this, I might give the invented vessel the name of a real vessel, if that real vessel had ceased to exist.

For instance, Philip Nolan is said to have died on the corvette Levant in latitude 2° 11′ south, longitude 1° 31′ west. This latitude and longitude represents a point on the top of the Andes, and the corvette Levant disappeared at sea nearly a generation before the date when she turned up on top of the Andes. After I had taken such pains fifty times in the story to place it distinctly among parables or invented examples, the irreligious editor in New York called me "a forger and a counterfeiter."

The rule seems to be this, though I am not sure of it: The writer of fiction must not make a real person do anything which he knows he did not do; but he may make him say things which he might and could have said, though these things are not recorded. They might have been recorded, though they are not written down. On the other hand, he must not violate the truth of history by saying that an imagined character did something which he knows was really done by another person. He may make his imagined character do some imagined thing which he knows was really never done at all. In the case of our story, for instance, Frederic Ingham, an imagined

person, tells how Philip Nolan, another imagined person, fought a gun in an imagined battle. But to keep fiction in its place, and not to overstep the threshold of history, I was obliged to make Ingham say that he had told the story as he had heard it told, and that he had heard it told in several different ways.

By such reading as I have tried to describe about Aaron Burr's Mississippi voyages, and about the United States navy of early days, I was equipped in a fashion for writing my story. Of course, as I read I had turned over the different scenes so that they gained more and more reality for me even before I began to write. After you have been thus equipped, if the preparation has been sufficient, the physical writing goes on rapidly enough. You should be careful not to give too much space to the less important parts, lest you be crowded or have not free range in those which are more important.

In this case, before I began to write, I knew substantially what I was to say. Briefly, I was to show how a young man, who, under heavy strain in his early youth, had thought and cared nothing for the country to which he belonged, came before he died "to love her as no other man had loved her." This was to be done in four or five separate scenes in different periods of his life. These scenes were to be described as naturally as I could describe them.

When the story was written so far as the letter which describes Nolan's death, I sent it to Mr. Fields, the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. I asked him if it would do. If he thought it would do, I said I could finish it at once, and we could print it in time for the October election in Ohio. In that election Mr. Vallandigham was a candidate, the man who had said he did not want to live in the United States, and whom General Burnside had sent over the border to the rebels. Mr. Fields wrote me that he thought it would do, and that if I could finish it at once it could be printed at once. I finished it that afternoon at one sitting, and sent him the whole copy immediately. It may interest young writers to know that as I wrote the last pages the tears dropped upon them from my eyes, and that those blistered sheets went to the printer.

By one of the misfortunes, however, which are apt to give to magazines a certain languor as of something behind the times, the Ohio election of October passed, the November *Atlantic* was published, and it was not until the December number appeared that the story of a "Man without a Country" was published.

Mr. Fields and I had taken pains that my name should not be connected with it. No one of the friends who met at the "Corner Bookstore" knew that such an article had been written. The proof had not been sent from the printer to me, but to him, and he had sent the proofs to me. This was to preserve the incognito.

I was therefore surprised and a little annoyed when I first heard of its publication. It was at an evening party late in November. James Freeman Clarke, who was one of the *Atlantic* contributors and of the daily coterie who met at the "Corner Book-store," came up to me and said, "Edward, we have been reading your story of 'The Man without a Country.'"

"How did you know it was mine?" said I, a good deal annoyed that this was the first result of all our secrecy.

And he told me that he had turned over to the index to the volume, which happened to be at the end of that number, and that the index said that the story was written by Edward E. Hale.

The gentleman in the printing-office who made the indexes had seen the manuscript and knew my handwriting. I was a regular contributor for the *Atlantic*. He knew no reason why my name should not be printed. And with that excess of zeal which one is loath to blame in a lazy world, he had revealed to the readers of the *Atlantic* the one fact which Mr. Fields and I were most desirous that they should not know.

That is, the reader knew from the beginning that the story was not one of the reminiscences of an officer in the navy, but that it was written by a clergyman, a regular contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly*.

Edward Everett Hale.

The *Golden Rule*, Boston.

THE WRITER.

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WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

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VOL. X. JUNE, 1897. NO. 6.

Every now and then the editors of weekly papers receive letters from the man who has an axe to grind, offering to furnish free of charge to any editor who will ask for it an article on his pet hobby. Sometimes the article is offered in stereotype plates. As a general thing, editors who receive such offers will be safe if they reply, as one editor did recently: "We charge $10 a column for anything that is offered free."

***

"James Lane Allen of the Chicago bar," says the *Northwestern Christian Advocate*, "is one of the most polished of men. A public reader, an author of charming sketches, a lover of books, he has color of titles to position in the ranks of the literati." Just the same, the world would think more of him if he would write his name "James L. Allen,"—even though he has an undoubted legal right to the other signature,—and so make it plain that he has no desire to be mistaken for the man who has made the name "James Lane Allen" famous.

***

A modern Mæcenas advertised recently in the *London Daily News* as follows:—

Writer wanted, who will write a history of California from material at British Museum, etc., for the remuneration of £10. Must be 400,000 words. Apply by letter only, to Essayist, etc.

Imagine the denizens of Grubstreet tumbling over one another in their eagerness to get that fifty dollars!

***

It is n't a good idea for a writer to put under the title of his manuscript the line:—

"For the *Century Magazine*."

The chances are that, if he does, he will have to write the first page over.

***

James Payn has confessed that once upon a time, in his capacity as Reader to a London publishing house, he rejected "John Inglesant." Perhaps a good many of the blunders commonly attributed to publishers are really the blunders of authors whom the publishers employ to do their manuscript reading for them.

***

Are there too many books? The man with a manuscript just finished does n't think so.

***

What is a good day's work, so far as quantity is concerned, for a professional author? Several writers of reputation have answered questions asked by the editor of *Pearson's Magazine* as to how much copy they can turn out daily, and the published replies are interesting. W. L. Alden says that he is good for 4,000 words a day, and that under pressure his average is higher. Frankfort Moore also says he can write 4,000 words a day. Sir Walter Besant says he can turn out 1,000 words a day. He goes to work like a mechanic. He sets out to write a book, and the 1,000 words daily, continued for a month or two, soon make a fairly big volume. Anthony Trollope had this same habit of regular writing. His average was

about 10,000 words a week, and when he was pushed he increased it sometimes to 25,000 words a week. Hall Caine says that he does not write rapidly, but is good for 1,500 words a day. Mr. Crockett says that he has run as high as 5,000 words a day, and sometimes has sunk as low as 800, and has been "equally satisfied with both." "John Oliver Hobbes" says that she produces not more than 150 words a day — a surprisingly small daily output for one who has published so much as she has. "Ian Maclaren," with characteristic mock modesty, says that his experience has been too slight to warrant his making any public statement, while R. D. Blackmore rhythmically remarks: —

The proper point about a book —
Or be it praised or smitten —
Is not to ask how long it took,
But what it is when written.

* * *

Cowper did not believe in editorial revision. A printer once took the liberty of correcting one of the poet's lines. Cowper wrote to him: "There is a roughness on a plum which nobody that understands fruit would rub off, though the plum would be much more polished without it. . . . I will only add that I wish you to guard me from all such meddling, assuring you that I always write as smoothly as I can, but that I never did, never will, sacrifice the spirit or sense of a passage to the sound of it."

* * *

Editorial revision is not a bad thing, however. While no editorial change should ever be made in a manuscript without the sanction of the author, there are few manuscripts that would not be improved by being edited by a competent reviser. Two heads are better than one, in literary work as in other cases, and an editor who has no genius for writing, but who has had a thorough training in the mechanics of literature, can often suggest to genius improvements in his manuscript which genius should be very glad to make. Some very brilliant writers are guilty of almost unpardonable rhetorical blunders, and occasionally of grammatical blunders quite unpardonable. Their work would be all the better if, before it were given to the public, the manuscript were looked over by a competent hack, whose duty should be confined to suggesting to the author what might seem to him to be improvements in the work. The author, of course, would not have to adopt the suggestions unless he chose. In most cases he probably would adopt them gladly, and thus there would be fewer flies in the translucent amber of his fame. W. H. H.

QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics will be answered in this department. Questions must be brief, and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

What is the best system of keeping an index for a weekly paper, to be issued with the last number of the volume? I mean, what is the most practical way of doing the job with the least labor and least rush at the end of the volume? L. B.

[A good way to index a weekly paper is to index each number, as it appears, on small slips to be filed alphabetically in a box, after the manner of a card catalogue. If this is done each week, the index is complete and ready for the printer at the end of the year, the last number, of course, being indexed from page proofs. Moreover, the volume, so far as published, is constantly indexed up to date. The slips can be given out as copy without rewriting. If anybody has a better plan, THE WRITER would be glad to know of it. — W. H. H.]

The following sentence is clipped from an old number of a local paper: —

Arthur W. Gates, son of the late Dennis S. B. Gates, and Ida B. Raymond, daughter of Rufus Raymond who with her mother is deceased, had a private little wedding last Saturday evening, Washington's birthday, at 7, at the house of the latter's aunt, Miss Carrie Howland, High street, by the Baptist pastor, Rev A T Filmer

It may be necessary to say in explanation that the father had two wives. He and his first wife, the girl's mother, are dead.

Is the sentence grammatically correct? If not, where and why is it incorrect? How can all the points contained in it be included in one correct sentence?

If the sentence is not up to the purist's standard, will it pass for ordinarily correct newspaper English? D. L. C.

[The sentence quoted is an unusually bad specimen of bad newspaper English. Grammatically, the clause, "who with her mother is deceased," and the phrase, "had a wedding by the pastor," are incorrect. "The latter" ap-

parently refers to The Father of His Country. There would be no reason or excuse for including in one correct sentence all the facts given. — W. H. H.]

Do the characters in "Charles Auchester" represent real persons? E. T. F.

[It has been said that "Charles Auchester" represents Herr Joachim; "Seraphæl," Mendelssohn; "Aronach," Zelter; "Porphyro," Napoleon III.; "Starwood Burney," Sterndale Bennett; "Diamond Albany," Disraeli; "Rodomant," Beethoven; "Milans Angré," Moscheles; "Clara Bennett," Jenny Lind; "Maria," Beethoven's sister. — W. H. H.]

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

James Barnes, author of "A Loyal Traitor," which has been running as a serial in *Harper's Round Table*, and is soon to be published in book form, was born at the Naval Academy, at Annapolis, his father being an officer in the navy, and graduated at Princeton about ten years ago. For several years he has been engaged in literary work in New York. From early boyhood Mr. Barnes is said to have been devoted to the study of American history, particularly of American naval warfare, and the knowledge thus gathered has of late found expression not only in his book on the "Naval Engagements of the War of 1812," but in his fiction as well.

Among the younger writers who have come into notice during the past few years, one of the most promising is John Fox, Jr., whose first story, "A Mountain Europa," originally published in the *Century*, at once won enthusiastic approval, and whose later work, including "A Cumberland Vendetta," has greatly strengthened his reputation. Mr. Fox, though still in the early thirties, has had a varied experience. Born in the Kentucky "blue grass" region, he was educated at Harvard College, where he distinguished himself both as athlete and student. Then he studied law in New York City, but abandoned the profession for newspaper work, which gave him an excellent training for story-writing and finally broke down his health. He returned to Kentucky to recuperate, and there he lived among the mountaineers, gathering the material that he has since woven into fiction. During the past two years Mr. Fox has had considerable success as a reader from his own stories, and as a lecturer. He is now in Virginia, working on a new book, and revising the proof-sheets of "Hell fer Sartain, and Other Stories."

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Allen. — James Lane Allen's new novel, "The Choir Invisible," is the most rapid piece of writing that Mr. Allen has done, being more than twice as long as any of his other books, and written from beginning to end in some six months. — *The Bookman.*

Barr. — Novel readers are familiar with the name of Amelia E. Barr. She has a record which makes less energetic women stand aside in awe. She has been the mother of fourteen children, has written thirty-two novels, has prepared a professor for Princeton College, and at sixty years of age is fresh and bright. She still devotes nine hours daily to her work, in spite of her age.

Mrs. Barr attributes her vitality and good spirits to her determination to be a philosopher and to her system of work. She resides at a very pretty place called Cherry Croft at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson. The quiet country life she finds best suited to her temperament. When she has a book on hand, she devotes all her time to it, and she never writes at night. The early morning hours find her up and at work. She writes through the whole forenoon. After dining at noon, she sleeps two hours, takes a cold plunge,— the second of the day,— and then carefully typewrites her morning's work. She never allows any one to handle her manuscripts. Late in the afternoon come tea, callers, and pleasure, but no matter what is going on, Mrs. Barr is off to bed at 9 o'clock. This routine is carefully followed all the while a book is being written, and after the book is out of the way, the author gives herself up to pleasure. Her summers are usually spent in

England, and she is very proud of her English descent. She married a Scotch Presbyterian, and they spent happy years in a Texas town. There her children were born, and yellow fever carried off her husband and all her sons. With her flock of daughters she came North to make her way. Her first commission was to prepare two boys for college, and it is one of these boys who to-day holds a distinguished professorship at Princeton.—*Springfield Union.*

Barrie. — It may comfort some despairing aspirants for literary honors to know that Barrie could find no editor to touch his first work. "The magazines, Scotch and English, would have nothing to say to me. I think I tried them all with 'The Courtin' of T'nowhead's Bell,' but it never found shelter until it got within book covers. I had put together from my drawerful of rejected stories this book of 'Auld Licht Idylls,' and in its collected form it once again went the rounds. I offered it to certain firms as a gift, but they would not have it, even at that."— *Rochester Post-Express.*

Burnett. — Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett is in Washington, busily engaged on her new novel. When Mrs. Burnett is writing a novel, she is completely absorbed in her work, and has little time for anything else. If she writes in England, she leaves her London house, hires a cottage in some remote village, and stays there till her work is done. The season being virtually over in Washington, and having her own house there, she finds it a good place to write in, and will stay there until the story is finished. — *The Critic.*

Collins. — No artist at any time has taken his work more seriously. A bundle of letters addressed by Wilkie Collins to a London editor, which now lies before us, abundantly illustrates this point. From the careful corrections in his proofs, and his alarm lest any alteration should be made by another hand, we learn how thoroughly considered was every line of his stories, and how significant every syllable. The following passage (which has not hitherto seen the light), on a subject near the heart of all editors who cater for the family, is particularly interesting: —

"The other alteration," wrote Collins, "I cannot consent to make. The 'damns' (two 'damns' only, observe, in the whole story) mark the characters at very important places in the narrative. The 'compromise' which you suggest is simply what they would not say. I know of no instances of a writer with any respect for his art or for himself who has ever made the concession which your friends ask of me. My story is not addressed to young people exclusively — it is addressed to readers in general. I do not accept young people as the ultimate court of appeal in English literature. Mr. Turlington (the character in the story in question) must talk like Mr. Turlington — even though the terrible consequence may be that a boy or two may cry 'damn' in imitation of him. I refer your friends to Scott and Dickens — writers considered immaculate in the matter of propriety. They will find damn where damn ought to be in the pages of both those masters. In short, I am damned if I take out damn!" — *The Academy.*

Drummond. — A correspondent of the *Academy*, in a notice of the late Professor Henry Drummond, relates some interesting facts about the publication and reception of that widely read book, "The Natural Law in the Spiritual World." The addresses which are contained in the book originally appeared in the *Clerical World*, a short-lived weekly two-penny paper. After being refused in a collected form by at least two London publishers, the papers were laid aside and forgotten, till M. H. Hodder, who had read the articles in serial form, happening to meet Professor Drummond one day in Paternoster Row, suggested that his firm should publish the book. The offer was accepted. Professor Drummond rewrote many of the chapters, and had just time to correct the proofs before he started on his expedition to East Central Africa. The first edition of 1,000 copies was printed in April, 1883. At first it failed to attract much attention, and a second edition was not called for until the middle of July. On August 4 a review appeared in the *Spectator*, which unquestionably was the making of the book, and the sales went up by leaps and bounds. In March, 1887, a cheaper edition appeared, after 51,000 copies of the 7s. 6d. edition had been

sold. The current edition bears on the title-page the words: "Thirty-second edition, completing 119,000"! — *The Churchman.*

Gilder. — Richard Watson Gilder is a born editor. He was brought up on printers' ink. His father, Rev. W. H. Gilder, was an eminent clergyman, who varied his ministerial and educational work by writing for the newspapers, and who was at one time editor of the *Philadelphia Repository.* Young Gilder's boyhood was spent about the printing office of the *Long Island Times*, in Flushing. He learned to set type long before he was in his teens. His first composition was done when he was so small that he had to stand on the top of a soap box to reach the type cases. When he was twelve years old, he published at Flushing a boys' newspaper known as the *St. Thomas Register*, and four years later he and two other boys united in editing a campaign journal at Bordentown, N. J., in support of Bell and Everett for the presidency. When he was about twenty he was a reporter on one of the newspapers of Newark, N. J., and later, with a young companion, Newton Crane, he started a paper in Newark under the title of the *Morning Register.* By this time young Gilder had become somewhat known in literary circles, and the Scribners made him first an editorial writer, and then the editor of their magazine known as *Hours at Home.* When *Scribner's Monthly* was founded, he became its associate editor, in connection with J. G. Holland, and about the time that the name of the magazine was changed to the *Century* he was made, at the death of Dr. Holland, editor-in-chief. Since then he has written for it in poetry and in prose, and to-day many of the strongest of its editorials come from his pen. — *Frank G. Carpenter, in Detroit Free Press.*

Kipling. — Rudyard Kipling, in a letter to David Christie Murray, reveals his aspiration to write a "real novel — not a one-volume or a two-volume, but a real decent three-decker." He adds: "No man this side of forty at the earliest has secreted enough observation — not to say thought — to write a novel, which, in spite of all they say of the short story, is the real vehicle. Independent firing by marksmen is a pretty thing, but it is the volley-firing of a full battalion that clears the front." — *Los Angeles Herald.*

Lloyd. — Professor John Uri Lloyd thus describes his literary methods: "Yes," he said, in answer to my questions, "I write a great deal; every spare moment from my business — and I am a busy man, as you can see — is spent in composing something. Sometimes it is a treatise for a trade magazine, — like this one I am writing to-day on the Quassia; sometimes it is a bit of fancy, jotted down for future elaboration; sometimes a chapter on one thing or another of the several books I work at at times. How long did it take me to write 'Etidorpha'? I can't say, because it was written at odd moments during many years.

"I wish you would impress one thing on the minds of those who are interested, however, and that is that my work is not 'dashed off.' A large number of people seem to think I simply sit down and write hurriedly, and let it go at that. I do not. Everything I do is done methodically and painstakingly; I write and rewrite and go over and interline constantly, and sometimes a chapter or a sentence will be written seven or eight times ere I am satisfied with it.

"I am such a busy man that my compositions must be blemished by the breaks that result from many, many interruptions.

"Ideas concerning the subject under consideration are carried in my mind until some convenient opportunity presents itself, and are then written without any attempt to do more than record their substance. When the subject is ended, the manuscript is typewritten, the lines being double-spaced. Then I rewrite by interlining and erasing. This is again typewritten, as before, and laid away for a number of weeks, and then studied critically, the aim being to criticise the original thought, line, and statements, as well as to discover words that present more than one meaning or do not possess the exact shade I wish to convey. This review results in many changes, excisions, sentence rearrangements, and additions. The manuscript is then rewritten and subjected to a professional critic. Lastly, the critically revised paper is studied carefully, again copied,

laid away, and occasionally studied, or read to a friend or club party, in order to get advice and suggestions concerning the different phases of the paper's contents, after which it is copied again. In all, before a page is finally laid aside, several copies of the paper have been made, and often before my critics and myself are through with it the original draft is entirely lost. Finally, if printed, the type-finished work is found to be far from satisfactory. Of course, were I a professional literary man, this painstaking attention, both as to questions of fact and form of expression, would be unnecessary. However, I write for self-culture, self-education, and to please my friends (few of my essays being published), and this study as to details is enticing, recreative, and pleasurable, as well as instructive."—*Everard J. Appleton, in Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.*

Loti.—Pierre Loti depends upon his diary for literary material. He has kept a journal since he was fourteen. "Take my first book, for example," he said recently. "A friend, looking over some passages in my diary one day, insisted that I ought to extract a connected narrative from its pages. I did so, and published 'Aziyade.' Then 'Mme. Chrysanthème' simply consists of pages from the same source, barely retouched, with only the names and places changed. My last book, 'Ramuntcho,' or at any rate the finale of it, was written in my journal years ago. By chance I witnessed a scene in a convent such as the parting between Ramuntcho and Gracieuse.—*New York Press.*

Lowell.—It is generally conceded critically that Lowell reached the high-water mark of his poetic endowment in "The Commemoration Ode." In a letter to Miss Norton, sister of Professor Norton, four days after the delivery of the poem, Mr. Lowell wrote: "Was I not so rapt with the fervor of conception as I have not been these ten years, losing my sleep, my appetite, and my flesh, those attributes to which I before alluded as nobly uniting us with our kind? Did I not for two days exasperate everybody that came near me by reciting passages in order to try them on? Did I not even fall backward and downward to the old folly of hopeful youth, and think I had written something really good at last? And am I not now enduring those retributive dumps which ever follow such sinful exultations, the Erynnes of Vanity?" Twenty years later, in recalling the circumstances of composition, he wrote to Mr. Gilder: "The passage about Lincoln was not in the ode as originally recited, but added immediately after. The ode itself was an improvisation. Two days before the Commemoration I told my friend Child, 'I have something, but don't know yet what it is, or whether it will do. Look at it and tell me.' He went a little way apart with it under an elm tree in the college yard. He read a passage here and there, brought it back to me and said, 'Do? I should think so. Don't you be scared.' And I was n't, but virtue enough had gone out of me to make me weak for a fortnight after. I was amazed at the praises I got. Trevelyan told me afterwards that he never could have carried through the abolition of purchase in the British army, but for the re-enforcement he got from that poem."—*Boston Transcript.*

Spencer.—In the preface to the third volume of "The Principles of Sociology" Herbert Spencer says, speaking of the work: "I am surprised at my audacity in undertaking it and still more surprised by its completion. In 1860 my small resources had been nearly all frittered away in writing and publishing books which did not repay their expenses; and I was suffering under a chronic disorder, caused by overtax of brain in 1855, which, wholly disabling me for eighteen months, thereafter limited my work to three hours a day, and usually to less. How insane my project must have seemed to onlookers may be judged from the fact that before the first chapter of the first volume was finished, one of my nervous breakdowns obliged me to desist. But imprudent courses do not always fail. Sometimes a forlorn hope is justified by the event. Though, along with other deterrents, many relapses, now lasting for weeks, now lasting for months, and once for years often made me despair of reaching the end, yet at length the end is reached. Doubtless in earlier days some exultation would have resulted; but as age creeps on, feelings

weaken, and now my chief pleasure is in my emancipation. Still, there is satisfaction in the consciousness that losses, discouragements, and shattered health have not prevented me from fulfilling the purpose of my life."

Stevenson. — In 1894 Stevenson thus described his hours of work in a letter written by him to Dr. Bakewell: "I may tell you my average of work in favorable circumstances is far greater than you suppose — from 6 o'clock till 11 at latest (sic: least?), and often till 12, and again in the afternoon from 2 to 4. My hand is quite destroyed, as you may perceive to-day — to a really unusual extent. I can sometimes write a decent fist still; but I have just returned with my arms all stung from three hours' work in the cacao." — *Waterbury American.*

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE LITERARY YEAR-BOOK — 1897. Edited by F. G. Atlalo. 300 pp. Cloth, $1.25. New York: Dodd, Mead, & Co. 1897.

Mr. Atlalo has rendered a useful service by compiling this "Literary Year-Book." It begins with a "Literary Causerie," by Ernest Rhys, who takes a brief critical survey of the literature of 1896. A number of pages are devoted to information about the leading European libraries, and a list is given of all the principal libraries in the United Kingdom. There is also a list of the literary clubs, learned societies, and institutions in Great Britain and Ireland, and a modestly styled "contribution toward a directory of British authors," which is really a full and valuable list of writers and their addresses. This is followed by a directory of publishers, and a list of booksellers in Great Britain and Ireland. Interspersed through the volume are short literary essays, with brief biographies and portraits of Mrs. Alice Meynell, Stanley Weyman, Madame Sarah Grand, Israel Gollancz, Hon. Mrs. Henniker, G. S. Street, Mrs. Olivia Shakespeare, Richard Le Gallienne, Walter Raymond, George Gissing, W. B. Yeats, Arthur Quiller-Couch, and "Anthony Hope," and there are still other features of interest to all concerned in any way with literary work.

THE ANNUAL LITERARY INDEX. 1896. Edited by W. I. Fletcher and R. R. Bowker. 244 pp. Cloth, $3.50. New York: Office of the *Publishers' Weekly*. 1897.

As the key which gives access to the wealth of current periodical literature, the Annual Literary Index is of inestimable value to writers. The present volume, for instance, indexes the contents of 136 periodicals, English and American, issued during 1896, reference being made to each article, both by its title and by the author's name; and also the contents of more than sixty volumes of essays, reports, etc. In addition, it contains a list of bibliographies, American and English, published in 1896, a list of names of writers who died during the year, and an index to the dates of the year's principal events. This final feature is practically an index to the files of any newspaper. Poole's "Index" and the volumes of the "Annual Literary Index" together give access to everything of importance in periodical literature.

A LIST OF PERIODICALS, NEWSPAPERS, TRANSACTIONS, AND OTHER SERIAL PUBLICATIONS CURRENTLY RECEIVED IN THE PRINCIPAL LIBRARIES OF BOSTON AND VICINITY. 143 pp. Paper. Boston: The Trustees of the Public Library. 1897.

Two of the three most important libraries in the United States — the Boston Public Library and the Harvard College Library — are within easy reach of Bostonians, and there are thirty or forty other libraries in or near Boston. This Periodical List, just issued by the Boston Public Library, catalogues all the current serials received at thirty-six such libraries, showing at which one each periodical mentioned is received. More than 5,000 publications are mentioned, showing every phase of study and progress, and printed in almost every civilized language. For instance, there are about 100 current Russian periodicals taken in Boston and in Cambridge, and the list includes nearly 120 periodicals devoted to the weather. The list will be of use to all editors, writers, and students, and especially helpful to those living in the vicinity of Boston.

HEART TONES. By D. O'Kelly Branden (Rev. Dominic Brennan, C. P.). 169 pp. Cloth. Buffalo: The Peter Paul Company. 1897.

"D. O'Kelly Branden" is the pen name of Rev. Dominic Brennan, of Dunkirk, N. Y., who has also used the pseudonyms "Edwin Earle" and "Harlow Howe." Under these different names he has published many good poems and short stories, and he has also done much newspaper work. For the past three years he has been associated editorially with Father Cronin, of the *Buffalo Union and Times*. "Heart Tones" is an attractive volume, and contains the best of the author's poetic work.

THE AMERICAN ANNUAL OF PHOTOGRAPHY AND PHOTOGRAPHIC TIMES ALMANAC FOR 1897. Edited by Walter E. Woodbury. Illustrated. 370 pp. Paper, 75 cents. New York: Scovill & Adams Company 1897.

Every one who is interested in photography, amateur or professional, will want a copy of the "Photographic Times Almanac for 1897." The 250 pictures which it contains alone are worth its price. In addition, there are articles contributed by some fifty writers on such sub-

jects as "Developing Films," "Dr. Joly and His Work," "Enlarged Negatives," "How to Make a Cheap Focusing Glass," "How to Manage Some Troublesome Interiors," "Photography Without a Lens," etc., etc. In every way the book is up to date.

PHOTOGRAPHIC AMUSEMENTS. Illustrated. By Walter E. Woodbury. 114 pp. Paper, $1.00. New York: Scovill & Adams Company. 1897.

"Photographic Pictures" describes and illustrates a number of novel effects obtainable with the camera—"freak pictures," so called. The book is intended for those who have already mastered the technical difficulties of photography, and are able to make photographic negatives and prints. It shows such readers how they may make some amusing pictures, producing effects both singular and interesting. The methods employed in multiphotography are explained, and full directions are given for making statuette portraits, magic photographs, "spirit" photographs, leaf prints, disappearing photographs, luminous photographs, and other photographic curiosities.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

THE NEW LIBRARY OF CONGRESS. Illustrated. Montgomery Schuyler. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for June.

THE PASSING OF THE BOOK OF TRAVEL. The Point of View. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for June.

HUMOR AND THE HUMORISTS. "Droch." *Ladies' Home Journal* (13c.) for June.

CHARLES GREEN BUSH (cartoonist of the *New York Herald* and *Evening Telegram*). *Review of Reviews* (28 c.) for June.

HERBERT MYRICK (editor of the *American Agriculturist*). With portrait. *Review of Reviews* (28 c.) for June.

M. BRUNETIÈRE'S VISIT TO AMERICA. With portrait. *Review of Reviews* (28 c.) for June.

ELISHA BURRITT—THE LEARNED BLACKSMITH. Ellen Strong Bartlett. *New England Magazine* (28 c.) for June.

CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK. Professor W. M. Baskervill. *Chautauquan* (23 c.) for June.

THIERS. Professor Dana Carleton Munro. *Chautauquan* (23 c.) for June.

HISTORIC CONCORD. Illustrated. Bishop John F. Hurst. *Chautauquan* (23 c.) for June.

THE PUBLIC AND ITS PUBLIC LIBRARY. John Cotton Dana. *Appleton's Popular Science Monthly* (53 c.) for June.

NOOKS FOR BOOKS. Illustrated. J. Harry Adams. *Woman's Home Companion* (13 c.) for June.

JOHN B. TABB. F. M. Hopkins. *Current Literature* 28 c.) for June.

HENRY M. ALDEN. *Current Literature* (28 c.) for June.

A GREAT POET AND A LITTLE GIRL (Alfred Tennyson). Edith M. Nickoll. *St. Nicholas* (28 c.) for June.

CELIA THAXTER. *Popular Educator* (13 c.) for June.

AUTHENTIC SKETCHES OF LIVING CATHOLIC AUTHORS (Mary C. Crowley, Kate Vannah, Charles A. L. Morse). With portraits. *Catholic World Magazine* (28 c.) for June.

JAMES LANE ALLEN. With portrait and autograph. James MacArthur. *Bookman* (23 c.) for June.

NEW YORK'S FIRST POET (Jacob Steendam, 1659). Edward S. Van Zile. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for June.

LITERARY TREASURE-TROVE ON THE NILE. Rodolfo Lanciani. *North American Review* (53 c.) for June.

YOUNG MEN IN JOURNALISM. George A. Shives. *Country Editor* (8 c.) for June.

LITERARY GREENS. Maurice Thompson. *Chap Book* (13 c.) for May 1.

FIFTY YEARS IN THE RELIGIOUS PRESS. Rev. Dr. Cuyler. *Christian Intelligencer* (13 c.) for May 19.

REMINISCENCES OF LOWELL AND HOLMES. Dean Farrar. *Independent* (13 c.) for May 20.

MY AMERICAN FRIENDS—WHITTIER AND CHILDS. Dean Farrar. *Independent* (13 c.) for May 27.

PROFESSOR DRUMMOND AMONG HIS STUDENTS. W. Mackintosh Mackay. *Congregationalist* (13 c.) for May 27.

THE AUTHOR'S RESPONSIBILITY. Helen A. Hawley. *Churchman* (13 c.) for May 29.

COVENTRY PATMORE. With portrait. Henry Coyle. *Weekly Bouquet* (13 c.) for April 15.

THE STORY OF VICTOR HUGO. Professor James A. Harrison. VICTOR HUGO AS A POET. Professor Alcée Fortier. HUGO'S "LES MISERABLES." Professor L. Oscar Kuhns. CHARACTERISTICS OF HUGO'S WORK AND CAREER. Professor F. C. de Sumichrast. AT VICTOR HUGO'S HOUSE. Gustave Larroumet. *Chautauquan* (23 c.) for May.

AUTHENTIC SKETCHES OF LIVING CATHOLIC AUTHORS (Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy, Miss Katherine E. Conway, Mrs. Henry Whipple Skinner). *Catholic World* (28 c.) for May.

NEWS AND NOTES.

The life of Coventry Patmore will be written by F. G. Stephens, and not by Edmond Gosse, as was at first expected.

B. M. Croker, generally supposed to be a man, is Mrs. Croker.

Mrs. Charlotte Curtis Smith, of Rochester, N. Y., won the first prize of $75 in the recent *Harper's Round Table* story competition.

A prize of $5,000 has been offered by King Leopold II. of Belgium for the best treatise to be written before 1901 on "The Military History of the Belgians from the Roman Invasion to the Present Day." The Belgian Government has notified the War Department that it would like United States army officers to compete. They may write their essays in English.

George P. Humphrey, of Rochester, N. Y., has begun the publication of a monthly called *Colonial Tracts*, in which will appear reprints of some of the more valuable pamphlets relating to the early history of America.

Beginning with the July issue of the *National Magazine* (Boston), the Potter Publishing Company will succeed the Bostonian Publishing Company in the control of the magazine, having recently purchased all the rights of the publication. It is announced that this change of management and editors "will in no way affect the general policy or ultimate aim of the magazine."

Mrs. Helen M. Gardner's connection with the *Arena* ended with the March number.

The *Overland Monthly* (San Francisco) has reduced its price from $3 to $1 a year.

Beginning with the June-July issue, the *Boston Cooking School Magazine* becomes a bimonthly instead of a quarterly.

L'Art de la Mode (New York), beginning with the October number, will be printed in German as well as in English.

New Occasions (Chicago) has been enlarged to the standard magazine form, and several departments of interest to the family and to the general reader will be added. "We all like a good story or a good joke now and then," say the publishers, Kerr & Co., of Chicago. "The reformer who is always preaching loses his hold on those who would otherwise listen."

The Sportsman's Magazine Company, publisher of the *Sportsman's Magazine* (New York) has made an assignment to Arthur M. Sanders. The company was incorporated October 8, 1896, with a capital stock of $1,000, but a much larger sum was put into the enterprise.

Charles Dudley Warner discusses the problem of the American newspaper in the "Editor's Study," in *Harper's Magazine* for May. He finds the root of the evil of sensationalism in the necessity of gaining circulation in order to attract advertisers. His remedy is that reputable people shall consent to pay enough for their news to enable the papers to dispense largely with advertisements.

The Army and Navy Illustrated Publishing Company, of New York, has been incorporated with $25,000 capital to publish a magazine styled the *Army and Navy Illustrated*. The directors are B. Gerson Oppenheim, Charles R. Brodix, and Louis Jacobsohn, of New York City.

The *Woman's World and Jenness Miller Monthly* (New York) will in the next few months print a series of twenty lessons giving a complete course of instruction in shorthand by James E. Munson, the author of the standard Munson system.

The first number of *Great Pictures* has just been published by the White City Art Company of Chicago. The folio contains four large pictures — two nudes, "Artemis," by J. Wencker, and "The Daughters of Menestho," by Le Quesne, and two others, "The Cathedral of Mexico" and "The Great Administration Building" at Chicago at night.

A notable series of articles, entitled "Great Magazine Editors," is begun in the June number of *Current Literature*. Henry M. Alden, of *Harper's Magazine*, is the first editor to be considered.

Montgomery Schuyler writes, in the June *Scribner's*, of "The New Library of Congress," as seen by an expert in art and architecture. Peixotto has made a beautiful series of drawings for the article.

Mrs. Norman L. Munro, of New York, is busily engaged reorganizing the publishing house that bears her home. *Golden Hours*, the Munro juvenile paper, is in the market for good stories for young folks. The stories (short ones of from 1,000 to 1,500 words, and serials of 5,000 words) must be well written — full of action and incident, and designed to hold the interest of young folks. A number of improvements are to be made in the *Hours*, one of which will be in the use of finer paper.

Mrs. George Linnaeus Banks died in London May 4, aged seventy-six.

James Theodore Bent died in London May 6, aged forty-five.

Rev. Julius H. Ward, D. D., died at Worcester, Mass., May 30, aged sixty years.

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AN OPEN FIELD FOR NOVELISTS.

For many years there has been for novelists in England a wide field which did not exist with us. This was the result of the circulating library system, calling yearly for an immense amount of fiction. At last there is something akin to it established and growing here. Our booksellers say that the free libraries are becoming numerous enough to hurt their business seriously. They should, then, be numerous enough to affect the writing as well as the disposal of books.

Fiction is more drawn from, in these libraries, than all the other departments put together. As one having had considerable experience in a typical suburban library, I would suggest to novelists that it may be profitable for them to bear in mind what sort of novel such an institution wants.

It is hard to find novels of the right sort, I mean among new books. There is a vast number from which to choose, but nine-tentns of the books sent for inspection are not quite what is wanted. Children's stories are easy to secure. Writers constantly improve in the delightful manner of weaving useful fact with pleasant fancy; but for older readers we not seldom fall back upon Miss Yonge, Mrs. Stowe, Wilkie Collins, or Anthony Trollope. Of course Dickens, Thackeray, Scott, George Eliot, and the rest of the best-known novelists are "in stock" already. They are not often called for, but readers are always at hand for the lesser lights of a score of years ago.

Why are there not more writers to fill their places? Men do like to read Conan Doyle, — at his best, — and Stanley Weyman, and — sometimes — Anthony Hope. In fact, in the passing love for romance, it is not so difficult to secure books of adventure for the masculine taste. But women and girls don't care much for collections of short tales, or for the storyettes in vogue, of the slenderest dimensions and scope. They don't seem to feel that they get enough out of these. They don't want studies, usually, or social problems, nor are scantily-veiled naughtinesses given into their hands.

In spite of the tremendous output of fiction each year, books of the right sort for us are hardly obtainable in sufficient quantities. Our librarian tells us that Rosa Nouchette Cary, and Clara Louise Burnham, and Captain Charles

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King are the decided favorites. Their books are never long upon the shelves, although all three are prolific writers. They are not great writers, certainly. They tell the weak, mildly-interesting adventures of lovers who are always the same under many names and in not widely differing circumstances. But their popularity shows, pretty well, what is desired. Their voluminous collections show, too, that readers outside the libraries are like the readers there.

These placid tales never make a great hit. Still they seem to have a steady sale; and the sale — instantaneous or steady — is what all writers want.

Ruth Hall.

CATSKILL, N. Y.

DISADVANTAGES UNDER WHICH AN AMERICAN AUTHOR LABORS.

Perhaps no other profession is so little understood by the public as authorship. To the man who makes his living by the toil of his hands, it seems a life of ease and idleness. The impression seems to be general that ink and paper are all that are essential to make an author. We might as well say that wood and tools are all that are necessary to make any man a carpenter. We all know that it takes years of training to make a mechanic, or to fit one for a profession, yet success in that profession which really stands at the very top is supposed to be attainable without preparation.

"I am going to be an author, because it is an easy way to fame and fortune," a young man once remarked in my hearing. Every one who has for years depended on his pen for support knows that the young man was making a sad mistake. Authorship in all lands has been regarded as the poorest paying of all professions or trades, and in America it has peculiar disadvantages. The American author lives in a new country, speaking the tongue of a mother country which still furnishes the bulk of our literature, in the pirated editions against which we have no adequate protection. Until very recent years the American author has borne his wrongs with only feeble efforts to right them, but a Copyright League has been formed and is taking some steps toward the protection of American writers, — and foreign writers as well, — who are the victims of pirates. Our congressmen in their wisdom have seen fit to protect wool, iron, grain, and other products of the American soil and mines, but it has never yet dawned upon their minds that it is advisable to protect American brains.

There has been and still is a continuous flood of foreign books issued from the American presses. The American is becoming educated by them, and in many instances the education is not the best, and is never American. This may account for some of the peculiar fads of the Anglomaniacs. Some of these European reprints are good, a great majority of them are weak, and quite a number are vile. Ask the average reader why he prefers such stuff, and he will say because it is cheap. The American, before his taste has become depraved with such trash, prefers wholesome American literature, but American books come high, and in a spirit of economy he sells his patriotism, and I fear sometimes his soul. Our respectable publishers turn pirates and issue these European books, not so much because they are in love with European methods as to avoid paying authors royalties.

A New York publisher once informed the writer that he could purchase the plates of the best English book for less money than it would cost to set an American's manuscript in type. The making of plates for a book is the chief expense, so the reader can understand the great disadvantage under which the American author labors. Our manufacturers, our miners, and our farmers raise a great cry because they are not protected by a duty against foreign products that come in competition with their

own, while the American author has not only to come in competition with goods admitted duty free, but goods stolen.

This is one evil that writers hope some day to see eliminated. Congressmen are being prodded here and there, until they may some day awaken to the rights of their own citizens who are heroically struggling to give their nation a literature; but there are other evils of the age which make the life of a professional author very undesirable. It is not my purpose in this paper to descant on the trials of a beginner and the great difficulty of getting into print. Some very worthy manuscripts have been rejected, and many writers on the subject say that all of our best books that will live have gone the rounds of the publishing houses. This teaches that the professional Reader, who is supposed to "be in touch" with the public, knows very little about the public. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is one instance among a hundred occasionally cited. The publisher is pictured by one of his admirers as standing on his housetop with a genius-searching field-glass, looking out for new merit. If such is the case, what a miserable field-glass he must have, to permit so many gems to go by unheeded, and take up such trash as continually pours from his presses.

Many people possess what has been vividly called an "itch for authorship." Whenever a man or a woman has acquired a national reputation, whether it is as statesman, soldier, lecturer, preacher, or parachute jumper, he must write a book on some subject. It is already rumored that ex-President Cleveland is to write a book, while ex-President Harrison has become a contributor to some of our leading magazines. Just pause for a moment, and consider the number of Presidents, statesmen, generals, actors, preachers, and wealthy people with national reputations who, so soon as they are well known, have delved into authorship. The productions of a few of these writers are good, but those of a great majority fail to live a single year, — most of them fail to remunerate the publisher, who has relied on their names to sell the work.

I once heard a despondent author who was struggling for recognition say: "Oh, if I could only commit a murder, or have some great scandal attached to my name, to give me notoriety, I should find the road to fame and fortune easy!" We all remember how a few years ago a lady, because her brother occupied an exalted position, entered into authorship, and was sought after by some of our chief magazines. The genius-searching field-glass had discovered a new gem, and she was paid fabulous prices, and the critics sang her praises from morn to night,—but lo, the reading world would not be imposed upon, and she has gone down into oblivion with the countless thousands of others, while the real author, who works for the love of his art and humanity, is still climbing. It may be slow progress, but he is getting a little higher.

In this age of business, any one who has money can have any kind of a book printed, be it good, bad, or indifferent. Every book that is printed must, to a certain extent, push some other book out of the way. A New York periodical, a few years ago, published the confessions of a literary hack, whose business it was to put in tangible shape the stuff written by a wealthy society woman who was trying to buy her way into authorship. Her books, though printed on the best paper and beautifully illustrated, fell flat on the market. There lives in New York a very wealthy man who has written books (or had them written) which have been lauded to the skies by well-paid critics. The printing, binding, and illustrating are perfection, but despite all the favorable newspaper notices and lavish advertising, his books "won't go." His publisher told me that the actual sales had never reached a thousand copies. In Chicago there is another rich society man who writes books that won't sell; but the genius-searching field-glass found these gentlemen and rushed them to the front, crowding back into his attic some God-gifted muse of nature. A publisher once said in an interview that not more than two books out of ten ever paid expenses. Who is to blame?—not the public. Give the people what they want, and they will take it, but don't imagine that because Fitzsimmons knocked Corbett down he can write an epic, or because John Smith made millions in pork he is either an historian or a novelist.

An active business life has a tendency to unfit one for authorship. The tender sympathies and sweet emotions of a Hawthorne or a Longfellow might have been blunted had they made their millions on the board of trade or become famous as statesmen.

Much as it has been denied, names do sell manuscripts, and we are sometimes tempted to say it really makes little difference how the name is acquired. Publishers look more to immediate, than to lasting, results, and when the name of a great explorer was in everybody's mouth, all publishers were anxious to get his manuscript — not because he was a writer, but because every one was talking about him.

The publisher's excuse for his genius-searching field-glass finding so many names that were well-known before he discovered them is that these great statesmen, generals, financiers, preachers, actors, and people who have made millions out of bologna-sausage are best calculated to give their own experiences. We will admit the truth of the argument for the sake of argument alone; but these prominent and wealthy writers are not content with memoirs and recollections of railroad iron and bologna, they sometimes invade the field of history, romance, and poetry. The genius-searching field-glass discovers the glitter of the diamonds in their shirt bosoms, and the publisher brings them to the front, though their productions, with few exceptions, are short-lived. While the field-glass did find "Ben Hur" with a well-known name as author, it could not find "Uncle Tom's Cabin," by the then unknown Harriet Beecher Stowe.

History, biography, travel, memoirs, narratives, and essays suffer most from great names; but though the field of romance has suffered some, it requires a special genius and study that usually frightens the great statesman, pork millionaire, or parachute jumper. Those who have been foolish enough to plunge into the stream sink as soon as their publishers become tired of lavishly advertising nonsense. Theirs cannot be called light literature, since it will not float on the surface of popularity. Nevertheless, they are a menace to the real author. They are continually bobbing up, and the publisher is continually bobbing after them, and the man and woman who study authorship for authorship's sake must be content to wait their pleasure before he can get an audience with the publisher.

With so many discouraging elements facing the American author, I would not advise any one to adopt the profession of letters. Do not understand me as saying that the publisher is hostile to the beginner. He is a business man, and is willing to help you, if he can be made to see that by so doing he will help himself; but if a man or a woman has grown so famous tha his or her name is in everybody's mouth, his or her stuff seems to be preferred to your philosophy. Or if the bullock baron, who has made his millions in cattle, takes the "itch for authorship," and offers to pay the expense of the production of his book, the publisher is liable to prefer his manuscript to yours, which would cost him four or five hundred dollars to produce.

Do not accept authorship as a profession, if you can be happy in any other calling. Though measurably successful myself, I have learned that there are too many heart-aches, too many bitter disappointments, to recommend the vocation as a pleasant one. A writer must pocket so much pride and so few pennies that the sweet pleasure gained by success is flavored with the bitter dregs of sorrow through which it is strained. The author pores over the pages of his first book with emotions somewhat akin to those of the parent gazing into the face of his first-born. It is a pleasure mingled with pain, fear, and dread.

Don't be an author, if you can help it. Unless you have a passion for literature, and are willing to sacrifice friends, home, pleasure, even life itself, don't be tempted into the path where there are so many thorns and so few roses. If you can live happy in no other calling, if you are willing to devote years of labor to the profession you love, if you would rather starve in the attic with the muse than be a successful doctor, farmer, lawyer, or mechanic, then you possess talent, and despite all the great names of bullock barons, pork millionaires, colonels, preachers, and parachute jumpers, you will succeed Your effusions, worked out in years of toil, study, pain, and

tears will live long after the ephemeral "Bread-winners," "Impossible Whistles," and like trash have sunk into oblivion, together with their writers. Your glory may not come in your lifetime, — for our best authors have not lived to witness their own fame, — but, like a fixed star, will blaze eternally, after the flaring comet has gone out in endless night.

John R. Musick.

KIRKSVILLE, MO.

SOCIETY REPORTING.

Taking up by chance an old number of THE WRITER, I have just read the article entitled "Living by the Pen." Knowing intimately some of the diligent "society writers" of the most prominent newspapers in the country, I am going, if you will allow me, to correct a statement that was made therein.

The writer of the contribution said: "Newspaper work, excepting the *insignificant* average society work (*which is not real newspaper work*) is hard for a woman, but it is the best training the literary worker can have."

The practical, every-day newspaper man or woman sees constantly bright, clever young girls removed from the society desk to other departments on the newspaper because they have not been equal to the demands made upon the average society reporter. The ambitious editor, who used to think that any woman would do for such work, finds after a weary experience with a "slushy" column day after day that it requires the exceptional one for the society department. It requires the woman who has youth to endure the physical strain, yet a wise head, a woman of infinite tact, one of refinement and education. The more closely she is connected with the best families in the immediate locality of the paper, or, perhaps, one should say those who have wealth and who entertain, and the longer she has lived among them, the more valuable is she to her editor. Such women he seeks, and for the services of such he pays well.

Any woman with a "nose for news" — and unless that be a possession, she cannot remain a week in a newspaper office — can do the average newspaper man's work "man well," but it is the exceptional one who can continue to make a success of the society department. In recognition of the fact that her columns, rightly conducted, are of the greatest commercial value to the paper, the society writer is paid a salary that almost doubles that of the general reporter; but in return she is obliged to be the hardest worker on the force, during the season that extends from the first of October until July. With the exception of the days of Lent, when social gaieties slacken somewhat, there is scarcely a day when she does not bring in from one-and-a-half to two columns of what is actually live news to the large circle of people who are her readers. Not one man in the office does the like for the same length of time. The sporting editors, for instance, in the rush of their season have other reporters upon whom they may call for assistance at any time; but there is seldom more than one society writer in even the largest city office, and she must gather and verify almost every item written.

The womanly, honorable society writer has the respect and the confidence of the people to a much greater extent than the general reporter. She invariably has a swift, graceful pen, and it is feared as much by the "society leaders" as is the pen of the editorial writer by the politician and his followers. True, one may scarcely claim that either the writing, or the constant perusal, of the matter is elevating to the mind, but is it less harmful than the reporting of murders, of fires, of quarrels in churches and women's clubs, of divorces and family scandals that the woman reporter must do, if she is doing man's work, "man well"?

PITTSBURG, PENN. Fancy Mulhern Coard.

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WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

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Here is the opening sentence of an essay entitled "The Plot": —

"The plot in fictitious literature is the supreme knot which ties the applicable cords of the story into the concrete mass of intrigue and cabal that exist in an almost ineffable complication and pre-meditated contrivance of accidents and incidents, that are sooner or later, according to the skill or discretion of the writer, unfolded and disseminated by the intervention of marvelous instrumentalities, all of which are poured into the willing ears of a lenient and indiscriminant public."

If the author can contrive a plot as involved as this sentence, he certainly has one of the important qualifications required to make a successful novelist.

***

If it is true that ex-President Cleveland has recently declined an offer of $60,000 for twenty-four syndicate articles on current topics, the way to financial literary success is clear. One has only to become an ex-President of the United States and his literary fortunes are assured.

***

"I have not infrequently received good manuscripts that were illegibly written," said a magazine editor the other day, "but in a long editorial experience I do not remember that I ever received a clearly-written, neatly-arranged, and well-punctuated manuscript that proved on reading to be worthless."

***

Would the charge of heresy against Ian Maclaren be supported if it were shown that he is familiar with such an unorthodox writer as Montaigne? John McLaren Bryde, Jr., of Johns Hopkins University, calls attention in *Modern Language Notes* to an interesting parallel between a passage in Montaigne's *Essais*, livre i, chap. xl, and an incident in "Days of Auld Lang Syne." In giving examples of men who have jested at death, Montaigne tells of a dying man who is lying before the fire,

"et le presbtre, pour luy donner l'extreme onction, cherchant ses pieds, qu'il avoit reserrez et contraincts par la maladie: 'Vous les trouverez,' dict il, 'au bout de mes jambes.'"

In Ian Maclaren's story in the chapter, "A Cynic's End," Jamie Soutar is lying at the point of death, and the two old women watching by his bed cannot decide as to his condition. Kirsty declares that all is over, but advises Elspeth to feel his feet.

"'A' canna find them,' said Elspeth, making timid explorations. 'They used tae be on the end o' ma legs,' remarked Jamie, as if uncertain where they might now be placed."

***

The *Chicago Evening Post* waxes sarcastic on the subject of magazine poetry. "In a long and agreeable newspaper interview with Mr. Gilder, editor and poet," it says, "we find many things of interest and useful knowledge, but we confess our disappointment at his failure to touch on one question of general public curiosity, the magazine poem. He tells us that magazines pay liberally for stories, recollections, and other things classed as 'articles,'

but he is silent on the subject of compensation for the poets. Of course, we understand that Miss Guiney, Mr. Cawein, Father Tabb, and Mr. Gilder himself are liberally paid for their verses, but what about James Henry Ferguson and Mary Jane Johnson? Are they paid for their deathless songs, or do they pay for the privilege of publication? We have been reading magazine poetry steadily for a number of years, and have come to the conclusion that at a reasonable price per line it ought to be a source of considerable revenue to the publishers. Let us suppose that Mr. Gilder's magazine, the *Century*, contains verses by Miss Guiney and Miss Birdie McGann. Miss Guiney would be well paid for her contribution, and Miss Birdie, in consideration of her illustrious company, would be only too glad to pay a sum sufficient to cover the expense of payment to the Auburndale poet, and to give the publishers a handsome profit. We do not say that this is the case, but we do not see how magazines can publish the poetry they give us to read on any other basis. We hope Mr. Gilder in his next interview will expatiate on this point in a general way, without, of course, compromising his tradesfolk or wantonly injuring sensitive feelings." Unfortunately, Mr. Gilder has not been interviewed again since then, so that the subject still remains involved in mystery.

* * *

What writers live on has always been to some extent a matter of speculation, but what editors live on has lately been disclosed. The *New York Evening Post* says: "The hope of meeting a newcomer with something to say is all that keeps editors alive." W. H. H.

ENFORCING AN AUTHOR'S RIGHTS.

A lawsuit of interest to newspaper writers has just been settled in New York city.

Mrs. Belle Armstrong Whitney ("Dinah Sturgis") sued the *New York Herald*, through its proprietor, James Gordon Bennett, to recover the price of three articles furnished to the *Herald* by Mrs. Whitney, which the *Herald* refused to pay for unless Mrs. Whitney submitted *Herald* clippings of the articles in question.

In April, 1895, Mrs. Whitney sent four unsolicited articles to the *Herald*, enclosing a self-addressed and stamped envelope, and a request to return the manuscripts if they should prove to be not available at usual rates. One article was returned. Two months later, in reply to an inquiry from Mrs. Whitney, the editor of the *Herald* said that the three articles retained were in type, and would be paid for on publication. Three or four months later, in reply to another inquiry, the editor of the *Herald* wrote that nothing was known of the articles at the *Herald* office. The *Herald's* previous letter was quoted and the circumstances were detailed by Mrs. Whitney, and then the *Herald* replied that the articles would be paid for if Mrs. Whitney would send in printed slips of the matter. Mrs. Whitney answered that other New York papers paid for her matter without requiring her to send in clippings, and that life was too short to hunt through each issue of a daily with many editions, and requested payment for the articles.

The *Herald* paid no attention to this letter or to subsequent bills. A few months ago Mrs. Whitney put the matter in the hands of her attorney, with instructions to proceed legally, being willing to spend time and money to make a test case of the matter. Mrs. Whitney's attorney demanded the price of the three articles, or the return of the manuscripts. The *Herald* could, would, or did not return the manuscripts (in the hands of the editors going on two years), and would not pay for them.

Suit was entered against the *Herald*, and the second week in June, 1897, Mrs. Whitney received settlement in full in her favor, including the price she set upon her manuscripts, plus the costs of the action.

IS THE SAD ENDING ARTISTIC?

So many popular novels nowadays end sadly, leaving the reader depressed and vaguely unsatisfied, that I am moved to ask the question, Is the sombre climax, after all, artistic? Viewed from a purely æsthetic standpoint, have our novelists any good excuse for the clouds

and darkness in which they so relentlessly wrap their closing chapters?

What is art? What does it exist for? It is the reproduction of nature by human skill, through one of several methods of expression; and its primary object is to please. This is, so far as I can paraphrase it in a few words, the definition of the philosophers and the rhetoricians. Anything which is contrary to nature is not art. Anything which seriously offends, instead of pleasing, the eye and the heart of man is not art. No sculptor would dare to reproduce a weird, grotesque creation of his own imagination; for, no matter how exquisitely the work were done, it could not be artistic — it would be contrary to nature. No poet would venture to print a volume of verses upon all manner of offensive and painful subjects; for, no matter how admirable in technique and finish, such work could not be artistic, because it could not please.

Judged, then, by these two admitted standards, is the sad ending artistic? In so far as it is in accordance with the normal course of nature, it may be so. But when (as in the majority of cases) it is not only displeasing to the mind and heart of the reader, but distinctly abnormal, and aside from the probable course of nature, I think there is good ground for charging the writer with a sin against art.

The sensible reader does not recoil from the sad ending when he feels it to be the natural outcome of events, and therefore as artistic as it is inevitable. But when the natural course of events is so interfered with that tragedy seems lugged in for the sake of effect, and the story is suddenly aborted to bring about a striking and impressive climax, most readers do, in their helpless, distressed way, make inward (and sometimes outward) protest. And it seems to me that this voice of the tortured average reader — the man or woman of strong and true intuitions, but slight faculty for reasoning and philosophizing — ought to be heard.

How often the average reader knows that a story ought not to end as it does, and yet travails in vain over an articulate reason for the faith that is in him! The reader is right *many* times, and the author is wrong; but the *author has the gift of expression*, and finishes his book, in sight of all the world, as pleases him. And therein he surely has the advantage of the man of correct intuitions, but no grace of utterance, and no hearing.

If there is any argument for the sad ending *per se*, the distressed average reader, I am sure, would like to have it unfolded to him. As it is, he has a growing suspicion that the clever writer is playing upon his sensibilities for effect, and that in too many of the workshops of literature funeral plumes are made (with other properties) merely to serve as tail-pieces for morbidly emotional stories. — *James Buckham, in the Critic.*

QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics will be answered in this department. Questions must be brief, and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

Is it admissible to send a manuscript to an editor the second or third time, if it is changed or improved each time? A. R.

[When an editor has rejected a manuscript, it is not advisable to send it to him again, even after it has been rewritten. — W. H. H.]

What is the meaning of "Patrins," which Miss Guiney uses as the title of her new book? A. H. P.

[Miss Guiney says that the word "Patrins," which she borrows of Borrow, means merely "a gypsy trail, handfuls of leaves or grass cast by the gypsies on the road to denote to those behind the way which they have taken." — W. H. H.]

Please give me a list of periodicals to which stories varying in length from 1,000 to 20,000 words are suited. R. M.

[It is impossible to give satisfactory lists of periodicals for manuscripts, without in each case having the manuscript in hand. A list that would be suitable for one story, say of 5,000 words, might be wholly unsuitable for another story of the same length. General lists of periodicals for manuscripts are worse than valueless. — W. H. H.]

(1.) What are the qualifications for an indexer?

(2.) Is there a demand for original fairy

tales? Would a tale of adventure in other worlds find a ready sale?

(3.) Is there any magazine of poetry, and would a brief collection of ballads be apt to find a publisher? R. R.

[(1.) To be a good indexer one must be careful, accurate, systematic, methodical, liberally educated, broad-minded, and possessed of a good memory and good judgment. The good judgment is requisite to keep the indexer from following the famous example of the index-maker who, reading that "Chief Justice Bent said he had a great mind to commit the prisoner," indexed the passage: "Bent, C. J. His Great Mind."

(2.) Any manuscript that is original, novel, entertaining, and full of human interest will always find a ready sale.

(3.) The *Magazine of Poetry*, which used to be published in Buffalo, was recently merged in *Poet-Lore* (Boston). Publishers, as a rule, do not yearn for collections of ballads, or for volumes of verse of any kind. — W. H. H.]

NEWSPAPER ENGLISH EDITED.

Upon leaving the prison Wilde spurned an offer of £1,000 to write his experiences while in confinement for a New York newspaper. — *New York Sun.*	Upon leaving the prison Wilde spurned an offer of £1,000 to write for a New York newspaper his experiences while in confinement.
BUFFALO, June 10. — John L. Sullivan came to the city to-night to publicly challenge Fitzsimmons. — *New York Sun.*	BUFFALO, June 10. — John L. Sullivan came to the city to-night to challenge Fitzsimmons publicly.

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

With the plash of the ocean sounding in his ears, it is hard for the reader of "Jack O'Doon" (Holt & Co.) to believe that Maria Beale's writing-table does not overlook the swinging tides of the sea and the treacherous quicksand where her hero meets his death. Instead, the author's eyes are lifted from her manuscript to rest upon a glorious range of North Carolina and Tennessee mountains, twenty miles and more away, a range over which Pisgah, wrapped in a misty mantle of royal hue, reigns paramount.

The long, wainscoted room is hung with canvases from Mrs. Beale's brush; for her artistic and creative temperament finds expression through more than one medium. Always a persistent worker, she has spent many years in studying painting, both in this country and in Europe, and these same years have been occupied with literary toil as well.

"Jack O'Doon," with its sharply-contrasted male characters and its tragic ending, is, as yet, the only novel which Mrs. Beale has published from her store of manuscripts, but even now she is engaged in preparing the illustrations for a volume which probably will be upon the booksellers' shelves in the autumn. It is a tale of North Carolina mountain life, marked by the same qualities which characterize the work of Mrs. Beale's brush, — a breadth of treatment that makes her work vivid, and a carefulness as to detail that renders it alive.

The many admirers of "Jack O'Doon" will welcome the new book not only for its own sake, but as a herald of more to come.

If Charles Willing Beale (whose name indicates his Philadelphia origin) had not taken a decisive stand when the post-office was established on the edge of his estate, Bill Nye would have dated his letters from "Bealeville" instead of Arden. The humorist lived some four miles from Arden Park, and he and Mr. Beale were friends. Their trend of mind was very different. Mr. Beale is gifted with an imagination which finds outlet in tales where the wonderful, the unexpected, and the gruesome crowd upon each other in a wealth of incident.

Mr. Beale has given much thought and study to the occult and to oriental mysticism, and, as a result, has written in "The Ghost of Guir House" (Editor Publishing Company) a story which one might call scientific in comparison with the ordinary tale of shades and spooks. The ghost of a dwelling as well as of its inhabitants is a novelty in the literature of the supernatural, yet, if one accepts Mr. Beale's reasoning, both come within the limits of possibility.

Although so recently from the press, the book already has won many friends, who will be interested to know that its author is at work on a tale of adventure which recalls Jules Verne.

The frontispiece of "The Ghost of Guir House" is from Mrs. Beale's brush.

Mr. and Mrs. Beale have three daughters, who inherit their parents' talent and versatility, and who are, besides, among the best horsewomen of the country.

Mabell Shippie Clarke.

ARDEN, N. C.

John Bennett, whose first long story, "Master Skylark," has been the leading serial in *St. Nicholas* during the past year, and whose ability in a different field is shown by his poem, "Before a Closed Door," in the July *Century*, was born in Chillicothe, Ohio, and made that place his home until two years ago, when he removed to New York to study illustration at the Art Students' League, and to carry on his literary work with more convenience. He began writing fourteen years ago, as a boy upon a country newspaper, at $3 a week; and was in the newspaper business for ten years, as reporter, correspondent, chalk-plate artist, and editor of a daily. At the same time he held a place upon the staff of *Chicago Light* as caricaturist, cartoonist, and general humorous writer, and contributed both drawings and letter-press to *Smith, Gray, & Co.'s Monthly*, *Browning, King, & Co.'s Monthly*, *Munsey's*, *Judge*, and *Life*. In addition to this he furnished short stories to Johnson & Bachel ler's syndicate, and was regularly engaged upon the Sunday staff of the *Cincinnati Commercial Gazette*, furnishing that paper with literary criticisms, character sketches, and verse. As many another newspaper man has done, he broke down from overwork. Since then he has continued writing mainly for *St. Nicholas*, upon the regular contributors' staff of which magazine he has been for several years. Occasional contributions of prose and verse have appeared in the *Independent*, and during the past two years the *Chap Book* has published a series of songs which have been set to music. Mr. Bennett's juvenile work has been for the most part short stories and verse, illustrated by silhouettes and humorous drawings, but his story, "Master Skylark," is an historical romance of the sixteenth century. It will be brought out in the fall as a book by the Century Company, and will at the same time be published in England and Holland, it having been already translated into Dutch. For the present, Mr. Bennett has given over his art study, to devote his time to an order from the Century Company for another serial. He spends his winters in New York at study and library work, and his summers in the mountains or at the Michigan health resorts, resting and writing.

Kate Holladay Claghorn, whose scholarly paper, "Burke: a Centenary Perspective," in the July *Atlantic*, shows both breadth of knowledge and maturity of thought, has only recently begun to write for publication, having but lately completed a college course. She graduated from Bryn Mawr College in 1892, spent a year in graduate study at that institution, and then went to Yale, where she entered the graduate school, taking the degree of Ph. D. in 1896. There is an interesting fact connected with this graduation at Yale. Although Yale had granted degrees to women in 1894 and 1895, in 1896 women took part for the first time in the public commencement exercises, walking in the procession about the campus, sitting in Battell Chapel with the other candidates, and going upon the platform to receive diplomas. As Miss Claghorn happened by chance to head the line of women as they passed up to the platform, she was, it turned out, the first woman to receive as a reward for regular academic work done in the university an academic degree publicly from the hand of the president. Miss Claghorn's particular interests are in the general field of the social sciences. At Bryn Mawr she was under the especial direction of Professor Franklin H. Giddings, then professor of political economy there, now professor of sociology at Columbia University. At Yale she studied under Professors Sumner and Hadley, following courses that they gave in industrial history, advanced economics, political science, and anthropology. Her thesis for the doctorate was a study in political theory, entitled "Law, Nature, and Convention." While at Yale Miss Claghorn contributed to the *Outlook* a short article on Bryn Mawr. In the *Yale Review* for February, 1896, she had an article entitled "The

Ethics of Copyright." Last winter she contributed to the *Outlook* five articles on "College Training for Women," and in May she published, through Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., a book under the same title, "College Training for Women," in which the matter printed in the *Outlook* is incorporated, in revised form, but which contains so much additional matter as to be practically quite a new production.

Ellen Duvall, who has a strong essay on "The Decline of the Hero" in *Lippincott's* for July, is a resident of Baltimore, Md. She inherited a love of books from scholarly "forbears," as the Scotch say, and books have always been her companions. Writing, too, is an inherited tendency with her, although it is only within the last two years that she has begun to publish. Her work so far has consisted of lectures on English literature and history, Shakespeare studies, and essays, the last having been published chiefly in *Lippincott's*. Certain tendencies in our national and social life, tendencies, which, notwithstanding our material aggrandizement, cannot but cause disquiet to thoughtful minds, led to the writing of "The Decline of the Hero," which is an essay that should be read by every fiction writer.

Bertha F. Herrick, whose paper on "Wild Flowers of the California Alps," in *Appletons' Popular Science Monthly* for July, gives evidence of her love of nature and of her familiarity with the botany of her native state, was born in San Francisco, removing when a child across the bay to Oakland, where, with the exception of vacation trips, she has resided ever since. Having a great fondness for growing and living things and appreciating the wonderful resources of California, she has devoted most of her time to the study of natural science, in all its branches, though she also writes descriptive articles of travel and essays pertaining to literature and the home. Miss Herrick has been writing for about ten years, having obtained her first start through manuscripts published after her return from a trip to the Hawaiian Islands. She believes firmly that success in any line, writing included, is due to persistency and hard work.

Marie Frances Upton (Mrs. Melville Upton), whose short story, "The Argonaut," in the July *Century*, is written with regard rather to the realities of life than to the conventionalities of fiction, and for that reason is all the more artistic, spent the early years of her life in Colorado and California, but for the last half-dozen years has lived in New York city. During that time she has written and published short stories — a score or more — first in *Harper's Weekly*, afterward in the *Youth's Companion*, the *Independent*, the *Century*, *Scribner's* — one story forthcoming — and in minor magazines. She has now in preparation a volume of short stories in two groups — "Stories of the Studio" and "Glimpses of the West."

Carolyn Waldo Wade, whose etching, "The Return of Youth," in *Short Stories* for July, may fitly be described as a prose poem, was born in Buffalo, N. Y., and has lately lived in Chicago and Buffalo alternately, spending about an equal time in both cities, with near relations. She used to write rhymes when she was six years old, and for the last ten years has had verses appearing in print. For the last two or three years she has turned her attention to prose, her work having been taken by the American Baptist Publication Society, the *Golden Rule*, *Chips* (when it existed), *Peterson's*, the Buffalo papers, and, once in a while, the Chicago papers. Her time is fully occupied by her duties as a pianist and teacher of music, but she expects to spend the coming winter in New York, where she hopes to be able to devote more time to study and to writing. Of the etching in *Short Stories* she says: "It came to me in a day dream, and I wrote it — as usual — by ear. Everything like that comes to me quickly, and I am a little too hasty, perhaps, in finishing it; but if I let it go, and do not finish at one sitting, it does n't come back again the same way. Most of what I write comes without preparatory thought, and I write it — when I have time — because I have to."

Annie Steger Winston is a native and

resident of Richmond, Va., and her father is professor of physics in Richmond College. One of her earliest recollections is of sitting down with a History of the World, almost as large as she was, and gravely resolving to read it through, "I think," she tells her friends, "with the idea that by so doing I could at once obtain all human knowledge." Her life has been spent quietly at home, and her chief pleasure she has always found in books. She began writing in rhyme during her very early days, and her first printed compositions were in verse. She has had poems accepted by the *Chautauquan*, the *Independent*, the *Critic*, the *Century*, *Scribner's*, and other periodicals. Her first published story was "Tucker's Tour," which appeared in *Harper's Weekly* in March, 1895. That was quickly followed by "A Co-operative Courtship," in *Scribner's*, and later by stories in the *Century* and the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and short essays in *Lippincott's*, the latest being "The Fantastic Terrors of Childhood," in *Lippincott's* for July.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Adams.—A new member of the Magazine Editors' Guild, Henry Austin Adams, has so unique a history that I am tempted to narrate it briefly, especially as thousands of readers all over the country will be interested in his career, now that he takes charge of a leading Catholic monthly. His father was a merchant of New York, of the firm of Moses Taylor & Co. His mother was a Spanish lady. Dr. Adams himself was born in Cuba some thirty-five years ago. When still a boy he was induced to become interested in the Methodist church, but one day was so impressed with a funeral service in a Catholic church that he determined to become a minister of that faith. His relatives objected, so he compromised by becoming an Episcopalian clergyman, and as such served as assistant to Dr. Dix in the old Trinity church in New York, and afterwards as pastor of St. Paul's in Buffalo. His income at the latter place was $6,000 a year, but he gave that up to accept a salary of $2,000 a year over a church heavily in debt, simply for the reason that he *would not accede to the* request of the vestrymen to keep away the crowds of poor people from the service, because their heavy cob-boots wore out the handsome tiled floor of the beautiful church. One of the little picturesque factors that led to his conversion to the Catholic church was the fact that his mother, just before she died, hung around his neck a medallion of the Virgin Mary, and that medallion never left its place, always serving him as a reminder of his mother's religious inclinations. He has been a lecturer as well as a preacher, but has now assumed the editorship of *Donahoe's Magazine.*—*W., in Boston Journal.*

"George Egerton."—"George Egerton" (Mrs. Clairmonte), whose new book, "Symphonies," was published recently, is an Australian. Her maiden name was Dunn. Her first husband died a year after marriage, and in 1891 she wedded Egerton Clairmonte, a Nova Scotian, fairly well known in South Africa and London press circles, where for a time he was editor of the *Hotel*. Mrs. Clairmonte has traveled over most of the world, and now lives quietly at Notting Hill.—*New York Times.*

Harraden.—Miss Harraden is a very slow and careful writer, and rarely alters even a word in her manuscripts after they are once written. Morning is her favorite time for work, but she will often sit with the paper before her for a couple of hours and not write more than a line; at other times ideas come more rapidly. She is over-anxious and eager to produce the best of which she is capable, and fastidious over every word. It is probably the high state of mental tension at which she works which is perpetually overtaxing her bodily strength and leading to breakdowns in health. In the original manuscript of "Ships That Pass in the Night," which Miss Harraden has had bound together, the writing is small, but legible, the alterations are very slight, and there is not a single blot or smudge throughout the closely-written pages—a matter upon which the author prides herself. Apart from writing, which has ever been her great delight, Miss Harraden is devoted to the study of moral philosophy and to the reading of introspective poetry, which appeals peculiarly to her own

deep nature, ever dwelling on the problems of life and of character. Then there is her beloved 'cello to while away the hours not devoted to study. — *Philadelphia Press.*

Holly. — One of the best-paid laughmakers in the United States is "Josiah Allen's Wife" (Miss Marietta Holly). Within the past few years one publisher — she has several — has credited her with $60,000. Miss Holly has received as high as $12,000 cash payment for a single manuscript.

"How did you come to write 'My Opinions and Betsy Bobbit's'?" I asked.

"I sent specimens of my work," said Miss Holly, "poems, essays, and dialect stories, which had been printed in country papers and *Peterson's Magazine*, to a publisher. He liked the dialect stories, and proposed that I should write a book in dialect and he would publish it. If it had n't been for that publisher I should never have had the courage to undertake a book. I was a year writing 'My Opinions and Betsy Bobbit's' — the latter name, by the way, was a typographical error. In the original manuscript I had written 'Babbit.' I put everything I knew into that book."

Miss Holly's house, "Bonnieview," a rambling Queen Anne of more than twenty rooms, she has reared by her pen in the midst of seven acres of woodland, diversified by walks, rustic nooks, fish ponds, and luxuriant flower plats. The house, which commands a fine view of the surrounding country, with glints of Lake Ontario, is replete with the comforts and luxuries inseparable from good taste and a generous purse. The family circle comprises a sister and a little girl Miss Holly has adopted. The stables of Bonnieview are well stocked, and afternoons its mistress may be met spinning over the splendid country roads in vehicles of various styles.

Miss Holly's study is in the second story; a large sunny room abounding in bookcases hidden behind doors and imbedded in side walls of the broad chimneypiece. Notwithstanding that she has long since outlived the necessity to write, Miss Holly continues the methodical industry of earlier years. Her working hours are from 9 until 12 in the morning. She jots down in her study a rough outline of the copy she desires to make; then she mounts to the tower leading from the study, where the work is completed. — *Lida Rose M'Cabe, in Salt Lake Herald.*

Jokai. — Maurus Jokai is the idol of his nation, and when, several years ago, he celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his literary career, the occasion was made a national event, and government, aristocracy, and people in general vied with each other to do honor to him whose works carried the fame of Magyar literature far beyond its limited boundary.

Although more than seventy-two years old, Jokai is still actively engaged with his pen; but he has given up the arduous duties of leader writer and editor, and devotes his time exclusively to literary work. "I do not work now as I used to in former years," he said. "At the present rate I could never have turned out the three hundred and odd volumes which I have produced. No, sir, I never worked nights. I believe that the night hours ought to be used for rest. One can do a great deal of work in the daytime.

"How do I work at present? Well, I get up at 5 o'clock in the morning, and soon afterward I am seated at my desk — that is when I feel like working. Sometimes I do not touch my pen for a week at a time. But when I do work I work with short intervals until noon. After dinner I take a walk or a drive. At 10 p. m. I am invariably in my bed. You see, I am seventy-two years old, and nature demands its rights."

"You know," I said, "how interesting for the public it is to know how a great writer works and plans his books. Would you mind telling me your method, if you have any?"

"There is not much to tell," he replied. "I never take notes. After I have laid out the plot of a new book in my head in great lines I form the incidents and characters, even the dialogues, and carry them in my mind only until I am ready to put my pen to paper for that work. Sometimes I have carried the plan and all the details of a book for several years in my head before executing the work. — *Buda-Pesth Letter in New York Herald.*

Pemberton. — Max Pemberton is one of the most energetic of the younger English novel-

ists. The London correspondent of the *Critic* says: "Not only is he editor of *Cassell's Magazine*, — in itself no sinecure, — but he also acts as London literary adviser to Dodd, Mead, & Co., and keeps his eye on the market in their interest. Besides these duties, he is a reviewer on the staffs of the *Daily Chronicle*, the *Illustrated London News*, and the *Sketch*, and, as every one knows, a prolific story-teller. I hear that his new serial has just been secured by Mr. Pearson for his magazine, and he has also written two new stories, which will probably appear in the *Illustrated London News*. Each of these tales is about ten thousand words in length, and Mr. Pemberton has also a series of 'Variety Stories' running in the *Windsor Magazine*."

Spencer. — Herbert Spencer is now staying in a furnished house at Brighton. He is anxious to bring the biological part of his work up to date, and has five secretaries at work helping him. Of course, he accepts none of their work without rigid scrutiny. Unfortunately, his health is so feeble that he is able to manage at intervals only an hour's work in a day. Mr. Spencer divides his year thus — three months in London, then three months in Brighton, then three months in a country farmhouse, and then three months in London again. — *Chicago Daily News*.

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THE INTERNATIONAL LEAGUE OF PRESS CLUBS. *Overland Monthly* (28 c.) for June.

ARCHIBALD CLAVERING GUNTER. With portrait. *Bookseller and Newsman* (13 c.) for June.

SARAH ORNE JEWETT. With portrait. Kate Sanborn. *Home Monthly* (Boston) (13 c.) for June.

LITERARY RECOLLECTIONS. F. Max Müller. Reprinted from *Cosmopolis* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for June 5.

THE APOTHEOSIS OF THE NOVEL UNDER QUEEN VICTORIA. Herbert Paul. Reprinted from *Nineteenth Century* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for June 19.

THE BIRDS OF TENNYSON. Edgar Valdes. Reprinted from *Temple Bar* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for June 19.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH. F. Reginald Statham. Reprinted from *National Review* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for June 26.

SOME UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF SHELLEY. — II. Ernest Dressel North. *Independent* (13 c.) for June 17.

RECOLLECTIONS OF JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. Elizabeth Porter Gould. *Christian Register* (13 c.) for June 10.

LEW WALLACE'S CAREER. W. B. Roberts. *Chicago Times-Herald* for June 13.

THE SERMON — ITS PREPARATION AND DELIVERY. Rev. Augustus Kracker. *Evangelical Messenger* (Cleveland) for June 16 and 23.

COLONEL CHARLES H. TAYLOR, OF THE *Boston Globe*. *Banner of Gold* (13 c.) for June 19.

THE GREAT WRITERS OF VICTORIA'S REIGN. Illustrated Charles G. D. Roberts. *Illustrated American* (13 c.) for June 19.

GERALD STANLEY LEE. With portrait. Rev. John Sheridan Zelie. *Critic* (13 c.) for June 26.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Judge Albion W. Tourgee has been appointed consul at Bordeaux.

Leonard Huxley is making good progress with the biography of his father.

Professor G. A. Smith has undertaken to prepare a biography of Professor Drummond, and asks for the loan of personal letters. His address is 22 Sardinia Terrace, Glasgow.

Miss Annie Alden, daughter of Henry M. Alden, the editor of *Harper's Magazine*, read the manuscript of "Trilby" for Harper & Bros., pronounced on its possibilities, and advised its acceptance.

Miss Louise Imogen Guiney, who has been for three and a half years postmistress at Auburndale, Mass., has resigned her position, and will devote all her time to literature.

The Princess Trowbetskoy (Amelie Rives) has entirely recovered from the nervous attack which prostrated her some time ago. She has recently returned to her home, Castle Hill, Va., and is now hard at work upon a new novel.

John Corbin, whose paper on "Two Undescribed Portraits of Shakespeare," in the May number of *Harper's Magazine*, has been highly appreciated, has recently been called from a teachership in Harvard to an editorial post upon *Harper's Magazine*. Mr. Corbin is a Chicago man who took his degree at Oxford, and has traveled widely. His mother, Mrs. Caroline F. Corbin, is the author of several successful novels and of a book called "A Woman's Philosophy of Love."

Dr. J. M. Rice, the writer on educational topics, is the new editor of the *Forum*.

J. H. Stoddart, formerly editor of *Lippincott's Magazine*, has just retired from the editorship of *Collier's Weekly*.

Henry Austin Adams has become the editor of *Donahoe's Magazine*.

Horace E. Scudder, editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, has gone to Europe for a year.

Dr. James W. Tupper, editor of the *Citizen* (Philadelphia), the organ of the American Society for the Extension of University Teaching, has exchanged places with Dr. Frederick H. Sykes, professor of English and history in the Western University at London, Ont., Dr. Sykes becoming the editor and Dr. Tupper the professor.

John Russell Young has succeeded Ainsworth R. Spofford as the librarian of Congress. Mr. Spofford will remain in the library as assistant.

Miss Ellen Mackay Hutchinson, who prepared in collaboration with Edmund Clarence Stedman "The Library of American Literature," was married recently in London to Royal Cortissoz. Miss Hutchinson has held an editorial position on the *New York Tribune* for twenty-five years past, writing editorials and reviewing books, and Mr. Cortissoz is the art editor of the same paper and a frequent contributor to the leading magazines.

At its annual commencement at Carlisle, Penn., Dickinson College conferred the degree of doctor of laws upon Dr. Theodore L. Flood, of Meadville, Penn., editor of the *Chautauquan*.

The Presbyterian Board of Publication, Philadelphia, has changed its name to the Westminster Press.

The magazines *Little Men and Women* and *Babyland* have been purchased by Vechten Waring, publisher, 150 Nassau street, New York City, and the July number has been issued from his office.

The *Optimist* (New York) is the *Waterbury Magazine* renamed.

The New Time (Chicago) is the new name of *New Occasions*, of which B. O. Flower, founder of the *Arena*, has become joint editor with Frederick U. Adams.

The *Review of Reviews* (New York) begins its sixteenth volume with the July number under the expanded title, the *American Monthly Review of Reviews*. Its publishers

ists. The London correspondent of the *Critic* says: "Not only is he editor of *Cassell's Magazine*, — in itself no sinecure, — but he also acts as London literary adviser to Dodd, Mead, & Co., and keeps his eye on the market in their interest. Besides these duties, he is a reviewer on the staffs of the *Daily Chronicle*, the *Illustrated London News*, and the *Sketch*, and, as every one knows, a prolific story-teller. I hear that his new serial has just been secured by Mr. Pearson for his magazine, and he has also written two new stories, which will probably appear in the *Illustrated London News*. Each of these tales is about ten thousand words in length, and Mr. Pemberton has also a series of 'Variety Stories' running in the *Windsor Magazine*."

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THE INTERNATIONAL LEAGUE OF PRESS CLUBS. *Overland Monthly* (28 c.) for June.

ARCHIBALD CLAVERING GUNTER. With portrait. *Bookseller and Newsman* (13 c.) for June.

SARAH ORNE JEWETT. With portrait. Kate Sanborn. *Home Monthly* (Boston) (13 c.) for June.

LITERARY RECOLLECTIONS. F. Max Müller. Reprinted from *Cosmopolis* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for June 5.

THE APOTHEOSIS OF THE NOVEL UNDER QUEEN VICTORIA. Herbert Paul. Reprinted from *Nineteenth Century* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for June 19.

THE BIRDS OF TENNYSON. Edgar Valdes. Reprinted from *Temple Bar* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for June 19.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH. F. Reginald Statham. Reprinted from *National Review* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for June 26.

SOME UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF SHELLEY. — II. Ernest Dressel North. *Independent* (13 c.) for June 17.

RECOLLECTIONS OF JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. Elizabeth Porter Gould. *Christian Register* (13 c.) for June 10.

LEW WALLACE'S CAREER. W. B. Roberts. *Chicago Times-Herald* for June 13.

THE SERMON — ITS PREPARATION AND DELIVERY. Rev. Augustus Kracker. *Evangelical Messenger* (Cleveland) for June 16 and 23.

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. X. BOSTON, AUGUST, 1897. No. 8.

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BOOK COVER DESIGNING.

Every one has noticed how much more beautiful book covers have become of recent years. A Boston bookbinder not long ago was bewailing the decrease in the amount of his business due to this fact. "It used to be the rule," he said, "that when a rich man bought a book he would send it at once to me, to be put into a handsome calf or morocco binding. Now the publishers are making the cloth covers of their books so artistic and attractive that rebinding is not necessary, and my business suffers as a consequence."

Much of the work of book designing is done by women, and one of these women, Miss E. B. Appel, has told a *New York Tribune* writer how she came to make designing her profession. "I was sent to the Philadelphia school of design," she says, "and began my studies with the idea of becoming a painter. But finding that I could not afford the number of years of study which it requires to succeed in that art, my dreams were given up, for the time being, and I went into the designing class.

"After doing wall papers and carpets, which seemed mechanical, and finding a great deal of competition in the work, which lowered the prices, I was, at the end of two years, on the verge of taking up the life class again, with the idea of illustrating, when a newspaper position in Cleveland, O., was offered me. Two years were then spent in doing advertising, illustrating, and some fiction, and then I came to New York, hoping to find a broader field. Here an acquaintance asked me why I had never tried book-cover designing, and suggested that I should send a sample to a well-known firm. I had never thought of that, and, truth to tell, rather scorned the idea, classing book covers with wall papers — a mistake which I discovered as soon as I commenced work in earnest.

"More to please my friend than with any idea of success, I sent the design, as was suggested, and by return mail received a check. Through this firm I was introduced to another, and from that time on I succeeded in getting as many orders as I could fill.

"Each firm has its own style, more or less, and a design which would suit one would not be considered by another. As far as possible, the designs are made to suit the character or title of the book. Sometimes one design is used for a series. Then, of course, something purely conventional or suited to the name of the series is used. Usually the colors are limited to two inks and a gold. The smaller

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the number of colors, the less it costs to stamp the book and the more desirable is the design, providing a good effect is obtained.

"I make my drawings on the cloth exactly the size the work is to be, using the colors which I think best to bring out the design and harmonize with the cloth selected. In this way the publisher gets an idea at once of how the design will appear when reproduced. With one or two exceptions, all my original color schemes have been carried out.

"Of late I have made a specialty of drapery patterns, which seem to have found favor among certain publishers who strive for highly artistic effects. These designs are reproduced by the photo-engraving process, instead of by a die. The cloth is printed exactly like a muslin, and then put on the boards, instead of being stamped after the book is bound, as is the case when a die is used. These all over designs require about three times the amount of work which an ordinary book design does, and command a higher price. They are drawn in black-and-white, larger than the reproduction is to be, and are then reduced to the required size, like zinc etching.

"Until recently book decorating has been done mainly by the die-cutters, and, as one publisher said, it is no wonder that the exteriors of books have become so much more attractive and artistic since the designs are produced by artists."

Miss Appel's experience is likely to be suggestive to other women who have artistic tastes and training. Considering how many books there are published every year, it is evident that the book-designer's field of operation is a wide one, and those who are competent to do such work are likely to find it profitable.

BOSTON, MASS. *Arthur Fosdick.*

WRITING AS AN ART.

In all writing the subject matter is unquestionably of first importance: but ideas, to have the greatest power, must be clothed in language suited to their value or dignity. The material for a garment may be rich and beautiful, but unless it be made in a style graceful and correct, much will be lost in final effect.

In this day, when thinkers are many, and when writers are almost as numerous as the thinkers, much really useful and valuable thought is sent forth in the garb of careless and indifferent language. In many papers prepared for the reading public are violations of the simplest laws of composition, which have their foundations in good taste and good judgment.

A magazine serious in purpose, devoted, perhaps, to religion and reforms, may be scanned, by the critic, with interest. With pencil in hand he may indicate, upon each page, the changes necessary to a pleasing and accurate construction. Countless errors will appear; long, involved sentences held loosely together with "ands" and other connecting words; in the place of colons and semi-colons, a careless showering of commas through careless paragraphs: subjects without predicates: predicates without subjects: numerous objects with no visible word upon which they can properly depend: these and many other faults abound. Perhaps the most common and most glaring mistake is the failure to break a long paragraph into proper periods and clauses; while phrases widely separated from that portion of the sentence with which they are rationally connected give an uncertainty to the meaning and a slovenliness to the style.

All thought has a certain intrinsic value; but correct language and becoming style add what may be called an artificial value. To the illiterate come, oftentimes, noble ideas, which, through poverty of words and incorrectness of speech, receive a scant expression. The kind friend may delve for the thought beneath the

faulty language, and overlook the ignorance of grammar's laws. Upon the casual listener, however, the ideas will fail to make the impression so easily achieved by one with a full and perfect command of speech. In written thought the same is true. The reader in sympathy with the writer's views will with more or less of leniency overlook the author's errors in the use of language; the hostile and indifferent, on the other hand, find themselves in possession of the sharp swords of criticism and ridicule, which will be mercilessly used against the offender.

The mistakes which mar the printed page are more often the result of carelessness than of ignorance of rules, or inability to produce true and fine effects. Too little consideration is given to the fact that writing is an art. The artist who depends upon paints and canvas for his results does not foolishly deem his task accomplished when he has rendered more or less apparent the ideas which moved him to the undertaking. Well he knows the painstaking care and effort necessary to secure, for his creation, proper recognition and appreciation.

Grand and infinite are the possibilities of language for writing as a fine art. The artist who uses words must have some natural talent, some knowledge of rules; and, if he would attain to the highest ideals, must make a lifelong study of his art.

Jane Long Boulden.

BOSTON, Mass.

THE MAGIC OF A LINE.

It is not probable that a complete poem will ever be compressed into the space of a single line, though an effort is being made to popularize the "monostich" as a vehicle for poetic ideas. Certain it is, however, that sometimes a single line is sufficient to produce the liveliest effect upon the imagination of the reader. For example, Bayard Taylor has only to say, in his "Birth of the Prophet,"

"Wheeling 'round the towers of Mecca, sang the moon in silver tones,"

and instantly we have the picture of an eastern city, with its towers and minarets outlined against the dark, purple sky, and reflecting here and there the radiance of a lustrous moon. The description of the moon "wheeling" and "singing" is irresistibly vivid. It is as if some powerful magician had, by a single wave of his wand, called into being the entire scene.

A similar effect is produced by Longfellow's line,

"Sweetly over the village the bell of the Angelus sounded."

This owes much of its beauty to onomatopœia, as does the following, also from Longfellow: —

"Loud from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced neighboring ocean —— "

Very often the effect of a line may be traced to a striking figure of speech. Such is the case in Campbell's well-known passage: —

"The sentinel stars set their watch in the sky."

Perhaps the most remarkable of this class is Longfellow's brief phrase: —

"The flight of winged words."

A complete poetic idea is here embodied in one of the shortest lines used.

Sometimes the charm is so subtle as almost to elude analysis; and then the effect produced is truly magical in its mysterious power. No better examples of this class are to be found than certain passages from Tennyson, whose ability to arouse the imagination with a word or two was almost superhuman. Who can explain whence the perfectly literal phrase,

"Winding down to Camelot,"

derives its peculiar charm? Quite simple and literal is the line,

"And rarely smells the new-mown hay,"

yet every one remembers and repeats it.

"Where Claribel low lieth"

is highly poetical; why, it would be hard to say. No less so is the next line: —

"The breezes pause and die."

The reason, however, is more evident — it contains a beautiful figure, which is continued in the next line: —

"Letting the rose leaves fall."

The next is so full of enchantment that it is almost a poem in itself: —

"But the solemn oak tree sigheth."

Thus, every line in "Claribel" calls up a poetic image. It is doubtful if the whole range of literature furnishes a more richly melodious passage than this, near the close of the poem: —

"The slumbrous wave outwelleth."

The next line,

"The hollow grot replieth,"

is unearthly in its wild and magnificent sadness. Each successive line has added a new detail: the picture is complete. No artist could more vividly have depicted the scene — no musician more faithfully have imitated the sounds; and the poet has done more than either — he has thrown over all that glamour of imagination which even nature itself does not possess.

I have dwelt thus long upon these familiar passages because I believe that the importance of producing poetical effects with few words cannot be overestimated. Brevity is the motto of the day. The time is past when people were content to wade through elaborate verbosity for the sake of a single figure. Show me the poet whose works abound in brief passages which, from their vividness and conciseness, are able to fasten themselves upon the memory of the reader, and I will show you the poet who is read and quoted from; and the one who is quoted from — whose verses, like the pungent phrases of Shakespeare, fit innumerable corners of thought and language — will continue to be read and remembered. Many a first-rate poet has sunk into oblivion because his mode of expression was so diffuse that there were no short and striking passages to gain the attention of his readers. On the contrary, men like Tennyson, Longfellow, and Poe, to say nothing of Shakespeare, have written many lines which, once read, are never forgotten.

I do not insist on the epigrammatic or laconic style; in fact, to make the sense of each line complete would usually be quite awkward; but I strongly contend that it is better to have originated a single passage that has found its way into the great heart of mankind than a whole volume of very excellent verse that no one remembers and, consequently, very few read. *William Hurd Hillyer.*

ATLANTA, Ga.

THE ART OF CONDENSATION.

In these times of easy writing and hard reading the man who can say the most in the fewest words is the one most likely to obtain the widest audience. Even if brevity is a writer's sole wit, in being brief he yet sets a good example to the rest of us, and if he has wit other than that of brevity, his brief expression of his ideas gives to them more force and wins for them higher appreciation. The art of condensation is something that every writer should study, and re-study, and study continually throughout his writing life. The man who can write briefly can always write at length, upon occasion; the man who habitually writes at length can rarely be concise, upon occasion, however hard he may try.

Most writers recognize the difficulty of writing briefly. "I can't write you a short editorial," said old Sam Bowles one day, when he was asked to write a paragraph to fill out a column. "I haven't time for that; but I will write you a long one." Brief writing implies clear thinking, mastery of the subject, knowing just what the writer wants to say. The man

who has given little thought to his subject will write diffusely, arranging and marshalling his ideas as he goes along, doing in the presence of the reader the mental labor that he should have completed before he began to write.

Few things have ever been written — at least in prose — that would not be improved by condensation. The busy world has no time nowadays for long and wordy messages. It demands ideas, and the writer who buries a few ideas beneath a mass of language is not likely to secure the world's attention.

Poetry is less likely to be diffuse than prose, because the exigencies of rhyme and metre demand thought, and much thinking usually results in brief expression. Nevertheless, poets, too, should aim constantly at brevity. The reading world does not want long poems, and that means practically that he — or she — who writes long poems nowadays cannot find a market. As a rule, there is no demand for poems of more than forty lines. The man who has written a poem that would fill a half-column of a newspaper can hardly get it printed except by paying advertising rates, and as a matter of fact, if he will study it long enough, he will often see himself that it is not worth the space required for it. Not infrequently all that is valuable in five eight-line stanzas could have been expressed better in a quatrain.

Every writer knows how easy it is to be prolix. The author who starts to tell a story within 2,000 words is fortunate if he has not written 5,000 before he has his story told. That is because he does not have it fully in his mind before he begins to write, and so wastes words and overloads his narrative with unessential details. When Anna Katherine Green first wrote "The Leavenworth Case," it contained 150,000 words, and the publishers told her that it must be cut one-third. "I did not see how a single word could be left out," she says, "but I did cut it down, and I am free to admit that condensation improved it." "Robert Elsmere" would have had twice as many readers, if it had had half as many words.

The chief trouble with the average short story is that it is not short enough. The inexperienced writer disregards limitations of space, and rambles around his tale, instead of concentrating all his energies on the task of telling it directly, and simply, and in the fewest words. So it is with much editorial and essay writing. Many a quarter-column editorial contains only an idea that could have been better expressed — with more work on the part of the writer — in a paragraph, and most essays would be more readable if they were reduced in length one-half. The reading world little realizes how much it owes to the man with the blue pencil, of whom writers continually make such loud complaint.

The late Editor Wood of the *New York Sun* earned his title, "the Great American Condenser," by his ability to compress a column into a paragraph and a paragraph into a line. In newspaper work the faculty of writing briefly, or of condensing written matter quickly, is of inestimable value. It is a most common thing in every newspaper office for the editor in charge to give to some other editor or to some reporter a column article with the direction: "Give us the meat of that in half the space," or in a quarter-column, or in ten lines, as the case may be. Beginners in newspaper work are often set at condensing reprint as soon as they begin their service, and there is no exercise more valuable to them.

Any writer will be a gainer if he will devote some time each day to study of the art of condensation. It is excellent practice to take a short printed article — say a newspaper editorial, or a brief descriptive article — and, after reading it carefully through, to reproduce it in your own language, first in about the same space, then in half the space, and finally in ten lines — omitting, of course, in the last two instances, the least essential details. Every writer who can, also, should each day go over his work of the day before, and by reducing its quantity as much as possible, improve its quality. The best aid to brevity, however, is clear thinking, and for that reason writers should cultivate the habit of thinking out what they are going to write before they put pen to paper. The man who knows just what he wants to say can give his undivided attention to saying it most forcibly and in the fewest words. *William H. Hills.*

BOSTON, MASS.

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WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

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***

From time immemorial it has been generally understood that editors as a rule desire contributions, and it has been the universal custom for writers having manuscripts apparently suited to any periodical to forward them to the editor for examination, with the implied understanding that if they are found to be unavailable they will be returned, in case reasonable postage requirements are complied with. This custom has been so general and has become so firmly established that at the present time a writer has a moral right to believe that he may safely act in accordance with the unwritten rule. Now the *Bookman* establishes a rule of its own, at variance with the ordinary custom, and announces that manuscripts re-

jected by its editors will not be returned under any circumstances. This means, of course, that such manuscripts will be destroyed, and that the labor of the writers upon them will be thrown away, even though returning a given manuscript would mean to the editors of the *Bookman* only the labor of enclosing it in an envelope, affixing postage stamps supplied by the author, and depositing the envelope in the mail. It might be assumed that the notice was intended only to frighten away unsolicited contributions, and that the editors would not really be guilty of so contemptible an act as the destruction of another's property, were it not for the final clause: "and to this rule no exception will be made."

* * *

Suppose that some writer having heard of the *Bookman*, but not having seen it, and assuming — as he would have a right to do — that being a periodical issued by a reputable firm of publishers it followed the rule of reputable publishers everywhere, should submit to the editor a manuscript, representing more or less labor and literary ability, on some topic in line with the purposes of the magazine. The editor finds the manuscript unavailable, for some reason of his own, although even he may recognize its value, say for the *Critic*, or the *Dial*, or some other periodical. Has he any right, legal or moral, to toss the manuscript into the waste-basket, pocket the stamps that came to him with it, and leave the author to wonder what the fate of his manuscript has been? THE WRITER is distinctly of the opinion that he has not.

* * *

The editors of the *Bookman* may think that because they give writers fair notice in each number of their magazine, they have no further responsibility in the matter, but the circulation of the *Bookman* is limited, and, if the rule of the editors is followed, shameful injustice to writers is certain to be done. The conductors of the magazine could accomplish their apparent object by making their announcement read: "Unsolicited contributions are not desired by the editors." That would probably reduce the flood of manuscripts which seems to have overwhelmed them, and the outside contributor who, not knowing their pitiable condition of overwork, might submit a manuscript to them could yet hope to receive treatment in accordance with the Golden Rule. W. H. H.

QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics will be answered in this department. Questions must be brief, and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

Will the editor of THE WRITER please give a good form for a letter to accompany proofs of an article, with illustrations, to be syndicated among leading newspapers? P. A. F.

[A letter like the following will serve: —

A. B. JEWETT,
SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT,
P. O. Box 242,
WESTMINSTER, Mass., July 1, 1897.

Editor *Daily Eagle*,
Philadelphia, Penn.

Dear Sir: I enclose proof of copyrighted article, "Washington at Valley Forge," signed "Edward Westminster," which is offered to you at your regular rates for syndicated matter. It is not to be used before Sunday, August 1.

As it is not sent to any other paper in your territory, you will confer a favor by returning it promptly, if you decide not to print it, so that I may place it elsewhere. I enclose stamped envelope, addressed.

Electrotypes of the cuts used for illustration will be sent, if desired, on receipt of $2.50. Yours very truly,
A. B. JEWETT.

Instead of offering copies of the electrotypes of illustrations, the writer may enclose photographic prints and leave the newspapers to make their own pictures. — W. H. H.]

THE USE AND MISUSE OF WORDS.

"Such an One." A writer in the *London Saturday Review* makes the following suggestion for euphony's sake: "Is it not time to utter a mild protest against the ugliness and pedantry of the phrase, 'such an one'? The only apparent justification for the use of 'an' is that our eyes may be satisfied by seeing it before the vowel, where our grammar primers laid down that it should always be. But when read aloud, 'such an one' is simply barbarous, and the very authors who seem to lose no opportunity of writing it would hesitate I think, to speak of 'an one armed man' or 'an one-sided judgment.' While the phrase was the mark of the

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in the old *Aurora* magazine, which was afterward absorbed by the *Overland Monthly*. Mr. Wheeler had previously done some descriptive work for the *Golden Era*, which was then engaged in booming Southern California. Having but little leisure, he has written but little for publication, although some of his stories have appeared in the *Argonaut*, and he has had poems in the *Arena*, the *Boston Transcript*, the *Christian Register*, and the *Pacific Unitarian*.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Bancroft. — Dr. Edward Everett Hale tells of George Bancroft that after studying old documents for materials he never permitted himself to write a line until he had read a chapter of Gibbon, or some other master of style, because he did not wish to fall into the recording routine of a mere annalist. — *Lennie Greenlee, in the Housekeeper.*

Barry. — There are reasons why the name of John D. Barry should be familiar to Bostonians. He was born in Boston in 1867, fitted for college at the Boston Latin school, and graduated from Harvard in the class of '88. Then he taught school for a year at Milton Academy, abandoning this drudgery to become one of the editors of the *Post*. Later he was literary editor of the *Traveler*. About six years ago Mr. Barry, then twenty-three, went to New York. For a year and a half he was assistant editor of the *Forum*. At this time he began to send the literary news of the New York week to the *Literary World*. Before he left the *Forum*, "The Princess Margarethe," a child's story, appeared. The next year saw "A Daughter of Thespis," which Miss Georgia Cayvan declared the best novel of stage life ever written. After resigning from the *Forum*, Mr. Barry went abroad. He spent several months in England, and made frequent trips on the continent. Finally he settled down to study the French theatre. During this period — a little more than a year — he wrote "The Intriguers" and "Mlle. Blanche." Sincerity and candor — especially the latter — are said to be his distinguishing traits. He lives in New York during the winter, and anywhere and everywhere along the Massachusetts and the Maine coast during the summer. — *Boston Herald.*

Bonner. — Robert Bonner, the millionaire founder of the *New York Ledger*, is now seventy-three. He does not appear to be sixty, and he moves about with the energy of a man in his prime.

"I have had but one principle in my life," said Mr. Bonner, "which I think has largely contributed to my success. I don't know how I got the idea, but it was well expressed in a quotation from Ralph Waldo Emerson, which reads: —

"'O, discontented man! Whatever you want, pay the price and take it.'

"I saw those words when I was a boy, and they took fast hold of my mind. I early learned that whatever I got had to be paid for, either in work or in money, and I have been willing to pay the price."

"How did you come to found the *Ledger*, Mr. Bonner?"

"The *New York Ledger*," said Mr. Bonner, "was in 1850 a little financial sheet known as the *Merchants' Ledger*. At this time I was working in a printing office. We had an advertising solicitor, who liked the way in which I displayed his advertisements. He left the paper a little later on and became connected with the *Merchants' Ledger*. He told the proprietor that he could get a great many more advertisements if I were to set them up, and it was in this way that I got an offer of a better salary from the *Merchants' Ledger*. I took it. It was a small sheet, devoted to mercantile affairs, and it had less than 3,000 circulation. Soon after I became employed upon it the proprietor wanted to sell, and I bought him out. I ran the paper for a short time as a mercantile paper, and gradually turned it into a family one. One day I decided that if it had the best reading matter a paper of that class could have, it would get a very large circulation, and I concluded to get it.

"I began at once to get the best of contributors, and among others secured Miss Fanny Fern. Miss Fanny Fern was the most popular woman writer of that time, but she had never written for the newspapers. A book of hers

had just had a circulation of something like 5,000 copies, and I think she rather looked down upon newspaper work. I first offered her $25 a column for a story. She refused it. I wrote her again and made the offer of $50 a column. This she also declined, when the return mail brought her another offer from me of $75 a column. Upon this she said to a friend, 'I like the spirit of that man Bonner, and I wish you would go down and see him.' Her friend came and we eventually got together.

"I then proposed to give her $100 a column, but said I did not want the story to run over ten columns. She replied that she would write the story for $1,000, provided I would take it whether it ran nine columns or eleven columns, as she could not tell just how much it would run out. I agreed to this, and the story was published. The circumstances of the engagement were told, and nearly every newspaper in the country published my extravagance in paying $100 a column for a story. I got $50,000 worth of advertising out of the arrangement, and the people began to ask for the *Ledger*. Before this I had had trouble in getting the news-stands to take the *Ledger*. After this they were glad to get it."

"Did Fanny Fern write more for you after that?" I asked.

"Yes: she wrote for me more or less up to the time of her death, both she and her husband, James Parton. Fanny Fern was a genius. She had ability somewhat like that of Henry Ward Beecher. Her matter was always interesting and valuable."

"Speaking of Beecher, Mr. Bonner, he also wrote for the *Ledger*, did he not?"

"Yes," replied the veteran editor. "He wrote a great deal for me, and among other things his novel, 'Norwood,' for which I paid him $30,000."

"How did you become acquainted with Mr. Beecher?" I asked.

"It was through a poem of one of his lady friends. He sent me the manuscript, stating that if I used it a check would be very acceptable to the lady. I wrote back at once that I had plenty of poetry, but that I wanted himself. I told him that if he would give me from a half to three-quarters of a column a week, I would pay him $2,000 a year. I sent a check for $2,000 with the letter as the advance salary for the first year. He accepted it, and from that time until his death he wrote for the *Ledger*."

"What was the nature of his writings?"

"They were to a large extent editorials," replied Mr. Bonner. "A great deal of the matter written by Mr. Beecher was not published over his own signature, and this was also the case with the articles of Harriet Beecher Stowe. It was during the years just preceding the war. We had then a large circulation in the South, and the name of Mr Beecher as one of the contributors would have lost us thousands of subscribers."

"Was not $30,000 a great deal to pay for a novel?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Bonner, "it was. But I think the venture was a good business investment. The way I came to pay just this amount was rather curious. I had made an arrangement with Edward Everett to write a series of articles for the *Ledger*. Mr. Everett was at that time the leading statesman of the country along certain lines. He was anxious that Mount Vernon should be bought and preserved, and he was giving lectures over the country for the purpose of raising money for what he called the 'Mount Vernon fund.' I proposed to him that I would give $10,000 to the fund if he would write a series of articles for the *Ledger*. He accepted it. His articles were widely read, and the *Ledger* again was the most talked-of paper in the country. I afterward paid him $14,000 additional for other articles. This was some time before I asked Mr. Beecher to write a novel. When I did write, I first offered to pay him $24,000 for the story, or as much as I had paid Mr. Everett for his writings. Later on I increased the amount to $30,000

"Here is what he answered in reply to my first proposition: —

"'Plymouth Rock, at a Council.

"'Dear Mr. Bonner: —

"'I am almost dumb after reading your proposition, and must clear my head before I say a word.

"'HENRY WARD BEECHER.'

"When it was announced that Mr. Beecher was to write the story, there was a decided

sensation in literary and religious circles. Some preachers, and especially a Rev. Mr. Seeley, criticised Mr. Beecher's actions in making money in that way. I wrote an editorial on the subject, which was rather facetious, and sent the proof of it to Mr. Beecher, suggesting that if he thought well of it he might give me a recommendation whereby I could get a place on the *London Punch*. Within an hour after my boy had left the office he came back with the following note: —

"'My Dear Bonner: —

"'I think you like to gobble up a minister or two every year to aid digestion, just as hens swallow gravel stones. You have swallowed me in one way, and Mr. Seeley in another. I like my way best. HENRY WARD BEECHER.'

"Then, on the other side of the sheet he had written this recommendation: —

"'To the *London Punch*: —

"'Robert Bonner desires an engagement on your paper. It gives me pleasure to testify to his good character. No other one man has made me laugh so much. Just to look at him would make one feel good-natured, and, therefore, I suggest that his picture be published. Should he begin contributing to the *Punch*, he would in less than two years own and edit it, but otherwise he may be trusted.

"'HENRY WARD BEECHER.'

"That letter gives you some idea of how quick Beecher was. The most of the two hours was taken up in the boy's going from my office to Mr. Beecher's house and back, and Mr. Beecher must have dashed the letter off within five minutes. He was very quick, and was always full of ideas."

"Was Edward Everett a good writer?" I asked.

"Yes," replied Mr. Bonner. "He was the first scholar of the land, and still he was very careful of his work. He made no mistakes in punctuation, and some of his articles he wrote and rewrote before he sent them to me." —*Frank G. Carpenter's Syndicate Letter.*

Clifford. — Mrs. W. K. Clifford, who is the widow of the eminent mathematician, William Kingdon Clifford, has written stories since her childhood. Since her widowhood in 1879 she has followed the profession of literature in grim earnest. She does not suffer from conceit, but is, on the contrary, her own most severe critic. She has no formulated method of work, but confesses herself to be helpless when oppressed by neuralgia, which, unfortunately, is not seldom. In the preface to a new edition of "Mrs. Keith's Crime," which was written rather early in her career, Mrs. Clifford ventures to inform her public that during the writing of the story she was conscious of a curious feeling of preternatural obsession, or spiritual impact. The story is the most intense, as well as the most sensational, that she has written, and, owing possibly to these peculiar intellectual circumstances attending its composition, she prefers not to revise it, not even to the extent of correcting such defects as her greater literary experience enables her now to recognize. —*London Mail.*

Green. — Mrs. Anna Katherine Green Rohlfs, known to the world as the only woman writer of detective stories that are pronounced "practical" by professional hunters of criminals, began writing in rhyme and rhythm when she was a mere child, and her brother, who had a toy printing press and a font of type, used to set up and print her childish effusions. Some of her versified productions were rhythmic narratives of involved and intricate plot, and one day the young girl's mother urged her to write a story. The result of this suggestion was a long tale which never saw the light, but which contained the germs of "The Leavenworth Case." After this first girlish attempt at novel writing was finished it was laid aside for several years and finally destroyed, but there came a time when the main features of the plot were utilized. It was fully two years after "The Leavenworth Case" was re-begun before it was completed. Some of it was written at home, some at the seashore, some in the mountains, some on moving trains. When finished, the copy, as Mrs. Rohlfs describes it, was "a sight to behold." It was written on all sizes, grades, and colors of writing paper, for she bought her stationery wherever she happened to be, without regard to the appearance of the completed manuscript. At that time she had never met a detective, nor had she ever visited a police court, a coroner's office, or any other place where the machinery of detection and punishment of crime is worked. Naturally, she feared that her descriptions of inquests, and trials, and police methods might be technically inaccurate.

"So," said Mrs. Rohlfs to the writer, "after the story was finished I asked my father, who was a lawyer, to read it, and correct where he thought correction necessary. He read it, and," with an expressive gesture, "he just tore some of it to pieces on technical grounds. Then after I had fixed it up again I took it to a friend of the family, a judge, thinking that if he said the law in the story was all right, it would be safe to submit the manuscript to a publisher. The judge made only one suggestion, and that related to my use of the word 'equity.' Then I thought my troubles were over, so far as 'The Leavenworth Case' was concerned, but the publisher said the story, which contained 150,000 words, was one-third too long. He thought it interesting, however, and said that if I would cut it down he might publish it. I did not see how a single word could be left out, but I did cut it down, and I am free to admit that condensation improved it. When the publisher looked it over again, he said:—

"'I wish you would get Rossiter Johnson to read this manuscript. If he says that it will go, we will publish it.'

"So Mr. Johnson was asked to come over from New York to my father's house in Brooklyn. Of course, I could not ask him to read the story, but I suggested that he should let me read a chapter or two to him. He acquiesced and lay back comfortably in a deep armchair. I read the first chapter. At its close I saw that his eyes were closed, and I feared he had gone to sleep, but when I paused he opened his eyes and said one word, 'More!' Then I read two chapters without stopping.

"When I paused, he opened his eyes and said again, 'More!' That was repeated, with intervals for meals, until the story was finished. To be strictly accurate, there was also one interval for sleep, since, although I had condensed the story, it was too long to read at a sitting, and I did not succeed in finishing it until the next day. I need not say that my voice suffered considerably from such a prolonged strain, and, as you know, Mr. Johnson's judgment was accepted by the publisher."—*I. D. Marshall, in Buffalo Times.*

Ingelow.—Some autobiographical notes published by Jean Ingelow a few years ago gave the following account of her juvenile literary ventures: "My favorite retreat was a lofty room in the old house, where there was a low window which overlooked the river. The windows had the good old-fashioned shutters which folded back against the walls. I would open these shutters and write my verses and songs on them and fold them back again. My mother came in one day and discovered them; many of them were transmitted to paper and preserved." It was Miss Ingelow's brother who helped her to publish her first volume of poems. "He offered to contribute to have the manuscript printed, and my mother went with me to the publisher's (Mr. Longman). He was most kind and took the matter up warmly. In the first year four editions of 1,000 copies each were sold, and this first volume has been republished again, and yet again, until it has reached its twenty-sixth edition."

Meilhac.—Somebody once wrote to the late Henri Meilhac to ask his advice as to how to become a dramatic author. "It is a difficult career, and the trade is not easy," wrote back Meilhac; "above all, it needs success. Yes, success is the thing if you want to have talent."—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

Muloch.—The prefatory note to the new edition of "John Halifax, Gentleman," says: "The author always said that the character of Ursula was the only actual copy from nature that she ever made. All her other characters, including John Halifax himself, were her own creations, modeled upon types that had come within the range of her actual experience, whose truth to nature she could guarantee. Having found her models and sketched her characters, she needed only to find a background equally authentic. In the summer of 1853 she was staying with some friends in the neighborhood of Cheltenham and Stroud, and, happening to visit Tewkesbury, she at once chose her background, and returned to the town from time to time to complete the details. The name 'John Halifax' was found on a tombstone in Tewkesbury Abbey churchyard, a stone that has since been removed; and while sheltering one day from a storm under an archway that is still pointed out, Miss Muloch saw

the episode of the boy and the girl and the piece of bread with which the story opens.

Oliphant. — Mrs. Oliphant was able to read when she was six years old, and was an indefatigable reader as a child. In "The Athelings" she drew a comparatively faithful picture of her own girlhood. One of the characters in the story is a young girl whose first literary struggles were about the same as Mrs. Oliphant's. This girl wrote in the midst of her family the manuscript which was sent to her student brother in London, and there accepted for publication. This is practically the history of Mrs. Oliphant's first novel, "Some Passages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland." It was a success, and by the time she had reached the age of twenty-one, the book had yielded her $650, which was then regarded as very satisfactory compensation. Three years after her first novel was published, in 1852, she was married to her cousin, Francis Oliphant, a painter. In spite of her duties as a mother and as the head of a household, Mrs. Oliphant continued to write, and in view of the distressing circumstances that attended the rest of her married life, her achievements as an author are wonderful. Her husband became an invalid, and seven years after his marriage had to go to Italy to prolong his life. During all his illness Mrs. Oliphant supported by her pen the family of children, as well as her dying husband. One of her most astonishing achievements during this period was the composition of a three-volume novel in six weeks, while she was at the same time devotedly nursing her husband. Mrs. Oliphant finally found herself a widow with three children to support. She settled in Edinburgh and wrote several novels for the Blackwoods, but it seemed as if the old effects would not be produced. It looked as if the long struggle had told at last. The publishers were patient, but finally they were compelled to tell her that her work would not do. In despair she went to her home to face the three children dependent upon her. A sudden inspiration came to her that night, and sitting down she wrote the first chapters of "The Chronicles of Carlingford," which has been regarded as her greatest work. Afterward she had to support one of her brothers, with his family of one son and two daughters, and the expense of providing for them made it necessary for her to toil incessantly. She habitually wrote until 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning, yet remained a comparatively early riser. She frequently visited Italy for work or recreation, and the fatigue of a journey to Italy to gather material is believed to have hastened her death. — *New York Sun.*

Sardou. — Victorien Sardou was intended to be a physician, but he was so poor that he had to give Greek and Latin lessons at twenty cents apiece. He was also a bookseller's hack and made translations. It is stated that he was once paid less than $6.50 for a translation which it took him three weeks to do. — *Springfield News.*

Sims. — There is probably no other man in all England who works as many hours a day as does George R. Sims, and it is said that no other literary man turns out so many thousands of words during the year. The number of his working hours ranges from fifteen to twenty a day, and he considers four hours' sleep a good night's rest. Although he has one of the finest private libraries in England, it is not at his desk, surrounded by his book shelves, that he does most of his literary work. He has a mania for wandering about from one room to another in search of a place that has an "inspiring atmosphere" about it. In the summer he does much of his writing up on the roof of his house. In the matter of calligraphy, Mr. Sims is, or was up to about a year ago, as great a trial to the unhappy compositors who had the "setting up" of his copy as was Horace Greeley during his literary career. About a year ago he was induced to employ the services of a typewriter by the following circumstances: The editor of a prominent London paper wrote to him, asking for a serial story, to be furnished by a certain date, and received a reply which he found himself utterly unable to decipher, with the exception of two or three words which led him to believe that Mr. Sims had accepted his offer. As a means of advertising, as well as with a view of politely suggesting to Mr. Sims that he needed a typewriter, the editor, the following Sunday, published a fac-simile of the letter, offering five pounds to the reader

who could decipher it, in order, as he said, that he might know whether or not Mr. Sims would contribute the serial desired. The next week Mr. Sims took into his employ a stenographer and typewriter. — *Elizabeth L. Banks, in Washington Post.*

Tennyson. — The present Baron Tennyson is about as unlike his distinguished father as one man could be to another, and yet the great poet and his heir were always on the most affectionate terms; indeed, Hallam Tennyson, as he then was, was almost daughterly in his care of the old man, and whenever the Laureate came to town he was always accompanied by his son. The present Lord Tennyson is forty-five years of age this August. Since his father's death he has developed into a regular country gentleman. He is squire of Freshwater, Roundhurst, and Caistor, and he is rarely seen in London, his time being entirely spent between Farringford, his beautiful home in the Isle of Wight, and Aldworth, in Surrey. His great hobbies are golfing and yachting, and he has a magnificent collection of British fossils. — *London Answers.*

HELPFUL HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS.

[Under this heading it is intended to describe any handy little contrivance that may be of use in any way to literary workers. Facts about home-made devices particularly are desired. Paid descriptions of patented articles will not be printed here on any terms; but this shall not hinder any one from letting others know gratuitously about any invention that is of more than ordinary value to literary workers. Readers of THE WRITER are urged to tell for the benefit of other readers what little schemes they may have devised or used to make their work easier or better. By a free exchange of personal experiences every one will be helped, and, no matter how simple a useful idea is, it is an advantage that every one shoud know about it. Generally, the simpler the device, the greater is its value.]

A Typewritten Scrap Book. — A scrap book of one's own literary work is always an interesting thing to have. I make mine without paste or scissors, simply by manifolding on the typewriter everything I write. The sheet on which the carbon copy is made is an inch wider than the sheet which is used for copy, so that, when the typewriting is done, there is a wide margin on the left-hand side. This enables me to bind *the duplicate sheets together*, in the first place in loose covers, and afterward in solid volumes. I have a number of such volumes on my library shelves, and they are worth to me a good deal more than the slight trouble that they cost. They contain everything that I have written for publication, whether it has been published or not. When a manuscript is published, I note above the title of the duplicate in my "scrap book" the name and date of the periodical in which it appears. S. R. L.

TOLEDO, Ohio.

A Scrap Book Suggestion. — The envelope system for filing clippings is very good, but for some classes of clippings the scrap-book system is better. One disadvantage in using scrap books is that if the clippings are pasted in, they cannot be easily taken out, if desired, for temporary use. I get over this difficulty by doing away with paste altogether, and fastening the clippings in my scrap book by slipping the four corners of each through four slits cut in the page with a sharp penknife. The clippings are held in place well enough by this method, and I can take any slip desired out of the book at any time without the slightest trouble. The handiest way to cut the slits is to lay the clipping in the right place on the page, and with a pencil mark lightly around each corner; then, with the marks for guides, the four slits may be neatly made. G. P. L.

MALDEN, MASS.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

ON THE ART OF LETTER-WRITING. — I. *Toilettes* (28 c.) for September.

JOHN BURROUGHS. With portraits. Hamilton Wright Mabie. *Century* (38 c.) for August.

WASHINGTON IRVING'S SERVICES TO AMERICAN HISTORY. Illustrated. Richard Burton. *New England Magazine* (28 c.) for August.

OLIVER HOLDEN, THE COMPOSER OF "CORONATION." Abram English Brown. *New England Magazine* (28 c.) for August.

TEN YEARS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. Edmund Gosse. *North American Review* (53 c.) for August.

THE HEROINE. (Poem.) Margaret E. Sangster. *Harper's Magazine* (38 c.) for August.

EDWARD LIVERMORE BURLINGAME, Editor of *Scribner's*. With portrait. F. M. Hopkins. *Current Literature* (28 c.) for August.

GEORGE HOWARD DARWIN. With portraits. "Chelifer." *Current Literature* (28 c.) for August.

JOHN JAMES PIATT. With portraits. F. M. Hopkins. *Current Literature* (28 c.) for August.

THE STOLEN STORY. (Fiction.) Jesse Lynch Williams. *Scribner's* for August.

SOME UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF DEAN SWIFT. — I. George Birkbeck Hill. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for August.

THE PAUSE IN CRITICISM — AND AFTER. William R. Thayer. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for August.

THE DELINQUENT IN ART AND IN LITERATURE. Enrico Ferri. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for August.

HERBERT SPENCER: An Episode. Foster Coates. *Chautauquan* (23 c.) for August.

MRS. OLIPHANT. W. Robertson Nicoll. *Bookman* (23 c.) for August.

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS. With portrait and autograph. Harry Thurston Peck. *Bookman* (23 c.) for August.

EMERSON'S "THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR" SIXTY YEARS AFTER. Charles F. Thwing. *Forum* (28 c.) for August.

JAMES LANE ALLEN. With portrait. Hamilton W. Mabie. *Outlook* (13 c.) for June 5.

NEWSPAPERS IN THE UNITED STATES. Melville E. Stone. *Self-Culture* (28 c.) for July.

LITERATURE AS A CAREER AND LITERATURE AS A LIVELIHOOD. Clara E. Laughlin. *Self Culture* (28 c.) for July.

WOMEN AS JOURNALISTS. Mrs. Haryot Holt Cahoon, Mrs. Olive F. Gunby, Miss Eva Petty, Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster, Mrs. Westover Alden. With portraits. *Demorest's Family Magazine* (28 c.) for July.

JEWS IN ENGLISH FICTION. Reprinted from *London Quarterly Review* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for July 3.

CURRENT FRENCH LITERATURE. Edmund Gosse. Reprinted from *Cosmopolis* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for July 10.

ON THE ABUSE OF DIALECT. Reprinted from *Macmillan's Magazine* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for July 10.

LANDSCAPE IN POETRY. R. Y. Tyrrell. Reprinted from *Macmillan's Magazine* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for July 17.

NEW LIGHT ON BURNS. James Davidson. Reprinted from *Scottish Review* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for July 31.

WOMAN'S PLACE IN THE WORLD OF LETTERS. Alice Stafford Green. Reprinted from *Nineteenth Century* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for July 31.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY INTERVIEWED. Dexter Marshall. *Nashville Banner* for July 3; *Cleveland World, Galveston News, Baltimore Herald, Pittsburg Dispatch, Boston Post, Providence Telegram, Philadelphia Press* (8 c.) for July 4.

MRS. MARGARET OLIPHANT. With portrait. *Chicago Standard* (13 c.) for July 8.

SOME UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF SHELLEY. — II. Ernest Dressel North. *Independent* (13 c.) for July 8.

LOUIS PASTEUR. Mrs. Percy Frankland. *Churchman* (13 c.) for July 10.

THE HOWELLS FAMILY. Illustrated. Richard J Hinton. *New York Voice* (8 c.) for July 15.

INDIANA AUTHORS. *Western Christian Advocate* (13 c.) for July 21.

SOME UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF SHELLEY. — III. Ernest Dressel North. *Independent* (13 c.) for July 22.

JEAN INGELOW. With full-page portrait. *Boston Home Journal* (8 c.) for July 24.

HOW ROBERT BONNER MADE HIS MILLIONS. Frank G. Carpenter. *Chicago Times-Herald, Cincinnati Commercial Tribune, Philadelphia Press, Seattle Post-Intelligencer, Boston Globe, Los Angeles Times, Kansas City Journal* (8 c.) for July 25.

THE AUTHOR OF THE "SCHÖNBERG COTTA FAMILY." Louisa A'hmuty Nash. *Zion's Herald* (13 c.) for July 28.

STENOGRAPHY AND TYPEWRITING FOR WOMEN. Walter B. Smith. *Independent* (13 c.) for July 29.

A GLIMPSE OF MRS. STOWE. Professor George W. Hinman. *Independent* (13 c.) for July 29.

VICTOR HUGO AT GUERNSEY. M. Eloise Talbot. *Independent* (13 c.) for July 29.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Professor Arthur Sherburne Hardy has been appointed minister to Persia.

The *New Moon* (Lowell, Mass.) stopped publication with its June number.

Romance has been absorbed by the *Parisian* (New York). The Parisian Magazine Company announces that it assumes no obligations or contracts made by *Romance* outside of the fulfillment of its subscriptions.

Forward, the Sunday School paper of the Presbyterian Board of Publication, Philadelphia (which has adopted the imprint "The Westminster Press" for such of its publications as are not intended for strictly Presbyterian use), is to be doubled in size and is designed to be a home as well as a Sunday-school paper. Its editor is the Rev. J. R. Miller, D. D.

The *Overland Monthly* has a new editor in the person of James Howard Bridge, his predecessor, Rounseville Wildman, having departed for his post as United States consul at Hongkong. Mr. Bridge, who is more widely known in the literary world as "Harold Brydges," was for five years Herbert Spencer's literary assistant and private secretary, and has more recently been engaged in literary work in New York city. His best-known individual work is "A Fortnight in Heaven," and he collaborated with Andrew Carnegie in writing "Triumphant Democracy." Mr. Bridge will, for the present at least, make no change in the general policy of the *Overland*.

The Great Round World Publishing Company, of New York City, has been incorporated, with a capital of $25,000, to publish the periodical known as the *Great Round World.* The directors are: Edward M. Franklin, Flushing; W. B. Harrison, Wilton G. Marton, William Beverley Harison, Henry Paret, New York City.

The *Massachusetts Editor* is a new publication for newspaper makers. It is published at North Adams, and is the official paper of the Massachusetts Press Association.

The exchange of souls, which is the theme of Robert Hichens' novel, "Flames," is not a new theme. It is to be found in Theophile Gautier's "Avatar," and in Robert McNish's "Metempsychosis." Bulwer-Lytton used it in "A Strange Story," Stevenson in "Thrawn Janet," and Mr. Anstey in "The Statement of Stella Maberly."

The *Critic* tells a story to the effect that in the pages of the *National Magazine*, published in Boston, there appeared some time ago a story called "Her Roses," which the editor of *Scribner's Magazine* at once recognized as Thomas Nelson Page's story, "Miss Dangerlie's Roses," originally published in his magazine for November, 1892, and afterward republished in a volume of Mr. Page's stories. The publisher of the *National Magazine*, upon having been written to and expostulated with, replied that the manuscript had been sent to him by a person in Spuyten Duyvil, who signed himself or herself H. H. Tilley, and assumed the pen name of "Harry Darvers," and that it had been accepted on its merits. He made due apologies for what had happened, but H. H. Tilley held his ground. He wrote back that the story was his, that he had never heard of Thomas Nelson Page, and wanted to know who Charles Scribner's Sons were, and where their magazine was published.

The *Bookseller and Newsman* (New York) is always full of information about books, magazines, publishers, and writers that is interesting not only to newsdealers, but to general readers as well.

E. W. Hornung, whose crisp stories of life in Australia have found many readers, is a *brother-in-law of Dr. Conan Doyle.*

Mrs. Frances Lockwood Green, who has written a book called "Whited Sepulchres," is a cousin of Rudyard Kipling's.

The new journalism has found its chronicler in Jesse Lynch Williams, whose "Stolen Story" in *Scribner's* for August is as far removed from the conventional newspaper story as "Gallegher," which also made its appearance in *Scribner's.*

Washington Irving was not only our first great literary man, — he was also one of the first important American historians. His services to American history find recognition in an article by Richard Burton in the August number of the *New England Magazine*, — an article fully illustrated by portraits and pictures of the places upon the Hudson associated with Irving's life. The Editor's Table of the same number is devoted to the services to New England of Rev. Julius A. Ward and Moses F. Sweetser, who have recently died.

Distinctly literary features in the August *Atlantic* are "Some Unpublished Letters of Dean Swift," edited by George Birkbeck Hill; "The Pause in Criticism — and After," by William R. Thayer, an effort to explain why criticism is to-day at a standstill; "The Delinquent in Art and in Literature," by Enrico Ferri, the Italian criminologist, a review of the use made of the delinquent classes by great artists and great writers; and "Verse Under Prosaic Conditions," a review of recent books of verse, showing why so many poets now are small poets.

"The Independent Pen Woman's Club" is a new organization of Chicago women. The motto of the club is, "No literary work without remuneration."

There will be a new biography of Charles Dickens, written by George Gissing.

Henri Meilhac died in Paris July 6, aged sixty-six.

M. F. Sweetser died in Dorchester, Mass., in July, aged forty-eight.

Daniel Greenleaf Thompson died in New York July 10, aged forty-seven.

Jean Ingelow died in London July 19, aged seventy-seven.

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

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A PARABLE AND A PLEA.

Once there was a young girl who went alone, far away from her simple country home, to sing at a great musical convention.

Sitting bashfully in the anteroom among the other artists who were going to sing, she listened to their cultivated and learned conversation. They talked fluently of schools and methods, of masters and composers old and new, till her heart quaked within her, and the sense of her own ignorance fairly overwhelmed her.

She had taken a humble pride in the thought that she had accomplished something, and she had certainly made the most of her opportunities, but now, alas, she saw that she knew nothing — nothing!

The great ones sang, and she listened with generous appreciation.

"They were indeed artists. Yes, they were grand! No wonder the people applauded!" she thought.

It came her turn to sing, and she went because she must, but she went with fear and trembling; "she could do nothing, nothing!"

And now it came to pass that after the first measure or two of her simple song, she forgot herself, her ignorance, her fear; forgot everything in the song. And she, the little country girl, touched the hearts of that audience, and won more applause than all the great, grand ones.

. . . . . .

Let us suppose that a young girl, respectably educated in the schools, aspires toward authorship. She is endowed with a swift and vivid imagination, a sensitive, feeling heart, and the natural gift of expression: and she comes to us for counsel. What do we tell her?

We tell her to read the best authors, to make countless notes of interesting, possibly useful, items in the newspapers, we instruct her as to the best preparation of her manuscript, and what to say or what not to say when she offers it to the editor for publication. Above all, we impress upon her the importance of forming systematic, persistent habits of work. Little is accomplished, we tell her, by spasmodic, desultory effort. Patience and perseverance are the grand secrets of success. And this is all very good. I believe in work, but there may be such a thing as trying to harness Pegasus to the plow, and I wish we might oftener hear the great and successful ones advise somewhat after this fashion: —

"If you would write, study and work faithfully, but also dream, feel, glow. Cultivate the emotions as well as the intellect. If you are interested in any one subject, think of it, live it, suffer it, enjoy it in your own mind and soul; make it a reality, a part of your very self, — if it is a principle, be ready to die for it, — then

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write, and depend upon it, you will reach the hearts of your readers, and in time you will have what your soul craves — success.

"Whether you use foolscap or commercial note for your manuscript is, after all, of comparatively little account; also, how and where you work. Whether like Mrs. Stowe, when she wrote 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' you are forced to write with one eye on the children or the cake in the oven; whether, like the author of 'Gates Ajar,' you recline on your bed, spattering the white counterpane with ink, or, like common mortals, write seated comfortably in your own parlor or study, is of no account whatever, comparatively. The results are the main consideration."

And in obtaining the best results *hard work* is only a factor. You and I know that though the mighty Thor pound away with his mighty hammer for a thousand years at a piece of flint, he will never turn out a diamond.

NASHUA, N. H. *Belle C. Greene.*

JOURNALISM AS A TRAINING FOR AUTHORSHIP.

I had the good fortune of being the son of the founder and editor of the *Daily Advertiser*. The outlook which I had on life was the outlook of a journalist. The play of childhood, even before we could read, was to make mimic journals, by cutting out little parts of exchange newspapers, and folding them in such form that there should be a capital head resembling that of a large newspaper. The *Quebec Gazette* to this hour presents itself to me as a paper whose arrangements of columns and headings particularly suited our purpose. As soon as we could print at all with a pencil, we began making our own little newspapers at home, and I found myself an editor, therefore, in my way, before I was ten years old.

I have once or twice said in public that I was cradled in the sheets of a daily journal. The remark is almost literally true. At the time I was born we lived in a house which was taken down by Mr. Parker in the enlargement of the Parker house, and I never go in at the Tremont-street entrance of that hotel without recollecting that I first drew breath on the floor some twenty-five feet higher than the marble on which I am stepping. In the year 1820, the Massachusetts convention for the revision of the constitution was held in Boston. The *Advertiser*, as was its duty, published full daily reports of the discussions of the day before. The responsible reporters were my father, who was a member of the convention, and the late Mr. Pickering, for so many years the editor of *Pickering's Reports*. But the leading speakers, particularly those on our side in politics, were in the habit of writing out their own speeches largely, and they liked to come together in my father's house to revise their proofs or even to write out their manuscripts. When it is recollected that among the members most active in that convention were Judge Story, Judge Shaw, Mr. Webster, Mr. Dutton, and Josiah Quincy, it will be seen that this was an interesting company. The working room for all such purposes was the basement room, a room which I well remember. The amanuensis for the whole was my mother, who had early got the knack of writing well for the press, and who had served my father in this capacity at a period when he was nearly blind. The family arrangements were simple, so that she had the baby of the period in the same room, in its cradle; and while Mr. Webster, perhaps, dictated to her the close of a speech, she rocked the cradle with her foot on the rocker. A coterie of office boys, all of whom I afterward knew and re-

member well, went backward and forward from this convenient workroom to the office in Congress street, where the type was set.

Children in such a house naturally took the atmosphere of the house, and interested themselves in the affairs of the world. My father was president of the type foundry. The workmen there knew us and would give us new type and shavings of type metal when we paid them a visit. When I was twelve years old I could set type as well as the average journeyman; and to-day I could earn my living as a job printer. We formed the habit of writing narrative in our family newspapers, of which there were two, which were read at the breakfast table on alternate Monday mornings.

I wish I had time to hunt up the first article of mine which was printed in the *Advertiser*. I was very proud of it. It may have been eight lines long. While we were engaged one evening on our evening amusements, which had to be quiet amusements, under the law of the house, my father brought in the *Journal des Debats*, and pointing out to me an article on some French discoveries near Babylon, he said that if I would translate it, he would print the translation in the paper. I assented gratefully, as any decent boy would, under the circumstances. But as soon as he had left the room, I said to my mother that papa had forgotten that I had never learned any French. In fact, I only knew a few French phrases, though I could puzzle out a passage of "Viri Romæ." She said this was true, but that it would be a pity to disappoint papa, and she gave me the French dictionary and what was more to the purpose, my sister Lucretia's assistance. She probably knew as much of French as I did of Latin. Between us we puzzled out the paragraph, and it was my trial stroke in journalism.

We boys found a copy of Gurney's shorthand in the house and were beginning some experiments with it when Mr. Towndrow, lately on the *Tribune's* staff, came to Boston to teach people how to write shorthand. He sent his text books to the office, for notice, I suppose, and we boys got hold of them. I was about nine years old. We used to practice at church, and were encouraged to do so, because, I suppose, it kept us awake. Unfortunately, it was long before Pitman introduced the phonography of to-day, and compared with that our stenography was a wretched engine. But it was the best we had. And my knowledge of it has been of daily service to me from that time to this. The winter when I was sixteen I was sent to the state house with instructions to make a daily sketch of what was most interesting in the debates. The custom of the Boston papers for many years was to copy and print the whole journal of house and senate. These sketches of debates were additional. In this way I served in the session of 1839 and again in 1843. I speak of this because I think such training is invaluable for any young man. It introduced me to men who were to be leaders in the next fifty years, and it was a good initiation into the study of political history and practical sociology.

In writing to a friend about the year 1812, my father said to him: "There is nothing in the issue of the paper from the direction of the covers to the writing of the editorials which I have not done with my own hands, excepting the setting of the type and the working of the press." I could have said the same thing in 1845, without the exception which my father made, save that the press in my time was, of course, worked by steam. I have set type, I have carried proofs to authors, and I have written the obituary of a president.

Here, then, is a place in which I may answer the questions which will be brought me by my young friends as to the value of a newspaper office as a school for literary work. Many a young man, tempted by the regular, though small, wages paid weekly by a newspaper, persuades himself that though he does not mean to be a journalist he will find in a newspaper office a good training for literary life. He obtains with difficulty a situation on the staff of a large newspaper, and after three months is disappointed to find that his English style is no better than it was, that his reputation as an author has not advanced, and he even suspects that his aspirations and hopes with regard to sound literature are no higher than they were. Either before such a trial or after it such young men are very apt to come to persons who have had any experience in

literary life to ask them what advantage the machinery of the newspaper press gives to a person attempting literature as a profession.

As I have intimated, the conditions of journalism now are wholly different from those which surrounded it in the days when I was in close connection with the *Boston Daily Advertiser*. But there are some things in newspaper work which are the same as they were then. The first real advantage which a man gains in a newspaper office is that, whether he wishes to or not, he must be educated to write narrative. No reporter or other newspaper writer really earns his salt unless he is able to describe something which he has seen or about which he knows facts. The public does not understand to-day why one paper is successful and why another gradually runs behindhand. I believe myself that the success of a great journal may always be measured by its skill in narrative of facts. It is very curious, but it is true, that even well-educated people are, generally speaking, quite unable to describe anything. The journals of missionary associations are a melancholy illustration of this. The gentlemen and ladies whom they send abroad are engaged in the most curious and fascinating work. they are surrounded by new circumstances, their business is one which calls forth every power of their own; nothing connected with it can be petty. And they are simply asked to tell what they have seen and what they know to people on whose contributions the whole enterprise depends. When their letters home are published, they have generally so little color that unless you look at the title you would never know whether they were describing work in an intelligent Japanese community, in a horde of Hottentots in Africa, or among a group of Eskimo by the Arctic ocean.

I know that such gentlemen and ladies plead as an excuse the work of the supervising offices of the missionary establishments. I know only too well that such boards of editors have a dislike to anything which seems interesting, individual, or vivid — they like to tame down all articles to a certain neutral tint. All the same, it must be true that the power of narrative is not generally cultivated in institutions of education. The place where there is a chance to see what one can do in it is the office of a newspaper.

I am quite clear that the greatest advantage I have gained from work on a daily newspaper is the habit which is necessarily formed, of writing down, on the first draft, what you have to say, and not relying on another day or another mood for its correction. Mr. Bryant, the poet-editor of the *New York Post*, once said to me that no article for a daily journal should ever be kept after the day when it was written: if it were not used the day it was written, it should be returned to the writer or put into the fire. Not only is this true, but well-trained newspaper writers, as I think, must not expect even to see work in proof. This involves punctuation, it involves handwriting, it involves all subtleties of style, and it involves the definite clearness of the statement or opinion expressed.

Here I was in an excellent school. My father wrote admirable English: I think at heart he despised rhetoric, for all that. He would not even lift his reader along by an apt illustration or quotation: but what he said was intelligible, and left no room for question about its meaning. I have seen him sit for five minutes, even when there was a pressure of haste, that he might determine what words he would use in the line which he was writing. But when he used that word he had used it, and there was no necessity for changing it.

Bred in that school, I acquired the habit — I will not say the power — of saying on the first endeavor what I wanted to say. I have been spared by what you may call this technical habit from the annoyance or mortification which waits on men who, on looking on their manuscripts after a week, put them in the fire. "What I have written I have written," said Pilate: and although he was certainly a very weak man in other affairs, he seems to have had a certain firmness of conviction here.

As an editor since that time, I have often, I might say always, found that young writers said in the private notes accompanying their papers, "This is not done as well as I can do it," or, "I have dashed this off." They are not satisfied with their own work when they submit it to you. I think that the press, when it

is directed by a vigorous leader, trains men to do as well as they can on the first endeavor.

In saying this, I have intimated that there is a certain accuracy gained in writing for the press which is important, whether it be accuracy of thought, accuracy of expression, accuracy of punctuation, or even accuracy in the physical business of writing.

It is a little thing to say, but I have always been glad, as a writer for the press, that I have been a compositor. I do not say that because a man is a good compositor he will be a good writer. I do say that the mere study of the arrangement of words which comes to a man who has to put them somewhat slowly into type is a good experience. I have fancied that I could trace in Franklin's admirable English some of the lessons which he learned at the composing-room desk. Printers have always been glad to oblige me as my books have been going through the press. I have never met with a disagreeable or crusty foreman or compositor. I am apt to think that the comfort and ease of such a relation between the writer and the printer has been due in part to the fact that I knew what I was talking about when I was wishing for accommodation or was putting my questions. And I am always glad, therefore, when I find in the machinery of a boarding-school, an industrial school, an academy, or a college, that provision is made for the publication even of a small journal, in which the infant writers may get some sight at least of the mechanical methods on which we all depend. *Edward Everett Hale.*

The *National Magazine*, Boston.

THE SOUL OF WIT.

It is more profitable to sell five thousand words at ten dollars a thousand than ten thousand words at five dollars a thousand. In other words, it is better to write one good story than two fair ones — leaving out of consideration the reputation which comes in time to the habitual producer of good stories, enabling him to command his own price. It may not take, but it certainly shows, more brains and skill, and it pays better at the end and just as well at the beginning. Writers would do well to remember this.

Some surprisingly good books have been written by very moderately endowed people. They have succeeded in crowding the wisdom of a life-time between two covers. This is the secret of their fortune. Few lives are so barren that they could not yield sixty thousand shrewd words. The fault of the average writer is that he tries to produce that number, or many times that number, every year.

In the case of a Thackeray or a Kipling, every line may stand for a new idea, but few minds can do as much. Their experiences are too poor.

When the well of inspiration is pumped dry, the only sensible thing to do is to wait until it fills again. It is lost labor to pour back the output, and spout continually the same thoughts in rotation.

The hack writes too well. His pen outruns his thinking. He is apt to imagine he has created something as soon as a certain chain of sentences runs smoothly and grammatically over several neatly typewritten sheets. The hack is one of the worst-paid drudges in Christendom, while the successful author is one of the best. It does not pay to turn out page after page of average copy. Ten lines potent enough to make the reader's heart beat in unison with the composer's represent a more serviceable investment of intellect. It is strange how the bulky volume sinks in the sea of oblivion, while a witticism, a quatrain, floats for eighteen centuries.

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y. *Harvey Wickham.*

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You have written a story which, your friends say, meaning to pay you a compliment, reminds them of Jules Verne. Publishers do not want it. Readers who want Jules Verne stories requi e stories written by Jules Verne himself, and not more or less successful imitations of his work. The aim of the writer should be not to write something like something good that he has read, but to write something good that is unlike anything that he has ever seen in print.

***

The literary editor of the *Baltimore News* does his best to nullify the labors of the descendant of Henry Fielding who has published *an expurgated edition* of "Tom Jones," by printing a somewhat detailed catalogue of the exact portions omitted from the author's own edition.

***

A trade journal recently had an article entitled "Typographical Erors"—a heading which was peculiarly appropriate.

***

The literary editor of the *London Telegraph*, noting a novel in which the heroine is named Aglae, asks: "Why is the ill-used heroine of fiction never called Jane or Ellen?" What names has the literary editor of the *London Telegraph* given to his own children?

***

Maurice Jokai says that he does not care for realists or realism; that there is enough sorrow and trouble in the world without having it forced upon you in the books you read. He believes it is the duty of those who are blessed with imagination and the power of expression to help the world to forget its sorrows. It is a pity that all writers do not agree with him.

***

A series of short articles printed from time to time in the *New York Sun* illustrates how an expert writer can go to work to make interesting copy, when a writer without ideas would look vainly around him without finding a suggestion anywhere. These articles vary in length from ten lines to half a column, and they are all on commonplace subjects. The rule of the writer seems to be to look about him and take for a subject the first thing his eye happens to light upon. It may be a button, a hairpin, a corn-cob pipe, a slate pencil, an axe handle, a shoestring—any of the commonplace things of every-day life. Having chosen something, he goes to work to learn all the interesting facts he can about it, not, of course, from dictionaries and cyclopedias, but from the living men who sell or manufacture it. The resulting article is long or short, according to the amount of interesting information that he gets. He never pads his articles. Every sentence gives a fact, and when the facts are all given, the sentences stop. The amount of interesting information obtainable about almost any commonplace object is sur-

prising. Here, for instance, is an essay on "Shoestrings" that illustrates the nature of the series: —

LORE ABOUT SHOESTRINGS.

Shoestrings are made not only in enormous numbers, but also in very great variety. There are factories devoted solely to their production.

They are made principally of cotton, but also of calfskin, porpoise hide, silk, and mohair. There is an elastic shoestring made of a combination of rubber and cotton, and a tubular cotton lace that has a linen cord running through it. In shape, shoestrings are made in a solid round braid, of cord twisted like a rope, of flat braid, and of tubular braid. These are all made in various sizes.

Flat braids of the kinds used for fine shoes are made in width ranging from fourteen to twenty-four lines. In colors they are made to match all the various shades of leather used in shoes.

Most shoestrings are still made with the tips of the kind that are clamped on, but the use of the spiral wire tip is increasing. These are made in lengths ranging from three quarters of a yard to two yards and a half. The longest laces are used for women's bicycle boots. Before the introduction of the bicycle, the longest shoestrings in regular use were a yard and three-quarters long.

There is a shoestring a yard long that can be sold two pairs for a cent with a good profit; there are shoestrings sold at five cents a pair on which the profit is proportionately less. Shoestrings are sold at various prices up to twenty and twenty-five cents a pair, depending upon material, quality, and length. A great many shoestrings are given away. Silk shoelaces are used mainly for low-cut shoes. There are half a dozen factories in this country producing nothing but porpoise-hide skins, used mainly for brogans.

Formerly many millions of the shoestrings annually consumed in this country were imported, chiefly from Germany. Pretty much all of the cheap shoestrings used here, which included rather more than half of the total consumption, were made here; of the better grades about half were imported. With the adoption of the recently-enacted tariff laws in this country the importation of shoestrings has practically ceased.

Most people know some of these facts, but few people know all, and all have practical interest. The series as a whole gives up-to-date information that can be found nowhere else, and the articles composing it are just as much "news" as the raciest story of a society elopement that the *Sun* ever printed.

* * *

The moral is that there is "copy" everywhere, if a writer is only bright enough to see it. The writer who asks anybody to suggest a subject for him confesses by the asking his lack of fitness for the writer's calling. "When there isn't any news, go out and make some," is the watchword of the New Journalism. It is a bad rule, but a good one is: "When you don't see any news, go out and find some." The writer who is fit for the business of writing can stop on the street anywhere, and look around him, and discover a subject for an interesting article. W. H. H.

QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics will be answered in this department. Questions must be brief, and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

Does the fact that a book issued by a well-known publishing firm is copyrighted in the name of the author indicate that the author paid the expenses of its publication?

A. T. S.

[When an author pays the expense of publishing his book, the copyright is frequently taken out in his name, but not invariably so. When the publisher of the book takes the financial risk, he usually holds the copyright, but to this rule also there are exceptions. The copyright line does not show with anything like certainty who paid the cost of publishing the book. — W. H. H.]

May an article contributed to a copyrighted magazine be republished in book form by the author? D. K. S.

[An article contributed to a copyrighted magazine is controlled henceforth by the holder of the magazine copyright, and cannot be republished in any form without his permission. It is well for an author who desires to reserve any rights in connection with contributions made by him to copyrighted periodicals to have the reservation of rights acknowledged in writing by the editor or publisher. Publishing houses sometimes fail, and in that case oral agreements made between author and publisher are not always respected by those who come into possession of the assets of the magazine. An author can always retain the control of any article by copyrighting it in his own name before it is offered for periodical publication, the copyright line being inserted under the title of the manuscript when it is offered to editors. Famous authors may safely adopt this custom, since editors are glad to get manuscripts from them on their own terms. Authors who are only talented may find it advisable to take their chances as regards copy

right control, in order to reduce the question of the acceptance of their manuscripts to its simplest terms. As a matter of fact, ordinary magazine contributions are seldom republished in book form, and if the author desires to republish them, editors are as a rule generous about giving permission, when they control the copyright. — W. H. H.]

How is tracing paper made? L. O. F.

[A recipe published in the *Scientific American* says that a kind of tracing paper, which remains transparent only temporarily, is made by dissolving castor oil in absolute alcohol and applying the liquid with a sponge to the paper. The alcohol speedily evaporates, leaving the paper dry. After the tracing is made, the paper is immersed in absolute alcohol, which removes the oil, restoring the sheet to its original opacity. — W. H. H.]

What kind of photographs may best be reproduced in half-tone cuts? O. M. T.

[Aristo prints toned to a warm sepia brown are the best for half tone reproduction. — W. H. H.]

In what order were the novels of Sir Walter Scott published? D. H. B.

[The Waverley novels were published in the following order: "Waverley," 1814; "Guy Mannering," 1815; "The Antiquary," 1816; "The Black Dwarf," 1816; "Old Mortality," 1816; "Rob Roy," 1818; "The Heart of Midlothian," 1818; "The Bride of Lammermoor," 1819; "A Legend of Montrose," 1819; "Ivanhoe," 1820; "The Monastery," 1820; "The Abbot," 1820; "Kenilworth," 1821; "The Pirate," 1822; "The Fortunes of Nigel," 1822; "Peveril of the Peak," 1823; "Quentin Durward," 1823; "St. Ronan's Well," 1824; "Red Gauntlet," 1824; "The Betrothed," 1825; "The Talisman," 1825; "Woodstock," 1826; "The Two Drovers," 1827; "The Highland Widow," 1827; "The Surgeon's Daughter," 1827; "The Fair Maid of Perth," 1828; "Anne of Geierstein," 1829; "Count of Paris," 1831; "Castle Dangerous," 1831. "My Aunt Margaret's Mirror," "The Tapestried Chamber," and "Death of the Laird's Jock," three minor tales, were written in 1828.— W. H. H.]

Can you give me some advice regarding a course of reading on sociology? C. L. M.

[A similar question addressed to the American Academy of Political and Social Science was referred to a specialist in sociology who advised the inquirer to read the following books, in order to familiarize himself with some of the current work in theoretical sociology: —

(*a*) MACKENZIE'S "Introduction to Social Philosophy." New edition, published in 1895. The Macmillan Company.

(*b*) BAGEHOT.—"Physics and Politics." D. Appleton & Co.

(*c*) GIDDINGS.—"Principles of Sociology." The Macmillan Company, 1896.

(*d*) PATTEN.—"Theory and Social Forces." Published by the Academy as a Supplement to Volume VII.

Secondly, the correspondent was advised to follow up this reading in theoretical sociology with the study of a concrete phase of social organization in connection with some specific social problem in which he might be interested. He was invited also to communicate with the Academy after having selected some such concrete and specific piece of work, for further references on the literature in connection with it. — W. H. H.]

I understand that a manuscript for publication can be mailed from any place in the United States to an editor in London with less postage than is required if it is mailed to an editor in New York. Will you please give the rate of postage on manuscript mailed to editors in foreign countries? F. P. R.

[It is true that a writer in New York city, for instance, can mail a manuscript to an editor in London more cheaply than he can mail it to an editor in New York. Manuscript mailed to an editor in the United States must have letter postage — two cents for each ounce or fraction, whether it is sent unsealed or not. Manuscript for publication, sent unsealed and so marked, may be mailed from the United States to foreign countries, except Canada and Mexico, at a special rate of one cent for each two ounces, with the limitation that at least five cents postage must be paid on each package. In other words, the postage rate on manuscript for publication mailed from the United States to foreign countries in the Postal Union is five

cents for the first ten ounces, and one cent additional for each two ounces over ten.—W. H. H.]

"The house is building." "The house is being built." Which of the two sentences is preferable? Is there authority for both?

A. Z. P.

[Nearly thirty years ago Richard Grant White in his paper, "Is Being Done," which forms a chapter of "Words and Their Uses," showed conclusively that the locution, "is being built," was a modern upstart, usurping the place rightfully belonging to "is building," and could not by any possibility be justified in the mouths of the people. In spite of Mr. White's convincing argument, the people have gone on using the usurper, until nowadays the man who says "is being built" is popularly regarded as following the ancient English idiom, while the man who says "is building" is regarded by the unlearned as a purist trying to introduce a new fashion in English speech. As a matter of fact, "is building" is the English idiom, and "is being built" is the "modern improvement," the earliest known instance of its use, according to Mr. White, being in a letter by Southey dated 1795. The original form of the phrase was "is a-building," in which the "a-" is a degraded form of "in," as "o'" in "o'clock" represents "of the." Milton wrote, however, "The Temple of the Lord was building," and Bolingbroke, "the crime which was committing." But, says Mr. White, "some precise and feeble-minded soul, having been taught that there is a passive voice in English, and that 'building' is an active participle, and 'builded' or 'built' a passive, felt conscientious scruples at saying, 'The house is building.' For what could the house build? A house cannot build: it must be built. And yet, to say 'The house is built' is to say (I speak for him) that it is finished, that it is 'done built.' Therefore, we must find some form that will be a continuing present tense of this passive verb, 'to be built'; and he found it, as he thought, in the form 'is being built'; supposing that by the introduction of the present participle, expressive of continued existence, between 'is' and 'built,' he had modified the meaning both of the former and the latter." The fatal absurdity in the phrase "is being built," according to Mr. White, "is in the combination of 'is' with 'being'; in the making of the verb 'to be' a complement, or, in grammarians' phrase, an auxiliary to itself—an absurdity so palpable, so monstrous, so ridiculous, that it should need only to be pointed out to be scouted." Answering the suggestion that "being" in this phrase really means "becoming," and that "the house is being built" means "the house is becoming built," Mr. White says: "If any man chooses to say 'The house is becoming built,' I, for one, shall make no objection, other than that he is setting aside a healthy and sufficient idiom, which has grown up naturally with the language, and is, in fact, coeval with its birth, for a new phrase which has nothing of force and accuracy in its favor. But that 'is' does or can mean 'becomes' passes my comprehension." He quotes Goldsmith's sentence, "The fifth act began, and a busy scene it was: scenes shifting, trumpets sounding, drums beating," etc., and asks if "scenes being shifted, trumpets being sounded, drums being beaten" could be substituted without taking the very life out of the subject "If precise affectation can impose upon us such a phrase as 'is being done' for 'is doing'," he concludes, "it must needs drive all idioms kindred to the latter from the language. Our walking sticks, our fishing rods, and our fasting days, because they cannot walk, or fish, or fast, must be changed into to-be-walked-with sticks, to-be fished-with rods, and to-be-fasted-on days; and our church going bells must become for-to-church-go bells, because *they* are not the belles that go to church. Such ruin comes of laying presumptuous hands upon idioms, those sacred mysteries of language."

In response to all this Robert Waters, in a note to Cobbett's "Grammar," says: "Well, there is no use talking of it now; it is too late to alter it, for this manner of speaking is now used by almost everybody that speaks or writes English. Every newspaper in the United States uses this form; and the truth is, it has become a necessity, for there are some cases in which no other form can be used without changing the meaning of the sentence. We

can say, The house is building, the book is printing, the clothes are making, and so on, in many other instances; but we cannot say, 'The boy is whipping,' or 'The girl is ruining,' to signify that 'The boy is being whipped' or 'The girl is being ruined.' It is worth while remarking that in 'The house is building' the word 'building' is not a verb, but a noun: for the original form was 'in building.' The Germans have an entirely different verb for such expressions. They say, 'Das Haus *wird* gebaut,' and not 'Das Haus *ist* gebaut,' which latter means 'The house is built.' "

The latest authority, Professor Hill, in his "Foundations of Rhetoric," says that the passive forms, like "is being built," "have recently — perhaps within a century — come into common use. They have been stigmatized as bad English; but they are to be found in the works of good authors, and they are sometimes conducive to clearness. When, however, active forms can be used without creating obscurity, they are preferable to passive forms, because more forcible and less clumsy" — and that, perhaps, is the right conclusion in the matter. — W. H. H.]

THE SCRAP BASKET.

THE WRITER, as a general rule, is absolutely correct. The criticism of Mr. Kipling in your August number is, however, a trifle out of the way. Every Englishman pronounces "been" as if it were spelled "bean." Mr. Kipling is an Englishman, hence the "bin" is American dialect so far as he is concerned.

Charles H. Taylor, Jr.

BOSTON, MASS.

An interviewer recently asked Richard Watson Gilder whether every manuscript that comes to the office of the modern magazine was opened and read. "Yes," replied the editor of the *Century*. "With us every article which is not especially ordered by the editors is read, and sometimes reread, before it is submitted to the chief editors. We have a number of Readers, and an article is sometimes read by five different persons before it is accepted. In some cases the article may be of such a character that the first Reader sees that it will not do for the magazine, and it goes no farther. Articles that are ordered especially by us generally come to the editors without the examination of other Readers. But at times the chief editors themselves are the first to look over the new manuscript." "Can a man hope to make a living by writing for the magazines, Mr. Gilder?" the interviewer asked. "A number of persons are now doing so," was the reply.

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Ellen Glasgow, whose novel, "The Descendant," has attracted much favorable attention, is a Richmond girl, still in the early twenties. Her book was nearly all finished before her twenty-

ELLEN GLASGOW.

second birthday. Her childish imagination was fed on fairy tales, and at thirteen years of age she had become a lover of Browning. She scribbled verses at an early age, and while a mere girl she wrote a novel, but wisely made no attempt to have it published. At the age of

eighteen she began a systematic study of political economy and socialism, acquiring knowledge which she has turned to good account in writing fiction. She is sincere and earnest, and her future career will be watched with interest.

William T. Nichols, whose story, "As Any Gentleman Might," was the "complete novel" in *Lippincott's* for June, is a newspaper man, and has charge of the *Manchester Union*, the most enterprising daily paper in New Hampshire. He was born in Cincinnati, and lived there until recently, being connected with the Cincinnati press. His wife was a Cincinnati girl. The editor of *Lippincott's* has published three novels by Mr. Nichols in the last three years. Several short stories of his also have been published. "A little more than two years ago," said Mr. Nichols recently, "the first of the stories was printed, and in the last year I have done next to nothing outside of a newspaper shop — which, you see, leaves a rather brief period of pernicious activity."

Maria Louise Pool has spent nearly all her life in New England and has acquired, through

MARIA LOUISE POOL.

close observation, her familiarity with the varied types of New England character that she has introduced in her stories. Several visits in the South and among the Carolina mountains greatly interested her in the life there as well, and gave her material for "Dally" and others of her most successful novels. She does her work in the morning, spending two or three hours at her desk, with twelve or fifteen hundred words as the result. Her latest story, "The Red Bridge Neighborhood," has been running as a serial in *Harper's Bazar*. An extended biographical sketch of Miss Pool, by her intimate friend, Amanda M. Hale, was printed in THE WRITER for December, 1894.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Curtin. — Jeremiah Curtin, the translator of Sienkiewicz, says that he began to translate "Quo Vadis" in Guadalajara, Mexico. "It was published originally in the leading daily paper of Poland. The copies of that paper followed me into many out-of-the-way places. I read the installments as they reached me, and then dictated the translation to my wife. Afterward I read and altered that copy. She made a fresh copy, and it is a remarkable fact that I never saw a proof of 'Quo Vadis.' Most of the translation was done in Guatemala City and finished in northern Guatemala in places where no white man had ever been. Mrs. Curtin did all the mechanical work." — *New York World.*

Lever. — It was in the dreary seclusion of an Ulster town, where Charles Lever at the age of thirty found himself in charge of a dispensary, that "Harry Lorrequer" was begun. He was conscious of no marked vocation for literature, any more than for medicine. The son of a building contractor of ample income, he had been one of the idlest lads even in Dublin. He had been sent to Trinity College, but, though clever enough, had lacked the industry to win his medical degree. He had gone to Göttingen to repair this mishap, but beyond a rambling "note-book" of observations and adventures from Cologne to Vienna, published when he was twenty-four in a Dublin periodical, he brought no sheaves home with him from the continent. He walked the Dublin hospitals, he sailed to Canada as the doctor

on an emigrant ship, he worked hard at Kilrush during the cholera of 1832 — and it all led to nothing better than a dispensary at Portstewart. The pay of Dublin magazines was no higher than their literary tastes were exclusive; but the young doctor, longing all the while in his exile to be rid of his duns and his drudgery, relieved his boredom and turned a few guineas by writing articles for them. It was by the merest chance, apparently, that he sent to Isaac Butt, the editor of the new *Dublin University Magazine*, the first installment of "Harry Lorrequer" — with no definite notion that there need be any further installments. Then he wrote another and another, tacked together in the flimsiest fashion — and then suddenly he found it easier to leave Ireland altogether than maintain longer the unequal battle with the swarm of writs and bailiffs which had gathered steadily since his father's death. He went with his wife to Brussels, bearing a letter from a friend to the British minister, which served to give him professional standing with the then numerous and important English colony there. He began to practice medicine and had seemingly forgotten all about "Lorrequer" when letters came from Butt telling him of its great popular success, and begging him to continue it. Both gratified and surprised, he obeyed the injunction.

His sojourn in Clare during the cholera period — and once again when he fled to Kilkee to avoid his creditors — had given him a large stock of whimsical stories and quaint portrait-memoirs, which now he strung gaily together to fill up his "Confessions." Each new part, though it bore small consecutive relation to what had gone before, was brimming with funny anecdotes, comicalities, and brilliant sketches of odd characters. The facts that the yarns were all old in Clare, and that each fresh installment brought down some outraged gentleman from the West to horsewhip, shoot, or summon the writer who had dared not only to caricature him, but to label the impertinence with his real name, mattered neither to Lever nor to the public. The popularity of "Lorrequer" in Dublin was unparalleled. When it came to be issued in England later, in shilling monthly parts, its success was instantaneous and prodigious. The critics objected, not unnaturally, that the man could neither write well nor make his story hang together, but the public devoured it. Dr. Arnold used to recall that the fiercest fight at Rugby in his time was between two boys over the question which should have the first reading of a new number of "Lorrequer."

"Charles O'Malley" was begun as soon as the other was finished, and before "Lorrequer" had brought the author any of the English money it was soon to earn. He was again in great poverty — which, by the way, never prevented his owning several horses and entertaining guests upon the most lavish scale — and he worked, moreover, under the incessant pain of gout, writing, as he said, "with the knottiest knuckles in Belgium." Now, as ever afterward, he kept only a month ahead of the magazine publication, and shaped his new installment by the light comment on the last. Readers wrote to him — as they used to do to Dickens and the others — begging him for more battles, fewer love-scenes, a large proportion of comic poetry, and so on, and he dutifully sought to please them all. The exigencies of this kind of production account for much of the scrappiness apparent not only in the two books mentioned, but in "Jack Hinton" and "Tom Burke of Ours" as well. Nowadays the novelist who respected his work would find such a system impossible. To Lever it was a support and an inspiration. In the last year of his life (1871-72) he refused an offer of £2,000 for a completed novel, upon the express ground that he could not work in that way: he must know what the public were saying about his book as he put it forth month by month. — *Saturday Review.*

Reade. — Charles Reade was nothing if not combative. "The Cloister and the Hearth," his literary masterpiece and most enduring success, was the outcome of a dispute with an editor. When in Paris Mr. Reade picked up two stout old volumes on "The Inns of the Middle Ages." They were crammed with curious knowledge and information, and, as he turned them over, it struck him that they would yield ample material for a story depicting life at the end of the fourteenth century. He car-

ried them home, made a careful digest of all they contained, and, with a notebook before him, began a story, which he called "A Good Fight." The opening chapters were sent to the editor of *Once a Week*, who printed them in his magazine, not, however, before he had molded them to his own liking by a free use of the lead pencil. Charles Reade objected to this dry nursing, as he termed it, and addressed a peremptory order to the editor, with the ultimate result that he was requested to wind up his story as quickly as possible. He immediately reversed his catastrophe, made his hero and heroine happy, and thus without loss of time put an end to the narrative.

He had hoped to make "A Good Fight" his most remarkable novel, and, despite the unfortunate affair which had cut the story short, had no intention of renouncing his ambition or of wasting the enormous supplies of material he had collected At Oxford he continued his explorations into mediaeval literature, recast what he had already written, and added much more. The result was "The Cloister and the Hearth."

For information concerning hermits, Charles Reade ransacked Magdalen College library and the Bodleian, and, before he finished, read the lives of 500 famous hermits. The work almost wore him out. Very early in the course of his labors he vowed that this should be the last time he went out of his own age.

Mr. Reade had always the poorest opinion of his own powers of imagination and invention. Indeed, so much did he dread wanting and lacking interesting and useful facts that he filled many volumes with paragraphs cut from newspapers, extremely few of which proved of the slightest value. — *Philadelphia Ledger.*

BOOK REVIEWS.

A VOCABULARY OF ENGLISH RHYMES Arranged on a New Plan By Rev. Samuel W Barnum. 767 pp. Cloth, $2.00. New Haven: Thomas R. Barnum 1896.

That the best of all rhyming dictionaries is the one that is least known is a paradox due to insufficient advertising. Walker's "Rhyming Dictionary" and Hood's "Rhymester" have been widely advertised, and many editions of both have been required. Barnum's "English Rhymes," which is better than either, has hardly been advertised at all, and in consequence, although the first edition was published in 1876, a second edition has not been needed until now. The second edition, now ready, is practically only a reprint of the first, with typographical errors corrected, but with no additions made. As it is, it contains 55,000 rhymes arranged by sounds, and as many more reached by 8,400 references. The chief merit of the book is that besides presenting single or male rhymes, like pay, weigh, mêlée, convey, cabriolet, etc., it gives also double or female rhymes, like vested, unrequested; triple rhymes, like various, multifarious; quadruple rhymes, like critically, politically; and quintuple rhymes, like indicatory, vindicatory. As the editor says: "The words are arranged, in general, according to the sounds of the rhyming vowels (in the accented syllables), and the letters or syllables following them (or preceding them, as the case may require), taken in their alphabetical order, as given in the Key to the Sounds, pp. vi–xvi; and the arrangement is easily traced by the rhyming vowel and the following consonant or vowel (if any) placed at the beginning of each division and subdivision, and in the running title at the top of each page." As a matter of fact, it is easy to find any rhyme desired in the book. As regards the use of rhyming dictionaries generally, Oliver Wendell Holmes once wrote to Dr. Barnum: "There is no real reason why a poet should not have one on his desk as well as Worcester and Webster. Because a lame man uses his cane as a crutch, that is no reason why a well one should not carry a stick, and now and then help himself up hill with it." And that is common sense.

ENGLISH SYNONYMS AND ANTONYMS. With notes on the correct use of prepositions. By James C. Fernald. 564 pp. Cloth, $1.50. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. 1897

Mr. Fernald was the editor of the synonyms, antonyms, and prepositions in the "Standard Dictionary." He gives credit in his list of "books of reference" to seven works on synonyms — Crabb's "English Synonyms Explained," Soule's "Dictionary of English Synonyms," Smith's "Synonyms Discriminated," Graham's "English Synonyms," Whateley's "English Synonyms Discriminated," Campbell's Handbook of Synonyms," and Fallows's "Complete Dictionary of Synonyms and Antonyms,"— besides Roget's "Thesaurus." His own book defines more than 7,500 synonyms, his object having been "to give every definition or distinction in the fewest possible words consistent with clearness of statement." The plan of the book is to take a word like "apology," for instance, and give under it all its synonyms, afterward explaining the precise shade of meaning each word pos-

sesses, and then giving its antonyms, and phrases showing the right use of prepositions in connection with it. The study of such a book helps a writer to precision in the use of words, and greatly enlarges his vocabulary. Roget's "Thesaurus," which gives mere lists of classified synonyms, is a sufficient help for an educated person, with a discriminating knowledge of the meanings of words, who needs only to have his memory refreshed, and such a writer will use the "Thesaurus" a hundred times where he would use a "Dictionary of Synonyms" once. Those who do not know the fine distinctions of meaning among synonymous words, on the other hand, may profit by careful study of such a book as Mr. Fernald's. Of antonyms his book gives more than 3,500. They are valuable, as the compiler says, "as supplying definition by contrast or by negation, and as furnishing oftentimes effective antitheses." To fit the work for a text-book, a set of Questions and Examples is appended. Access to every definition in the book is given by an alphabetical index.

THE ART OF PHONOGRAPHY. By James E. Munson. 445 pp. Cloth, $2.00. New York: Munson Phonographic Publishing Company. 1896.

Munson's Phonography has for thirty years been one of three or four leading shorthand systems. It is practical, simple, rapid, legible, and scientific, and any one who masters it will find it equal to all the requirements of verbatim shorthand work. "The Art of Phonography" presents the system in its latest, and probably its final, form, with the improvements and modifications that have been adopted by the author since the last revision of "The Complete Phonographer" in 1877. As a text-book, it is satisfactory in every way — perhaps the best phonographic text-book ever made. The arrangement is scientific, the shorthand characters are handsome and legible, the principles of the system are clearly explained, and examples are given with a thoroughness that leaves nothing to be desired. The book, like the system it sets forth, has developed during Mr. Munson's years of active work as a shorthand reporter in one of the New York courts, and it is essentially practical. The improvements in the system now adopted are chiefly based upon the use of breves, which greatly simplify and shorten the writing of phrases, both increasing speed and securing greater legibility. The substance of Munson's "Phonographic Phrase-book," by the way, is published in "The Art of Phonography," making it the only text-book that any student of the system needs to have. Every old Munson writer will act wisely in sending for a copy of the new book, and those who are intending to *begin the study* of shorthand will be safe if they take it for a guide. It is admirably adapted for study without a teacher. Students of the Munson system have the advantage of being able to get plenty of good reading matter, written according to its rules, in the *Munson Phonographic News and Teacher*, which gives monthly eight pages of phonography prepared by Mr. Munson, besides much inspiring matter in ordinary print.

GOING ABROAD? SOME ADVICE. By Robert Luce. 163 pp. Cloth, $1.00; paper, 50 cents. Boston: Robert & Linn Luce. 1897.

Even people who have been to Europe many times can learn much from Mr. Luce's little book, while to those who are going abroad for the first time it is simply indispensable. The author has done a great service for travelers in compiling a volume packed so full of the information that every one who travels needs to have. He tells his readers in detail at what seasons the various countries of Europe may be seen to the best advantage; where to go for sight-seeing, for study, or for health; how to cross the ocean — with practical hints about fast and slow steamers, life on shipboard, customs, fees, meals, etc.; and how to travel abroad, with similar detailed advice about traveling by railways, boats, or vehicles, bicycle touring, pedestrian tours, lodging in European hotels, pensions, or lodgings; housekeeping abroad, study in the universities, schools, and elsewhere; guides, letters of credit, foreign money, going through custom houses, shopping, baggage, passports, clothing, food and drink, manners and customs, learning languages, guide-books, preparatory reading, and countless other topics connected with foreign journeying. Mr. Luce's hints are the result of practical experience, and his book answers offhand just the questions that people who are going abroad are sure to ask. No one who intends to travel in Europe can afford not to buy a copy.

THE YANKEES OF THE EAST. Sketches of Modern Japan. By William Eleroy Curtis. Two volumes. 644 pp. Cloth, $4.00. New York: Stone & Kimball. 1896.

Mr. Curtis is perhaps the best newspaper correspondent in the United States to-day. His long experience on the *Chicago Record* — one of the best-edited papers in the country — has taught him how to crowd a column full of interesting facts, avoiding verbiage, moralizing, and fine writing, and telling his readers in a simple, straightforward way the things they are interested most to know. The *Record* sent Mr. Curtis to China and Japan in the spring of 1895, to write a series of letters on the commercial and industrial opportunities offered to American capital and labor in those countries. He was in the East for seven months, and the letters that he wrote are re-

printed now in two attractive volumes. The reader cannot fail to be impressed with the amount of the information they contain. Mr. Curtis kept his eyes and ears eternally alert, and whenever he opened his mouth it must have been to ask a question. There is no florid description in his letters anywhere, but the man who wants to know about Japan can learn more from them than he could by going there, for few men have Mr. Curtis' faculty for acquiring and assimilating useful information. The publishers have put the letters into most attractive form, and they are illustrated with numerous full-page half-tone pictures made from photographs.

THE MISSION OF POUBALOV. By Frederick R. Burton. 236 pp. Cloth, $1.00. New York: Street & Smith. 1897

"The Mission of Poubalov" is a straightforward, interesting, well-written story, full of exciting incidents and free from glaring improbabilities, and made fascinating by a mystery that the reader cannot solve until he reads the final chapter. The author makes no pretence of instructing the reader or advancing a social theory. He simply tells an entertaining story, and the reader who begins the book is pretty sure to finish it before he remembers that he has anything else to do. A Russian police agent is a prominent character in the story, but the tale is altogether one of American life, and the scene is chiefly laid in Boston, with an occasional variation to New York. It is a detective story not of the ordinary type, the mystery being the secret of the disappearance of a young man on his wedding day, and the detective work being the search of the heroine — a sane, sensible, energetic, clear-sighted, attractive girl — for the lover for whom she waited vainly at the altar. The young man in question has in earlier life been associated somewhat with Nihilists, which accounts for the presence of the Russian police agent in the story. To what extent the police agent is concerned in the hero's disappearance is a question regarding which the reader is sure to have varying opinions, and he is not likely to be contented until his mind is made clear on this important point. Unlike most detective stories, "The Mission of Poubalov" has a plot which is not full of improbabilities and inconsistencies, and the author unfolds it rapidly and without digressions, sustaining to the end the reader's interest. The book is warmly recommended to readers who do not care for doses of religious theories and amateur sociology in the guise of fiction, and who, when they read a novel, like simply to be entertained.

THE FLOWER THAT GREW IN THE SAND, AND OTHER STORIES. By Ella Higginson. 256 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Seattle: The Calvert Company. 1897

This volume of short stories by Mrs. Higginson deserves more than ordinary attention. The stories included in it are tales of common life, mostly in the country around Puget Sound. The characters represent types with which Mrs. Higginson is evidently familiar, and she has drawn them to the life. Her humor and her pathos are each effective in their way, and she gives to her stories a lively color that adds to their attractiveness. The book has been so successful that a new edition of it is announced by the Macmillan Company, under the new title: "From the Land of the Snow Pearls: Tales of Puget Sound."

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

ON THE ART OF LETTER WRITING. — II. Céline Bertault. *Toilettes* (28 c.) for October.

THE ILLUSTRATION OF NEWSPAPERS. Frank C Drake. *Current Literature* (28 c.) for September.

SAM WALTER FOSS. With portrait. F. M. Hopkins *Current Literature* (28 c.) for September.

MARK TWAIN'S PLACE IN LITERATURE. David Masters.. *Chautauquan* (23 c.) for September.

GEORGE DU MAURIER. Henry James. *Harper's Magazine* (38 c.) for September.

SOME UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF DEAN SWIFT. — II. George Birkbeck Hill. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for September.

MRS. OLIPHANT. Harriet Waters Preston. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for September.

ON BEING HUMAN. Woodrow Wilson. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for September.

ARE OUR SCHOOL HISTORIES ANGLOPHOBE? Professor Goldwin Smith. *North American Review* (53 c.) for September

LORD BYRON IN THE GREEK REVOLUTION. Illustrated. F. B. Sanborn *Scribner's* (28 c.) for September

BROWNING'S SUMMERS IN BRITTANY. Mrs. A. M. Mosher. *Century* (38 c.) for September

HENRY DRUMMOND AND HIS BOOKS. H. M Simmons *New World* (78 c.) for September.

BENJAMIN JOWETT. J. W. Chadwick. *New World* (78 c for September.

NEWMAN AND RENAN William Barry, D.D Reprinted from *National Review* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for August 7

A PLEA FOR THE STUDY OF SONNETS. Emily G. Kemp. Reprinted from *Temple Bar* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for August 7.

MRS. OLIPHANT. Reprinted from *Spectator* and from *Blackwood's Magazine* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for August 7.

PASCAL. Leslie Stephen. Reprinted from *Fortnightly Review* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for August 21.

THE LESSER ELIZABETHAN LYRISTS. Stephen Gwynn. Reprinted from *Macmillan's Magazine* in *Living Age* (18 c for August 21.

JEAN INGELOW. Reprinted from *Academy* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for August 21.

GUSTAVE FLAUBERT. Paul Bourget Reprinted from *Fortnightly Review* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for August 28.

ENGLISH CLERGY IN FICTION. C. Fortescue Yonge. Reprinted from *Gentleman's Magazine* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for August 28

SOME UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF SHELLEY.—III. Ernest Dressel North. *Independent* (13 c.) for August 12

HON. RASMUS B. ANDERSON. With portrait. *San Francisco Town Talk* (13 c.) for August 28.

POSTERS AND POSTER-MAKERS. Illustrated. John Northern Hilliard. *Home Magazine* (13 c.) for August.

ST. GEORGE RATHBONE With portrait *Home Magazine* (13 c.) for August.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Edward Bellamy is going to Colorado to live, for a time, at least, on account of his health.

Mrs. Edward P. Terhune ("Marion Harland") and Mrs. Christine Terhune Herrick will accompany Rev. Dr. Terhune to Europe, sailing September 25. They will remain abroad for a year or longer; and Mrs. Terhune will, during her absence, pursue some interesting investigations and perform some literary work which she has had in mind, awaiting the leisure to undertake it.

Professor James W. Davidson is nearing the end of the work upon his "Dictionary of Southern Authors," upon which he has been engaged for twenty years and which will contain more than 4,000 articles on literary people belonging to our Southern States.

Professor A. G. V. Allen, of the Episcopal Divinity School at Cambridge, will soon have ready for publication his life of Phillips Brooks.

Mrs. Patmore, the widow of Coventry Patmore, had requested F. G. Stephens to write his biography, but it has been arranged that Mrs. Patmore shall herself write the book, with the co-operation of Frederic Greenwood and Mr. Champneys.

M. D'Ennery, the quiet and kind-hearted French writer of fiction, has just been astonished to find that his works contain more than fifty murders, twenty-four cases of child stealing, sixty poisoning cases, thirty-two incendiary fires, and many forgeries.

Frank A. Munsey is to start a weekly paper to be called the *Quaker*, to be sold at two cents *a copy*.

The *Dramatic Magazine* is a handsome new monthly published in Chicago.

Massey's Magazine has been combined with the *Canadian Magazine* (Toronto).

The *Golden Rule* (Boston) will change its name November 1 to the *Christian Endeavor World*.

Home and Country (New York) has suspended publication.

Accompanying the handsome half-tone portrait of Amos Bronson Alcott, the father of the author of "Little Women," which forms the frontispiece of the September *Open Court*, is a biographical sketch by Mrs. Cheney.

"Browning's Summers in Brittany," by Mrs. A. M. Mosher, in the September *Century*, is both an illustrated paper of travel, and a study of the English poet's Breton work.

Great Pictures (Chicago) for August contains two fine examples of the nude in art, "Temptation" (Quingac), and "La Toilette" (Rousin), and two architectural photographs, "The German Government Building at the Chicago Exposition," and "The Mission of Santa Barbara."

In his paper "On Being Human" in the September *Atlantic* Professor Woodrow Wilson attempts to define the subtle charm in literature, which is its human quality, and shows how literature is distinguished from mere learning.

"George du Maurier," by Henry James in *Harper's* for September is a view of the artist and writer as he appeared to an intimate friend and fellow-craftsman.

A series of articles by Edward Everett Hale on "James Russell Lowell and His Friends" will appear in the monthly Magazine Numbers of the *Outlook* throughout the year 1898. These papers will not constitute a formal biography, but will abound in personal incident and anecdote; will present the poet, essayist, reformer, and diplomatist as he appeared to his intimate friends; and will throw new and striking light on his relations to the social and moral movements of his times.

Mrs. Mary Kyle Dallas died in New York city August 25, aged fifty years.

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

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THE CAMERA AS AN INVESTMENT.

Writers generally may not care to buy a camera for amusement alone, because it is an expensive toy. Yet articles accompanied by photographs suitable for illustrations can frequently be sold, when the same articles, without photographs, would be promptly returned, "With thanks."

I do not follow authorship as a profession, but during my spare moments from the calls of business I find time to do considerable miscellaneous writing. The checks received in payment for such work aggregate quite a neat sum at the end of a year. Much of my work is sold in a market overlooked or slighted by the writer who devotes his time and efforts to a strictly literary class of work; namely, among the daily and Sunday newspapers.

To be sure, daily newspapers do not pay nearly as well as the magazines, but it does not take so long to prepare a newspaper article as it does to write one for the magazines. I do not mean that work to be submitted to newspapers may be dashed off hurriedly — far from it; but perfection in style is not so essential, provided you have an interesting story to tell. Then the returns are more prompt than from the magazines, and help pay grocery bills while you are writing The Great American Novel, or waiting for the publication of that short story you sold to the *Nameless Magazine*, to be paid for on publication.

Since I bought a camera and began sending photographs with my news stories and articles, I have, I believe, sold two articles where before I sold but one. The purchase was an experiment, and as such had to be conducted as economically as possible. Yet it was necessary to secure a camera that would make good, clear photographs, for a poor photograph — well, the less said about that the better.

"Films or glass plates?" I decided to use glass plates, for I had had some little experience with films, curling and twisting while being developed. When one is using glass plates, a plate may be taken out and developed as soon as the exposure is made, but with roll films this cannot easily be done. A safe selection will be a camera using glass plates or films at will.

Then, when you are starting off on an excursion, pack your grip with films. They will not break, they occupy but a small space, and they are extremely light. At other times, I pre-

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fer to substitute glass plates for the films.

For most purposes the folding camera is to be preferred, as it is more easily carried, and occupies but a small space when traveling.

A camera using 5 x 7 plates or films makes as good a photograph as one could desire. Yet the 4 x 5 camera is not so expensive, and will answer the purpose in many cases. With a camera using films or plates smaller than 5 x 7 you can make a picture only as large as the size of the plates used by that camera. When using a 5 x 7 camera smaller pictures can be made, if desired.

Should any writer, in selecting a camera, decide to buy one smaller than 5 x 7, I think it is an excellent plan to buy a 5 x 7 developing and printing outfit. Then, in case a larger camera is bought later, it will not be necessary to buy new developing and printing outfits.

Any one can soon learn to take and develop excellent photographs. Your local photographer will give you a few lessons on developing, printing, and finishing the picture. Some amateur photographers have a regular photographer do all of the work, but I think one using the camera for illustrations will find it more convenient to do the work at home. If necessary, a photograph may be taken, developed, and fixed, and a print made, toned, and mounted ready to send, in an hour and a half, or with some classes of printing paper in less time. The regular photographer would not desire to take the time to print and fix one, two, or three pictures, as is sometimes necessary when writing news stories.

Some newspapers pay for illustrations of interesting events, scenery, snap shots at watering resorts, and other places, whether they use the matter accompanying them or not. But whether or not a specified amount is allowed for the photograph, if the author is writing on space rates, he is usually given credit for the space occupied by the illustration. Even though no payment be made at all for the picture, however, it will be found that many articles will be accepted and paid for simply because good photographs accompany them, when they would otherwise be refused; and anything that will assist in selling manuscripts, either to the newspapers or magazines, and bring in the welcome almighty dollar, is of value to the writer.

OBERLIN, Kan. *Joseph H. Young.*

MAKING PERFECT COPY.

The writer who through carelessness or indolence fails to make his copy as nearly perfect as he can before he sends it out to editors, is as foolish as a farmer would be if, in filling his apple barrels, he should put all his small and gnarly apples at the top. This is the age of the typewriter, when all manuscripts ought to be as clear as print, whether they are written with the typewriter or with the pen. Carelessly prepared copy, full of errors of punctuation and spelling, always impresses an editor unfavorably at first sight, and in matters of artistic judgment first impressions are important. An editor prejudiced against a manuscript by his first glance at it is not likely to find so much good in it as he might if the author had shown enough respect for his brain product to do his best by it before allowing it to leave his hands.

Some writers make the mistake of having their manuscripts copied by incompetent typewriters, and then send them to editors without taking the trouble to revise the typewritten copy. In that case they suffer from an appearance of illiteracy which cannot fail to prejudice editors against them. The woman who habitually spells "carriage" "carryage," and "omission" with two "m's," may be worthy of affection and honor as a wife and mother, but she is certainly not an accurate observer, and by editors her descriptions of character or scenery would be regarded with distrust. A good writer is seldom a poor speller, and the best writers

almost invariably turn out perfect copy, so far as spelling, punctuation, and arrangement are concerned.

Now that the great majority of manuscripts are typewritten, writers who use the pen are at a disadvantage, and such writers need to take more care than ever to make their copy as nearly perfect as they can. Those who use the typewriter, moreover, greatly lessen their chances of success if they do not edit their manuscripts carefully after the work of typewriting is done. The task of proof-reading should never be neglected, and the manuscript should go to the editor in such shape that the compositor can "follow copy" without having any errors to correct. In correcting typewritten manuscript, by the way, changes should be marked in the copy, and not indicated on the margin as they would be in reading printed proof. This work of revision, moreover, should not be done carelessly, but in the most careful way. Every editor knows that it is harder for him to see errors in his own copy than in copy prepared by others, and for that reason writers need to edit their manuscripts with even more care than proof-readers habitually use. Typewritten copy especially needs to be scrutinized closely, for experience has shown that the easier copy is to read, the harder it is for the author to detect defects and errors in it.

Arthur Fosdick.

BOSTON, MASS.

MECHANICAL AIDS IN VERSE WRITING.

The view from the summit of Parnassus is just as grand if you have ascended to it by a cog railway as it is if you have toiled painfully up the steep on foot. True poetry is impossible without genuine inspiration: but sometimes, where the inspiration is present, commonplace methods are helpful in overcoming the mechanical difficulties of expressing the inspired thoughts in the traditional set forms of verse. In other words, even the true poet should not scorn the occasional assistance of the rhyming dictionary.

Suppose you have a sudden poetical idea. You recognize it instinctively as the child of Inspiration. Unfortunately, it does not come to you in the form of a completed poem. Few poets are fortunate enough to be able to reach up into the air and grasp completed poems, not needing the rasping of the file, all ready to be recorded with the pen or clicked out on the convenient typewriter. Your bit of inspiration is a line, a couplet, a stanza at the most, sometimes only an unmetrical and unrhymed thought. Before it can become a poem it must be worked over and worked out, thought upon, elaborated, fitted to the conventional pattern of traditional verse, made perfect as to rhyme and metre, set in a fitting frame of words. *Hic labor, hoc opus est!* Here is where even the heaven-inspired poet has to toil!

Here, too, is where the despised rhyming dictionary may be a help. Why should the inspiration-favored one, blessed beneficiary of the gods, disdain its help? If he is in doubt about the spelling of "receive," he turns to his big Webster, unthinkingly, unhesitatingly, as a matter of course. If he needs a rhyme for "satirical," why should he torment his brain and waste precious gray matter trying to think out for himself the word he needs, when by reaching to his revolving bookcase and turning a few pages of a book he can hit upon "empirical," exactly the word he wants? It may be that in looking for a rhyme he will find at the same time both the rhyme and an idea better than any he has in his mind for the completion of his poem. The word "empirical," for instance, which the rhyming dictionary suggests to him, may suggest a thought which fits in admirably with the remainder of his poem. In that case, by using the mechanical help in

verse-writing he makes a double gain.

With the would-be poet, who starts without inspiration and uses a rhyming dictionary in a laborious effort to block out commonplace thoughts in what at best can be only rhyming prose, I have nothing now to do. My point is that the genuine poet who depends upon his own brain alone in working out his ideas — much of the work that he must do being necessarily mechanical — is as foolish as the carpenter would be, if he should neglect the experience of the world and plane out in the old-fashioned way all the mouldings that he uses for adornment, instead of getting them ready-fashioned at the moulding mill.

And then there are the verse-writers — not poets in any sense — humorists who put jokes into rhyme, amusing the world and getting profit by it. Such writers are foolish if they do not get as many mechanical helps as possible in finding fitting rhymes and phrases. To them a rhyming dictionary and Roget's "Thesaurus" are as important as the ordinary dictionary is to a man whose spelling is original. They may not be indispensable, but they are extremely useful.

The chief use of the rhyming dictionary, of course, is in suggesting appropriate rhyming words. Sometimes, as has been said already, a verse-writer — or even a poet — glancing through the list of possible rhymes for a given word may see one that suggests an appropriate thought that would not otherwise have occurred to him. The advantage in the use of the rhyming dictionary is then two-fold.

Roget's "Thesaurus" is quite as useful as a rhyming dictionary to the verse-writer, since it suggests equivalents for words or phrases, and enables a writer to transmute the cheap metal of a prosaic expression into the gold of a poetic word or phrase. To use an exaggerated illustration, a thought might occur to a writer only in the vulgar phrase "to strike all of a heap." His "Thesaurus" would give him the literary equivalent "to petrify," which might exactly fit the metre of his lines. Again a writer may be unable to use the word "startle" because his metre will not allow a trochee, but requires an iambus. Instead of tiring his brains needlessly, he turns to his "Thesaurus," and is rewarded with the word "affright." The word is as useful to him — even though he be a poet — and to the reader as if he had thought it out himself.

It is always best to take the shortest, straightest road to any desired object. So long as you get there, it does n't matter to the reader how you came.

William H. Hills.

BOSTON, MASS.

"A WORD TO IMPATIENT WRITERS."

Some things, buckwheat cakes, for instance, are best served hot; but literary productions often seem to be all the better for a slight delay.

Frequently, when the author has written the last line of his story he is in such a feverish state that he cannot sleep before starting the manuscript on a round-trip journey to the editor. When in the course of inhuman events the article returns, how glaringly the faults peer at him from its hastily-written pages. It would have been just as easy to correct them *some weeks earlier* as it is now, and perhaps there would have been joy in his heart and a check in the bank of one of his creditors had he not been in such a hurry.

Writers should know that even a moderate degree of success comes but slowly to the average person. A meteoric career frequently dazzles our eyes, and we long to turn into a startler of the universe: but listen to words of wisdom and be content to watch the meteor and trot along with the tortoise.

My experience has taught me that a manuscript rather improves with age.

If you have confided your wonderful secret

of authorship to nobody, what loss is it to the world should your story adorn the recesses of a trunk for an indefinite period? The millions of readers in the world are in no immediate danger of dying for the lack of articles. They can do a vast amount of waiting for your production, and, yes, perhaps worry along without it altogether.

Some years ago I wrote two articles which in due process of time paid polite visits to several editors. One of the manuscripts, I was informed, never reached its destination; but some six months later it crawled out of a forgotten editorial pigeon-hole, and was returned to me. The other article was kept by an editor for a year; he awaited a chance to push it into his crowded pages. I was eventually rejoiced to behold it again. Early in this year, however, both articles were accepted and paid for. The money was as useful and went as fast as if I had received it at an earlier day.

Another example from my experience illustrates the folly of being in a hurry. I sent a short story to a magazine, and with the rejection slip came a personal note from the editor saying that he would be pleased to examine something else from my pen. With visions of acceptance dancing in my brain and no ideas worth speaking of to keep said visions company, I sat down and scribbled off a manuscript. It came back, of course, and I threw it into my trunk to seek comfort with its fellow-sufferers. Fishing it out some time ago, I was amused to discover the mistakes which abounded in its pages. I would never have accepted it had I been an editor; but with a liberal dose of revision I feel quite sure it will eventually find a resting-place.

If you have a good idea, you may feel sure that it will be of use in some way at some time. First, however, get your idea and give it proper clothing. Sometimes, too, it may be necessary to change the style of dress according to the season.

During the closing days of the Columbian Exposition in 1893 I wrote an article describing a trip to the Fair. It was too late to be "timely." Have I destroyed that rejected manuscript? No, indeed; I feel confident that it will serve me a good turn sometime in the future. Perhaps the Paris Exposition of 1900 may make it possible to launch some of its views upon the reading world. So rest in peace, my manuscript; you will yet comfort me, if I am not in a hurry. *Monroe Wilbur.*

PHILADELPHIA, Penn.

THE MORALITY OF SENSATIONAL PAPERS.

It is the common custom to speak slightingly of sensational weekly story papers, as being both foolish and immoral. They do, of course, present a silly and distorted view of life. That they are, as well, immoral or impure is an assertion that cannot be sustained. Some of our best magazines, in fact, do not exercise so strict a censorship over the manuscripts they accept as do these much-berated sheets.

In evidence of this, I may cite an example from my own experience. In a serial, lately, destined for use in one of these papers, I incidentally mentioned (in two or three paragraphs) the elopement of a married woman. The acceptance contained a request that I omit the incident, and the editor added: "I feel quite sure that you would not wish anything to be printed from your pen that would tend further to relax the present immorality of a good many people."

When I see the condescending wish that the readers of these periodicals should be elevated to a higher literary plane, I sometimes wonder whether they would find it in reading some of the questionable stories that have been printed in recent years in what are commonly called our "high-class magazines."

ST. LOUIS, MO. *S. G. Sanderson.*

THE WRITER.

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WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

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*** Everything printed in the magazine without credit is original.

*** Not one line of paid advertisement will be printed in THE WRITER outside of the advertising pages.

*** Advertising rates will be sent on request.

*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

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When serials were first published in magazines, one idea of the publisher was to influence the renewal of subscriptions by carrying the serials over from one volume to another, and at the same time overlapping them so that no subscription could ever end without leaving a serial unfinished. The very practical theory of the publisher was that the curiosity of subscribers would lead them to renew their subscriptions in order to get the rest of some serial in which they were interested, and that then they would get interested in another serial, and so on continually, making their subscriptions perpetual. Many magazine publishers still print their serials according to the old plan, but it is noticeable that the publishers of the *Century* do not. All the four serials that have been running in the *Century* are concluded in the October number, which ends the fifty-fourth volume. Similarly, in *St. Nicholas* for October three serials are concluded, and a picture in the magazine calls attention to the fact. It represents a young girl poring over the pages and saying: "Oh, dear! The serial stories all end in this number."

***

In a useful paper on "Bad Story-telling" in *Lippincott's* for October, Frederic M. Bird, who is the editor of the magazine, gives some hints to beginners in fiction. Among other things he says: "Read up on United States history — you will get some useful information anyway — and see what you can do with that. Don't take your scene from France or Italy, where you have never been; home is nearer and just as good. If you can light upon an idea which has not been done to death, or a situation unhackneyed or unfamiliar, make the most of it. New England has been so run upon that it affords material only to a few experts; the Middle States and those between the Ohio and the Rockies, locally speaking, are a poor literary field, but the South and the far West are not worked out yet. Avoid dialect; as a main reliance, its day is done. Avoid the 'hifalutin,' spread-eagle, and rip-roaring styles; they are of the yet remoter past. Don't write tales of literary life till you know it as thoroughly as Mr. Howells does. Find out what your bent is, if you have any, and what you have to say, if anything; if not, seek other pursuits. Remember that a poor story or essay is of less value than a peck of inferior apples, and that the author of a bad novel is entitled to no more respect than a shoemaker or farmer who does not understand his business. The pioneers of our literature may have done what now seems poor work, but we knew no better then and had nothing better; they *were* pioneers, and as such entitled to a place in history; but nobody is going to write the history of the multifarious literary efforts of our time that come to nothing. Whatever you do, take pains with it. Try at least to write good English; learn to criticise and correct your work; put your

best into every sentence. If you are too lazy and careless to do that, better go into trade or politics; it is easier to become a congressman or millionaire than a real author, and we have too many bad story-tellers as it is."

* * *

In his dainty little poem, "Forever and a Day." published in the October *Atlantic*, Thomas Bailey Aldrich rhymes "boughs" with "house"—

> "For in the leafy lane,
> Beneath the garden boughs,
> And through the silent house
> One thing alone I seek."

Mr. Aldrich habitually polishes his work with such extreme care that it is unusual to find a false rhyme in it. Precise as he is, by the way, he must have been tortured by unavailing efforts to make the last line of his much-quoted "Identity" conform to the rule laid down by the rhetoricians regarding the use of "only."

> "I only died last night,"

according to Professor Hill, means "I did not do anything else last night but die"—which, it is needless to say, is not Mr. Aldrich's idea. On the other hand, "I died only last night," which is what Mr. Aldrich wanted his shuddering Shape to say, is bald and uncompromising prose. It would be interesting to know just how long Mr. Aldrich struggled with that line before concluding to let the poem go before the world with the blemish that perhaps, after all, like the patch of black court-plaster on my lady's rounded cheek, only heightens beauty.

* * *

"Droch," writing in the October *Ladies' Home Journal*, expresses a belief that patriotism of the right sort will be the master passion of the coming hero. "It furnishes an endless scope for the highest kind of courage, combined with that mastery of men that is leadership," he says. "And yet how seldom does it creep into current fiction, except in the spurious garb of rhetorical bluster or the melodramatic account of physical heroism in battle! There have been many attempts in American stories to depict the perversion of patriotism that shows itself in ring politics and corruption—but the plain citizen, doing his duty simply and at a sacrifice, is hardly alluded to. And yet the country is filled with him, as has been shown in every supreme test of its temper on a moral issue. As Lincoln often said, you can always count on the 'plain people.' Perhaps if more ideas of citizenship were depicted in popular fiction, there would be more of the real thing in actual life."

* * *

It takes capital to publish a big daily newspaper. Mr. Steffens in his article on "The Business of a Newspaper" in *Scribner's* for October says that the expenditure of a newspaper that is operated on a large scale was as follows last year: Editorial and literary matter, $220,000; local news, $290,000; illustrations, $180,000; correspondents, $125,000; telegraph, $65,000; cable, $27,000; mechanical department, $410,500; paper, $617,000; business office, ink, rent, light, etc., $219,000. This paper has a very expensive staff of editorial writers, but the $220,000 was spent largely for special articles of a very miscellaneous character.

* * *

Sir Edwin Arnold was so impressed with the beauties of Japan that he has married one.

W. H. H.

MY VOCABULARY INCREASER.

"My Vocabulary Increaser" is what I call a combination of two books that has proved one of the most interesting and useful "helps" of my writing outfit. One of these books is small,—hardly more than a pad,—with a light, flexible cover, such as is in general use for memorandum purposes. The other is a more pretentious affair and made to last, with pages measuring 8 x 7¾ inches, the whole stoutly bound in roan and morocco.

The smaller book is just the size to carry about in one's pockets conveniently, and is my constant companion. In it I enter new words culled in the daily perusal of numerous exchanges and books, or cribbed from the conversation of those with whom I come in contact, supplementing the list with such other words coined at a moment's inspiration.

These stray gems of thought are afterward transferred, as opportunity affords, to a larger

book, and there assembled under various and appropriate heads, as Given Names of Women; Given Names of Men; Adjectives; Adverbs; Nouns; etc.

The value of the little work increases constantly. I find nothing on my writing table of a more practically helpful nature, and I am confident that writers generally who have not evolved a "Vocabulary Increaser" of their very own will find interest and profit in one like that I have described.

W. Hull Western.

PLAINFIELD, N. J.

NEWSPAPER ENGLISH EDITED.

Creditors Wish Sale by Receiver Nullified. — *Boston Transcript Headline.*	Creditors Want Sale by Receiver Nullified.
Perhaps in a majority of cases time only will prove either. —*Clara E. Laughlin, in Self-Culture.*	Perhaps in most cases only time will prove either.
One of those Bostonians of fine taste whom I confidently expected would endorse my protest. — "*Taverner,*" *in Time and the Hour.*	One of those Bostonians of fine taste who I confidently expected would endorse my protest.
But what arrested and riveted Gabriella's attention was less the individual graces of the lovers as the intangible atmosphere which seemed to envelope them. —*Julien Gordon, in October Cosmopolitan.*	But what arrested and riveted Gabriella's attention was not so much the individual graces of the lovers as the intangible atmosphere that seemed to envelop them.
She wore one of those toilettes which, although sombre in color and severe in cut, manages to startle, or is it the wearer who so arrests the eye and turns the head of the most hurried passer-by? — *Julien Gordon, in October Cosmopolitan.*	She wore one of those toilettes which, although sombre in color and severe in cut, manage to startle, or is it the wearer who so arrests the eye and turns the head of the most hurried passer-by?

QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics will be answered in this department. Questions must be brief, and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

In what order should the novels of Dumas be read? C. N.

[The historical novels of the elder Dumas are divided into three series, as follows: —

The Valois Series — "Marguerite of Valois," "Chicot, the Jester," "The Forty-five."

The Three Guardsmen Series — "The Three Guardsmen," "Twenty Years After," "Ten Years Later," "Nanon," "Chevalier d'Harmenthal," "A Daughter of the Regent."

The Memoirs of a Physician Series — "Memoirs of a Physician," "The Queen's Necklace," "Taking the Bastile," "Countess de Charney."

The other novels by Dumas are not closely connected. — W. H. H.]

THE SCRAP BASKET.

Sir Walter Besant in a recent number of the *Queen* gives some excellent advice to writers of fiction. He says: "Remember that you can hope to succeed only by producing a faithful picture; your setting must be true; your costume must be correct; your atmosphere, your play of light and shade must be painted from nature. You must, therefore, make up your mind to observe, as the first condition of fiction.

"Next, you must remember that no one can succeed in fiction who has not the power of 'grip.' You must be able to hold your audience. It is impossible to teach how that can be done. But the first outward and visible sign of it is generally, not always, dramatic situation and dramatic dialogue.

"Thirdly — Let your subject be strong, admitting of dramatic situation.

"Fourthly — Let your characters be clear and distinct. Do not aim at the portraiture of subtle and many-sided characters. They may come later, or they may not. Let your characters be clearly intelligible, and always true to themselves in their action and in their dialogue.

"Fifthly — Take care not to weaken your page by long descriptions. Aim at describing all that is necessary in a few touches and the rest in dialogue.

"Sixthly — Plan out your narrative for a certain length in a certain number of chapters. If the plot is simple, with few incidents, let your chapters be few and your story short.

"Seventhly — Learn to pay attention to style. Read the works of the greatest writers and observe how their style contributes to the interest of the page. But remember that style is not everything; that it should be subservient

to the story; and that a great deal of what is called style is nothing but fashion.

"There are a great many other rules which I could offer, but these may suffice for a beginning. I do not add to these rules a warning to avoid vulgarity; but, indeed, one has to consider that danger. A great many of the manuscripts sent to me are deplorably vulgar. Even the most vulgar people do not, as a rule, desire vulgar writing, though, no doubt, some do"

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Frances M. Butler, whose story "Two Letters," published in *Lippincott's* for August, has been referred to as relating "a most pathetic incident of the late war," is a Virginian by birth. She is the wife of a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal church, and resides in Baltimore, Md., where her husband is rector of a church. "Tea-cup Times" in the July *Lippincott*, "Mrs. Barton's Neighbor" in the *New York Churchman* for July 12, and "A Man Without a Memory," published in the *Black Cat* for February, are some examples of her work which have attracted attention. She has, during several years, contributed many short stories and essays to various periodicals and papers.

Ellen Claire Campbell, whose serial, "A Gentleman of Dixie," was begun in the *Chautauquan* for August, was born and reared, as was her mother before her, in Lafayette county, Missouri, not more than ten miles from her present home. Her father was one of the youngest and bravest officers of the Confederacy, and her mother was the daughter of "the great man of the neighborhood," who died, however, before the war. The Heart's Delight of "A Gentleman of Dixie" is a representation of her mother's home as pictured to her children. Mrs. Campbell's husband cooperates and sympathizes with her literary work, though himself in no sense literary. On the contrary, he is a very practical man of affairs, being a coal operator and brick manufacturer. Mrs. Campbell lives in a town surrounded by far-stretching prairies, and her life has been correspondingly even and uneventful. Much of it has been spent in study, much in thought, and a striving after ideals. The story of her serial is an interesting one. She had written a little for the *Chautauquan*, her last contribution having been "In the Shadow of the Guillotine," published in the numbers for July and August, 1896. The same summer she was at Chautauqua, and there met Dr. Flood. He was pleased with Mrs. Campbell's work, and, having learned something of her antecedents, decided that she could execute one of his literary plans — an illustration of life on the border between North and South during the Civil War. All the material was to be gathered from the actors of those tragic times. Of course, no suggestion was offered as to plot; everything was left to Mrs. Campbell's discretion, the only provisions being that the story should not be too ultra, and that it should give, as nearly as possible, a picture of the antebellum and war days. Mrs. Campbell was pleased with the idea. The outlines of the story soon took form, and the details came as she wrote. As the chapters were finished, they were sent to Dr. Flood, and his approval gave inspiration to the succeeding pages. "A Gentleman of Dixie" is Mrs. Campbell's first long story, but she has another in mind to be put on paper. This will be a story of our own times, a picture of the world-Babylon, with the pygmies and heroes there, striving for existence. She hopes to make it far outrank the other effort.

Arthur Willis Colton, whose short story, "The Green Grasshopper," in the *New England Magazine* for August, and pathetic sketch, "The Flowers on Tim Rae's Grave," in the August *Ladies' Home Journal*, show the versatility of the author's genius, is New England born and bred. He is a native of Washington, Conn., graduated at Yale in 1890, studied there three years more and took a doctor's degree, spent yet another two years at Yale as instructor in English literature, and at the end of that time had decided to devote himself to writing. Since then he has lived partly in the Middle West, and partly in his native place. Mr. Colton first appeared in print as a versifier and an essayist of the scholastic order, and his trial of fiction was in the way of an experiment, but the business of story-telling, he finds, grows

more and more interesting. "The Green Grasshopper" belongs to a considerable group of stories treating of the village of Hagar — which, by the way, is not the village of Washington, although Mr. Mead has recently expressed his suspicion that it is. The *New England Magazine* has published several of the Hagar stories. During the last year Mr. Colton has had stories, as well, in the *Youth's Companion*, *Harper's Round Table*, the *Independent*, the *Nickell Magazine*, and the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and he has contributed verses to *Scribner's*, the *Cosmopolitan*, *Godey's*, the *Century*, and other periodicals.

Marion Evans, who had a bright bit of *vers de société*, "Waiting in the Wings," in the August *Century*, had the good fortune — for a poet and artist — to be born in that irresponsible Arcadia of modern life, the bohemia of the studios. Through her father, De Scott Evans, the painter, she has always had an entrée to the "behind-the-scenes" of artist life, of which, having enjoyed it for many years unprofitably, she is now about to make "material" in a series of sketches to be called "Stories of Studio Life." She has already begun a similar series, relating to art student life, and based on her adventures as a pupil of the National Academy of Design. It is but two years since she took up writing conscientiously, — her time before that, as it is now, being much occupied with matters histrionic and dramatic. Verse comes to her — particularly blank verse — much more readily than prose, as a means of expression, but in both she is a slow and painstaking worker. She is an Ohioan by birth, having been born and having spent her childhood at Cleveland, but for the last ten years she has lived in New York City.

Martha Finley, who contributed an old-fashioned fairy story, "Twiddledewit," to *St. Nicholas* for August, is best known as the author of "the Elsie books," with which all children are familiar. Her ancestors came to this country in 1734, and her grandfather was one of the early settlers of Ohio. She was born in Chillicothe. A year later her father removed to Circleville, and seven years after that to South Bend, Ind. With the exception of one year spent in Philadelphia, that was her home until her twenty-fifth year, when she came East. Her father had died two years before, and she never returned to South Bend as her home. She spent some years in New York City and in Pennsylvania, but for the last twenty years she has lived at Elkton, Md. It was in Phoenixville, Penn., that Miss Finley wrote "Elsie Dinsmore," which brought her fame and fortune. The story was given to her, she tells her friends, in answer to prayer for help to make an income. A new and attractively-illustrated edition is published this fall for a Christmas book. There are now twenty-two volumes in the series, and the publishers are asking for still another. The popularity of these books has been very great. The author was told recently of one little girl who had read them with the greatest eagerness — one volume ten times, till she could repeat the whole of it, word for word. There are seven volumes in the Mildred Series, in most of which Elsie comes in as one of the characters. Dodd, Mead, & Co. publish also what they call the Finley Series, several of which — "Casella," "Wanted, a Pedigree," "Signing the Contract," "Thorn in the Nest," and "Tragedy of Wild River Valley" — are not juveniles. Miss Finley retained the copyright of "Twiddledewit," intending to have it republished in book form, but her publishers told her it was too small. On reading their letter, she set to work at once, and went on with the story till she had made it five or six times as large. Her publishers would like to have it enlarged still more, and intend to bring it out next fall as an illustrated Christmas book. In addition to the books mentioned, Miss Finley has written a long list of Sunday school books.

William Prescott Foster, whose sonnet, "The Argonauts," in the *Century* for August has nothing about it to suggest the legal mind, is engaged in the practice of law in Boston. He was born in a little back town in Maine, lying on the borders of the "wild lands," in a cup-like valley surrounded by forests and rugged mountains, and containing a beautiful lake. His father had a mill at that place, and the greater portion of his boyhood and youth was spent in tending a circular saw or a planing machine. His amusements were following a trout-brook

to its source in the hills, or roaming the woods with a gun, or enjoying days and evenings, sometimes prolonged till dawn, of solitary floating in his boat upon the lake. As he grew older he studied Latin and went to college, where he paid his way by teaching and various other employments during vacations. After graduating in 1881, he continued to teach, in Maine and in Massachusetts, for three years more. He then studied law in the office of Hon. Enoch Foster, now one of the judges of the supreme court of Maine, and having been admitted to the bar, began to practice at Bar Harbor. In 1891 he removed to Boston, where he spent the next three years in reading various books, and in idle contemplation of that portion of human existence which came within the range of his observation. Having awakened to the unprofitable nature of such a life, in 1895 he opened a law office in Boston, and resumed the practice of his profession. He has been an occasional contributor to the *Century* for several years, and has at times written things for other magazines.

Mary Macon Hall, whose story, "In Virginia," published in the *National Magazine* for November, gives evidence of talent, is a resident of Eastern Maryland. She was educated in Virginia, and is thoroughly conversant with the scenes that she describes. She is quite young, and has been writing only a short time, but has written a number of short stories and some excellent descriptive sketches, among which are "A Yule-Tide Event" and an "October Storm." She is a member of the Society of the United States' Daughters of 1812. Her work has appeared mostly in Northern periodicals.

Gertrude Halladay, whose bright story, "Priscilla's Fairy Godmother," in *St. Nicholas* for August contains a hint to parents who have to take their children on a wearing railway journey, lives in Roxbury, Mass. "Priscilla's Fairy Godmother" is practically her first story, although she has contributed a number of bits of light verse to *Life*, *Vogue*, and other papers.

Mary M. Mears, whose story of country life, "The Marrying of Esther," in *Harper's Magazine* for August has elicited much favorable comment, has spent all her days in the Wisconsin town that bears the euphonious name of Oshkosh. She is a sister of Nellie F. Mears, the young girl who designed the symbolical figure of Wisconsin for the Chicago Exposition. She took up writing as a profession three years ago, although before that, while still in school, she had a few things published in Chicago papers and in a juvenile magazine. Her first short story, following these school-girl productions, was published in *Harper's Bazar* in September, 1895, and before that Mrs. Sangster had accepted some of her verses. Since then she has contributed to *Harper's*, *Munsey's*, *McClure's*, and various other magazines. "The Marrying of Esther" is based slightly upon fact, but it has not brought the author the amusing charges that "A Platonic Pair," published in February, 1896, occasioned, for after the appearance of that tale three different villages claimed the characters. A year and a half ago Henry Holt & Co. published "Emma Lou — Her Book," by Miss Mears, which, with the exception of the last few chapters, was written when she was sixteen. It is, therefore, almost literally what it professes to be — the diary of a girl of that age, although in this case the account is wholly fictitious.

Grace Stuart Reid, whose name of recent years has become pleasantly familiar, was born in New York, and has spent more of her life there than in any other place. For several years, however, she lived in England, and from the memories of that English stay she drew the scene of "Her Mysterious Disappearance," the entertaining story which was published in the *Ladies' Home Journal* for August. Readers of the *Ladies' Home Journal* will remember also Miss Reid's three-part novelette, "A Vivacious Girl," which was published in that magazine in 1895. Miss Reid has had similar fiction, poems, and children's stories published in a number of the lesser monthlies, and in the religious weeklies, such as the *Churchman*, the *Living Church*, the *Sunday School Times*, and the *Independent*.

Walter D. Robinson has amused many readers by a number of bits of comic verse which have appeared and are appearing in the *Century Magazine*, the latest being "A Scientific Dilemma" in the August number. The

subjects are generally taken from English history, and are treated disrespectfully. Mr. Robinson originally wrote these verses to amuse his friends, but about a year ago they fell into the hands of a lady of literary tendencies, who sent them to the *Century*, and the editor of the *Century* promptly accepted them.

Ellinor Dale Runcie, author of the strong Salvation Army story, "Sergeant Matty," in the *Ladies' Home Journal* for August, comes naturally by her taste for literature, her mother, Constance Fauntleroy Runcie, having published a book of poems, besides some prose productions. She is a great-granddaughter of the social reformer, Robert Owen, of New Lanark, Scotland. Her forte lies principally in depicting the simple or more homely sides of life, as shown in "Sergeant Matty." She has recently completed another Salvation Army story, besides having on hand several other short stories and poems, two social satires, and two farces. Her home is in St. Joseph, Mo.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Craigie. — Mrs. Craigie ("John Oliver Hobbes") writes slowly and laboriously, correcting much and destroying more. She uses none of the modern aids to composition, neither dictating to an amanuensis nor having any dealings with the typewriter. I well remember marveling at the copy which "John Oliver Hobbes" sent over when "The Gods, Some Mortals, and Lord Wickenham" was running in the *Pall Mall Budget*, written evenly, delicately, clearly, with scarce an erasure to a thousand words. She confessed to me afterward that the version which the printer saw had been seven times refined, having been written over and over again with her own hand.

A year or two ago, when her health was more delicate than it is at present, Mrs. Craigie did most of her writing in bed, during the morning hours. Of late, however, she has altered her system. Rising early, she devotes the morning hours to reading or writing in her study, and then, after a light lunch, takes a drive in the park or elsewhere, finding time for more work before the dinner hour. As she seldom *or never goes* to dinner parties or receptions, she is able to retire early to rest and prepare for a similar course of study and writing on the following day. It may be a matter of wonder that a novelist should live apart from social life, and yet continue to be a novelist. But Mrs. Craigie will tell you that she has, after all, her point of contact with the outside world in her father, her mother, and her brothers. Every evening at dinner she hears what the rest have been doing during the time she has spent in seclusion, and collects thus the experiences of a man of affairs, a woman of the world, and a Cambridge undergraduate, besides those of such visitors as are frequently at a hospitable house. Thus, as Mrs. Craigie is fond of saying, she obtains all the knowledge of what is going on that she cares for. And herein we may find, I think, the clew to a notable characteristic of the books she has hitherto given us, which are not so much stories as studies of individuals. Mrs. Craigie is no social note-taker; she does not start with a background, as, for example, M. Zola is now doing, and select her figures to suit it. Rather does she take an individual, such as the silly, selfish, sensual Anne in "The Gods, Some Mortals, and Lord Wickenham," and trace *a priori* the development of her character and its consequences on her surroundings. And — given only the literary faculty — no more knowledge of life is required to do this than you may find by looking deep enough into your own heart. — *Clarence Rook, in the Chap-Book.*

Eggleston. — Most of Edward Eggleston's characters are composite, made up from taking a trait from this one and a trait from that one, but two of them are still living, in Vevay, Ind., and are recognized by all the people there. One of them is "Jeems" Phillips, the champion speller of Flat Creek District, one of the characters in the "Hoosier Schoolmaster," and the other is Aunt Lucy Detraz (pronounced Datraw), one of the principal characters in "Roxy." The town of Vevay in this book is called Luzerne. In an interview with Mr. Eggleston, published in the *Outlook*, he says: "If my books were brought to me from another person, I should say that what distinguished them specially was that the characters were all treated in their relations to social con-

ditions, something of which I was quite unconscious at the time. They were forerunners of my historical studies, a result, perhaps, of my early life, which was diversified. In my early life I repeatedly changed from one social environment to another. I lived in town and in the country, and on account of ill health was sent to the backwoods of Indiana, and in the back country I saw many survivals. The cooking was done at large fireplaces, with great andirons; the dye-kettle stood on the hearth; spinning, dyeing, and weaving were all done in the house. Then I went to Virginia and was domesticated — a boy, transplanted from a new free state to an old slave state. There the country life and the prejudices of English 'squires were preserved. The planters would not have embarked in trade for anything. In the mind of a boy of any observation at all, these changes must have produced many comparisons. I had to learn even a new set of table manners in going to Virginia. Then within twelve months I was on the Minnesota frontier, driving oxen and carrying a chain in a surveying party." — *Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.*

Ibsen. — Ibsen's method of work is described as follows: "I transfer to the stage certain people whom I have observed, certain events which I have seen or which have been related to me — I throw in a little poetry — and that's how it's done." He claims to have seen in real life every character that he has placed on the stage. Count Prozor mentioned the Rat Wife, to which Ibsen replied: "She was a little old woman who used to come to kill rats at the school where I was educated. She carried a little dog in a bag, and there were tales of children who had followed her and fallen into the sea. That was just what I wanted for bringing about the disappearance of Little Eyolf." — *Rochester Post-Express.*

Morgan. — As originally written, George Morgan's "John Littlejohn, of J." was a fifty-nine chapter novel. Mr. Morgan says that he really wrote three novels in writing "Littlejohn," and it took him five years. His work was done between midnight and daybreak, after a hard day's drive in the newspaper harness.

Smith. — F. Hopkinson Smith says that in writing a short story he pursues the following plan: "The first draught is always written on a half sheet of paper. That sketch contains all the meat of the story — the plot, the thread, the whatever you choose to call it. I begin to write the real story with the framework before me. When I have done the best I can with it, I send the manuscript to the stenographer, who returns it written out in typescript. Then I usually cut that manuscript into paragraphs, re-arrange it, rewrite parts of it, and put it together anew. A few weeks later I take it up again and revise it. After writing it over three or four times, at intervals of a few weeks, I generally find that I have done the best I can with it. There is always danger of over-refining a story, until it loses freshness and vitality. And in all these revisions it is most necessary to preserve the continuity of thought. It is fatal to polish a piece of writing until the thread is hidden. But I don't pretend that I can write short stories. I'm a baby at it, though I have been writing them for ten years." — *Bookseller and Newsman.*

Zola. — In the many mentions this week of the publishing house of Hanchette & Co., of Paris, none is made of the fact that it was there, in 1862, that Emile Zola, then twenty-two years of age, got his start in life. It was a modest start, and the man over whose works the literary quarrel has been bitter, and will continue to be, who has since then put his name to as great a number of books as any man since Dumas père ever wrote in a given time, earned his first money at Hanchette's, tying up bundles of books with brown paper and twine. This position was secured for the young author, then in an almost starving condition, by Dr. A. M. Boudet, of the French Academy of Medicine, who wrote to Louis Hanchette, the head of the house, and asked that a place be given to the young man. While he was waiting for an opening at the modest sum of $5 a week, Dr. Boudet managed to feed the future realist, without the appearance of charity, by engaging him to go about on New Year's day and leave the customary cards on his many friends. From his first humble position he was promoted to the advertising department — this man, who loved reading next to writing, and was condemned to handle books but not read,

and to spend his days over figures instead of fiction.

The first that Louis Hanchette knew of the literary aspirations of his young clerk was one Monday morning, when he found on his desk a manuscript poem by Zola, entitled "L'Amoureuse Comédie." Although Hanchette did not see his way to publishing this, it awakened his interest in the author, with whom he had a long talk, after which he raised his salary to $10 a week, and threw extra work his way.

The first work of a literary sort that he tried to do for Hanchette was when the publisher asked him to contribute a tale to a child's magazine he was to publish. Zola wrote "Sœur des Pauvres," which is to be found in "Contes Ninon." Hanchette could not use it. He called it revolutionary. It was soon after the publication of the latter, his first book, that Zola left the employ of Hanchette & Co., where, although, owing to the dignity of the house, he had met all sorts of great men, Taine, About, and such writers, he had made no friends. — *Boston Herald.*

BOOK REVIEWS.

A HISTORY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE. By Fred Lewis Pattee. 475 pp. Cloth. Boston: Silver, Burdett, & Co. 1896.

Professor Pattee's book treats of American literature with a view to the fundamental principles underlying its development. He points out that the history of a literature is not merely a chronological record of all the writers and writings of a language; that it is, in reality, the history of the evolution of the language, and of the intellectual development of the people. Taking this view, he begins with the early history of Virginia and Massachusetts, and sketches the events of colonial times, with especial reference to an intellectual development and literary endeavor, describing the social conditions and the environment of the writers of the time. Next taking up Pennsylvania, he devotes a chapter to Benjamin Franklin, and goes on to discuss the Revolutionary period and the work of the nation-builders, pointing out that it was in her political literature that America first broke away from the intellectual chain that bound her to old England. The birth date of American literature he fixes at 1809, with the publication of "Knickerbocker's History of New York," Irving's first important work. Devoting a chapter then to Irving, he takes up the novelists, beginning with Cooper, before whose time the six romances of Charles Brockden Brown had stood alone as representatives of American imaginative prose. Next he takes up the poets, beginning with William Cullen Bryant, and devoting a chapter to Poe, of whom he says: "Viewed as poet, romancer, or critic, he refuses to be classified." Going back a little, he discusses the orators, — Webster, Choate, Clay, Calhoun, and Everett, — and then comes to what he terms the second creative period (1837–1861). The years between 1831 and 1839 witnessed the publication of the first books of Whittier, Sparks, Bancroft, Holmes, Hawthorne, Emerson, Prescott, Hildreth, Motley, Longfellow, and Margaret Fuller. "The advent of these authors," says Professor Pattee, "marks the 'Augustan Age' of American literature." Devoting due attention to the Unitarian leaders and the Transcendentalists, he comes then to Nathaniel Hawthorne, whose four great romances "mark the highest flight of imaginative genius in America." Next comes a full discussion of the Cambridge poets, with a chapter each for Longfellow, Holmes, and Lowell, and after these the historians, including Prescott, Bancroft, Motley, and Parkman, are taken up. Whittier is properly placed among the anti-slavery leaders, of whom "Garrison was the leader, Sumner the statesman, Phillips the orator, Mrs. Stowe the novelist, and Whittier the poet." This brings the author to what he styles "the diffusive period," from the Civil War to the present time. In his closing chapters he touches briefly on the later poets, novelists, and historians, the poets of the South and West, woman in literature, and the humorists. Here, of course, is his most difficult task, and here his work is uneven and his perspective often false. To Miss Murfree, for instance, he devotes a page and a half, while to Edward Everett Hale he accords but little more than a page. To E. P. Roe again he gives a page, while Mrs. Catherwood and Mrs. Deland and Captain Charles King are dismissed each with a line, and Clara Louise Burnham, Richard Harding Davis, Ellen Olney Kirk, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, and other writers, certainly as important as the Rev. Mr. Roe, are wholly overlooked. No mention is made, either, excepting incidentally, of the development of magazine literature, which in a philosophical sketch of the development of American literature surely ought not to be disregarded. As a whole, however, Professor Pattee's book is a useful and suggestive one, and those who are interested in the history of American literature may study it with profit.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY VIEWS. Second Edition. 84 pp. Paper, $1.00. Boston: Moses King. 1896.

Mr. King's attractive book of "Harvard Views" contains a photographic picture of every building occupied by the University, in

Cambridge and in Boston, or many views of places somewhat identified with the University or of noted interest in Cambridge. The pictures are all new, and they are all excellent. Every Harvard man will want the book.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added*. Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

THE ART OF LETTER-WRITING. — III. Céline Bertault. *Toilettes* (28 c.) for November.

THE BUSINESS OF A NEWSPAPER. Illustrated. J. Lincoln Steffens. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for October.

A CHAPTER ON NOM-DE-PLUMES. Charles T. Scott. *New England Magazine* (28 c.) for October.

PAUL VERLAINE. S. C. de Soissons. *Forum* (38 c.) for October.

LETTERS OF DR. HOLMES TO A CLASSMATE. Edited by Mary Blake Morse. *Century* (38 c.) for October.

TWO PRINCIPLES IN RECENT AMERICAN FICTION. James Lane Allen. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for October.

THE FRENCH MASTERY OF STYLE. Ferdinand Brunetière. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for October.

GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO, THE NOVELIST. Henry D. Sedgwick, Jr. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for October.

FORTY YEARS OF THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for October.

THE ART OF LETTER-WRITING. Emily Huntington Miller. *Chautauquan* (23 c.) for October.

THE NOVELS OF CHATEAUBRIAND. B. W. Wells. *Sewanee Review* (53 c.) for October.

A CHAT WITH OPIE READ. William Lightfoot Visscher. *Woman's Home Companion* (13 c.) for October.

SOME LITERARY SHRINES OF MANHATTAN. Theodore F. Wolfe. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for October.

BAD STORY-TELLING. Frederic M. Bird. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for October.

MR. BARRIE'S EARLY DAYS IN JOURNALISM. Illustrated. J. A. Hammerton. *Bookman* (23 c.) for October.

WILLIAM T. ADAMS ("OLIVER OPTIC"). Illustrated. J. A. MacPherson. *National Magazine* (13 c.) for October.

DR. WEIR MITCHELL AND HIS WORK. With portrait. Sydney George Fisher. *Book-Buyer* (13 c.) for October.

SARAH BARNWELL ELLIOTT. With portrait. *Book News* (8 c.) for October.

LOUIS FIGUIER. With portrait. Ida M. Tarbell. *Appletons' Popular Science Monthly* (53 c.) for October.

MAURICE THOMPSON. With portrait. F. M. Hopkins. *Current Literature* (28 c.) for October.

SOME EDITORS OF GREAT MAGAZINES: IV. — THE *Atlantic Monthly*. F. M. Hopkins. *Current Literature* (28 c.) for October.

FASHIONS IN MAGAZINE STORIES. Kate Upson Clark. *Leslie's Weekly* (13 c.) for September 9.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON. With portrait. Edward W. Emerson. *Youth's Companion* (8 c.) for September 9.

LETTERS — WRITTEN AND RECEIVED. Isobel M. Taylor. *Harper's Bazar* (13 c.) for September 25.

THE ROUND-ROBIN READING CLUB. *Harper's Bazar* (13 c.) for September 25.

THE POETRY OF GEORGE MEREDITH. Reprinted from *Church Quarterly* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for September 4.

SOME REMINISCENCES OF ENGLISH JOURNALISM. Sir Wemyss Reid. Reprinted from *Nineteenth Century* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for September 4.

A REMINISCENCE OF TENNYSON. William Knight. Reprinted from *Blackwood's Magazine* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for September 11.

OLD FICTION. Augustine Birrell. Reprinted from *Speaker* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for September 11.

THE WORKS OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. First Notice, reprinted from *Athenaeum* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for September 18. Second Notice, *Living Age* (18 c.) for September 25.

SCOTTISH LITERATURE. Arthur J. Balfour. Reprinted from *London Times* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for September 18.

NEWS AND NOTES.

George W. Cable has resigned the editorship of *Current Literature*.

A disputed point in reference to the pronunciation of the late Jean Ingelow's name is settled by the *London Academy*. The "g" in the surname is soft.

Miss Alice M. Longfellow writes to Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. regarding the pronunciation of "Hiawatha": 'The pronunciation used by my father was 'He-awa'tha,' the accent on the first syllable being slighter than on the 'wa,' the 'a' sounded like 'a' in 'mar,' not 'war,'" as sometimes used."

A sample copy of *Table Talk*, one of the best of practical household magazines, will be mailed free to any reader of THE WRITER who will send his address to the Table Talk Publishing Company, Philadelphia, and mention this magazine.

Herr L. Bossendorfer, a piano manufacturer of Vienna, has offered 4,000 crowns ($812) to be divided into three prizes of 2,000, 1,200, and 800 crowns, respectively, for the best three compositions of new piano concertos with orchestra, which must not only be good musically, but suited also to display the art and skill of the pianist. The competition is free to all countries, and the compositions will remain the property of their authors without restrictions. Compositions will be received until July, 1898. Compositions already published or rendered in public will be excluded.

Bliss Carman has become a member of a new publishing house formed in Boston, under the name, Small, Maynard, & Co.

Poultney Bigelow is making a trip in Germany on his houseboat, looking up material for another historical work.

The announcement is made of a new weekly journal, to be entitled *Literature*, and to be published in London and in New York. The editor will be H. D. Traill.

Success, the magazine announced some time ago in THE WRITER, has made its appearance at last, the first number being that for October. Its editor is Dr. Orison Swett Marden, and it is published in New York.

Kansas has a new monthly magazine called *Western Homes*. It is published at Topeka, is edited by J. S. C. Thompson, and claims to be the first distinctively home magazine published west of Chicago.

The *New Century* is the title of a weekly publication, the first copy of which has just been issued in New York. The editor is Mrs. Catherine A. Tingley, the leader of the Theosophical movement, to which it is devoted.

The *National Magazine* (Boston) has removed its offices to 91 Bedford street.

Beginning with November, *Harper's Round Table* will be published monthly instead of weekly. The principal feature of the publication in its new form will be stories — especially such as deal with adventure and acts of bravery, and the healthy, vigorous side of every-day life. In addition to fiction, there will be practical and instructive articles: on hunting, fishing, and sport generally; on travel and exploration, and all such subjects as the irrepressible energy of youth delights in.

The *Musical Record* (Boston) has been transformed from a trade circular into a critical musical journal. Philip Hale is editor.

The *Kindergarten News* (Springfield, Mass.) has celebrated the beginning of its eighth volume by changing its name to the *Kindergarten Review* and enlarging the size and number of its pages. There is a change in editorship, too, the new editors being Emilie and Laura E. Poulsson.

The October numbers of *Little Men and Women* and *Babyland* are published by Charles E. Graff, 150 Nassau street, New York.

The September number of *Great Pictures* (Chicago) contains "In the Harem," "After the Bath," "The Fall of Babylon," "The Garden Mission of Santa Barbara," and "Statue of the Republic."

Max Nordau, the author of "Degeneration," lives in Paris. The name Nordau was originally used by him as a newspaper pseudonym. With the consent of his father, Herr Sudfield, he legally assumed it, transforming himself from Southfield into Northmeadow.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning's carefully concealed age is exposed to a rude world on a tablet in Kelloe parish church, near which she was born March 6, 1806. She was therefore six years older than her husband.

Stationers' Hall, in London, where all English books must be copyrighted, has at last prepared an index of titles, thus enabling authors to guard against involuntary infringement of others' rights and the consequent lawsuits.

The *Atlantic Monthly* ends its fortieth year with the October number.

The New Journalism as a business enterprise is explained in *Scribner's* for October by J. Lincoln Steffens. Mr. Steffens gives an inside view of a newspaper office as a great factory, with illustrations from actual scenes at the factory in operation.

The frontispiece of the *American Monthly Review of Reviews* for October is a new portrait of Hall Caine at Greeba Castle, his Isle of Man home. The same number of the *Review* has an excellent review of "The Christian."

With the October number, *Le Charme* is consolidated with *L'Art de la Mode* (New York). It is a notable fact that the French edition of *L'Art de la Mode* is the only American fashion publication ever circulated in Paris.

Richard Holt Hutton died in London September 10, aged seventy-one.

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

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NOTE-TAKING.

The writer who does not take notes loads an impossible burden on his memory. The brain has to remember so many things, that it does all that ought to be expected of it if it remembers where the notes of some bits of useful knowledge are. Jotting a fact down on paper and putting it in a proper pigeonhole relieves the brain of the necessity of remembering the fact, and makes it necessary only for it to remember that the fact is in the pigeonhole — which is simpler and easier, particularly if the fact is only one of a number of co-ordinated facts for which the pigeonhole is the appropriate repository.

Lumbering the brain with a mass of details that would be almost as easily available if they were committed to paper and filed so as to be accessible is worse than folly. Marvelous as it is, the brain can carry only just so much, and the wise man makes notes in order not to overload it. If he is systematic in preserving the notes he makes, he can have within instant reach a mass of details that no brain in the world could safely carry.

For note-taking a note-book naturally suggests itself. Note-books have advantages, but they have disadvantages that are much more prominent. Unless a note-book is indexed, the notes made in it are not easily accessible, and the use of them in any case usually implies the labor of copying. Notes in a note-book, moreover, cannot be readily classified, and as a result notes on the same subject may be scattered through a series of books from which they cannot readily be brought together.

Some writers in using note-books make only one note on each leaf, and tear out the leaves when they are filled, either for use as copy or to be filed where they will be available. This is a good plan, if note-books are used, but a better plan is to use slips of paper, blocked in a convenient size, in making memoranda.

For ordinary use a block of paper cut in sheets the size of a postal card will be found most convenient. Such a block may be carried in the pocket as readily as a note-book. Notes of all kinds may be made on it — memoranda of striking thoughts, titles, novel rhymes, odd names that may be useful some day, extracts from books or periodicals, references to articles in magazines, suggestions of plots for stories, notes of interesting facts, figures which the brain ought not to be called upon to carry, addresses, anecdotes for illustration, anything and everything that the writer thinks may be useful some day — one note to the sheet in

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every case. At night the slips of paper on which memoranda have been made should be filed for reference according to some system which will make them easily accessible when they are wanted. The brain has only to remember where they are.

The best system for filing notes is undoubtedly that which is based upon the use of envelopes. The chief advantage of the envelope system is that it adapts itself to everything, from newspaper cuttings or pamphlets to written memoranda, while by using slips with cross-references all things that ought to be connected are brought together. The envelopes should be filed alphabetically under subjects, and those who try the plan will find that the heading that is naturally suggested when they have a note or a clipping to be filed will suggest itself naturally when they want to find the note or the clipping. If a writer has articles under way, or is collecting material especially for certain articles, he will find it convenient to have special envelopes marked with the subjects of the articles, and file his material in them as he gathers it. If he is planning to write an article on "The Historical Novel," for example, he will do well to have an envelope so marked, and to drop into it clippings or slips bearing notes that he has made or memoranda of suggestions that have occurred to him, to be used as material when he comes to write. The writer who has in this way an envelope for a projected article will be astonished to see how many things go into it, and how much his labor is simplified when he comes to write.

The little block for note-taking should always be at hand. In the daytime the writer should carry it in his pocket; at night it should be within easy reach, and a sharpened pencil close beside it. Every writer knows that good ideas often occur to him in bed, and that such ideas are generally lost unless they are noted at the time. Captain Cuttle's advice is particularly good for writers, only they should add to it, and make it read: "When found, make a note of—immediately." Notes deferred are seldom noted.

Edward B. Henderson.

CHICAGO, Ill.

FILLING UP THE BRAIN.

Eugene Field said once that the best aids to literary success were a good stub pen and eight hours of steady work every day. Not all the work, however, should be done with the good stub pen. The writer who does not read, study, observe, dream, think,—educate and develop himself in every way, in fact,—will never win success.

It has been said that everybody has in his own life the material for one good novel. If that is true of the octogenarian, it is probable that the man of twenty-five has had in his own experience only the material for one short story. The writer, however, more than anybody else perhaps, may be helped by the experience of others. By observation of what exists and is going on around him, and by earnest study of newspapers and books, he may get the benefit of the experience of the world, past and present, and if he have genius, he can find literary material in this experience as if it had been in very truth his own. Kipling has never had personal experience as a fisherman off the New England coast, but by sailing back and forth between Boston and Gloucester once or twice, by associating with men who have spent their lives on the Grand Banks, by dwelling for a time in a seaport town and absorbing, as a sponge takes in water, the life experiences of all those with whom he is brought in contact, he is enabled to write a fisherman story that, to the ordinary reader at least, seems to have been drawn out of vivid personal experience. So for a railroad story, he acquires in the same way the experience of railroad men, and as a result ".007" has a technical atmosphere

which almost persuades the reader that the man who wrote the story must have spent his life in active work about the engine house. Zola when at work upon a railway novel spent hours riding in the cab of the engine of a fast express, talking with the railroad men, drawing out of them the experiences of their lives, and acquiring technical information which was duly noted down and eventually reproduced in the pages of his book.

You must have genius to enable you thus to make the experience of the world your own, and to give it out to the world in literary form as if it had been your own, but some of the genius requisite is the genius of hard work. The writer who sits down with pen, and paper, and ink, and his recollections of his own life alone to aid him, is not likely to produce anything that the world will care to read. Most of those who would like to be known as authors have led only ordinary lives and know only ordinary things. The result is, unless they have studied books and observed their fellow-men with more than ordinary care, that their literary product is only ordinary. "More than two-thirds of the manuscripts that are refused at this office," says an editor of the *Golden Rule*, "are refused because they are 'chestnuts.' If they are stories, the plot is hackneyed; if poems, they are commonplace themes, and contain only commonplace ideas expressed in commonplace ways; if essays, though they may be very good morally, they are good for nothing from a literary point of view, because there is nothing fresh or attractive about them." The same editor says that the first requisite toward successful authorship is to know books and how to use them. "You cannot read too much the writings of others," he adds, "if you want to become an original author. You would not try to manufacture cloth without knowing what other manufacturers were doing and had done. Why not apply the same principle to poetry?" But he adds a warning. "A young writer," he says, "cannot afford to have special likings for anything else than the masterpieces of literature. If your ideal is 'Snow, Snow, Beautiful Snow,' you will write something five or six grades below that poem, whereas, if your ideal is Milton's 'Lycidas,' or Shelley's 'To a Skylark,' or Wordsworth's 'Ode on the Intimations of Immortality,' you may come to write something as good as 'Snow, Snow, Beautiful Snow.' For every reason, then, the first advice you should take to heart is, 'Saturate yourself with the very best literature.' Then when you come to writing, don't aim at writing anything like anything else. It is the mark of only a would-be writer to read something he likes, and then hope to write something similar. Editorial offices are flooded with imitations, but they don't get accepted. Branch out along your own line. Create your own style and find your own themes, if you want to be successful."

The writer who makes it his rule not to read the books of others because he fears that when he writes he may be accused of plagiarism is not likely to be accused of anything but dullness. If Shakespeare had not read the books of others, the chief masterpieces of English literature would not exist to-day. The writer cannot hope to make, out of his own brain, a world as interesting as the world we live in. Readers do not demand invention that would necessarily be superhuman. The kind of originality that gives the most pleasure to the world is originality in presenting to it something with which it is perfectly familiar. The writer who can present an old truth, or an unknown or a forgotten fact, in a new way is as original as any one can hope to be. No writer can hope to make progress beyond what has been done already, unless he knows by wide and catholic reading what the writers of the world up to his time have done.

The best experience for a writer, of course, is gained from actual life and the study of actual life around him. Somebody says: "Nobody can write love stories who has not loved." Wide experience with life — joy, sorrow, love, hope, ambition, toil, envy, paternity, pleasure, suffering — is essential to the novelist, and it can be best acquired by living observantly, although it may be gained to some extent from books. The novelist must keep up with the times, and that means that he must read not only books, but newspapers. Besides giving the daily history of the world, the newspapers are the best record of the daily

impressions and experiences of the people in it. Their reporters see and record for the novelist passions, plottings, schemes of ambition, noble deeds, acts of human interest, more by a thousand times than any writer alone could hope to witness, and, besides, they keep him informed regarding new tendencies, discoveries, and inventions, knowledge of which is essential in his work. Some of the best stories of to-day are based on novel discoveries — just as practical inventions are sometimes suggested by imaginative writers and subsequently realized. "Up the Matterhorn in a Boat" is a natural product in an age when the newspapers are full of talk about airships. "Looking Backward" could never have been written by a man who made it his rule never to read the newspapers.

A shorthand writer can take in an hour notes which it will take him six hours to write out. The author should spend at least six hours in study and observation for every hour's work attempted with the pen. Inspiration comes that way. The writer who studies and observes has no need to wait for "moods" in which to write. Let him study and observe sufficiently, fill his brain to overflowing, and the "moods" will come to him. "Out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh." When the brain is overflowing with ideas, the natural impulse of the writer is to empty it on paper. The trouble with most would-be writers is that they sit down with an empty sheet of paper before them and try to fill it from an empty brain.

BOSTON, MASS. *William H. Hills.*

ON GETTING SUDDENLY RICH BY WRITING.

Ever since the days when "Jo," rushing away from the cosy little home, went down to the noisy city and earned her own livelihood in such an off-hand ready manner by her pen, an easy and glowing way for thoughtless writers to dispose of impecunious females has been by the broad and golden highway of literature.

Has an author a poor but ambitious young lady to attend to? He wins her fame and fortune — always fortune, whether he mentions the fame or not — by her pen.

Has he a struggling, overtaxed wife and mother? Directly she gets out her pen, puts her ink-pot on some convenient chair, and, with a crowd of little ones clinging to her skirts, she crouches down upon a faded ottoman and writes, and lo! the flour barrel is filled, the family is clothed, and the mortgage on the little home is cancelled.

Has the author a moneyless widow who has been reared in luxury, and has now fallen upon evil days? In a cheerless garret she wraps a shawl about her shoulders, and, drawing from her trunk quires of heavy cream-tinted paper, — remnants of her better circumstances, — she begins a literary career that ends in fame and wealth.

It in no way hinders the success of these people that they have never before written a word for the press; never even considered the essentials of a good poem or novel; and one must naturally infer that writing acceptably is such a very easy matter, that one has only to feel the need of money in order to be forced, as it were, into a pleasant occupation, and, above all, a money-making one.

This tends not only to lower all literary achievement in the minds of people in other walks of life, but it also leads to a world of disappointment among aspiring beginners, and as a natural sequence, — though this may be a lesser evil, — to a world of blame heaped upon editors, who, poor souls, are in no way accountable for this state of affairs.

When our story writers leave the field of fancy and base the success of their heroes and heroines on probabilities, then we shall read that to become a successful writer one must have education, a wide knowledge of life, an

attractive style, and, above all, a genuine talent for writing.

It is high time for a reaction to set in — for the poor but ambitious girl in fiction to take to school teaching or typewriting, instead of writing books; for the poor widow to take a responsible position as housekeeper, and the struggling wife to keep a couple of Jersey cows and sell pure milk to her neighbors — commonplace occupations which would bring more money than a dozen ink-pots in the hands of as many amateur writers.

Maude Meredith.

DUBUQUE, Ia.

A QUESTION OF DIALECT.

A brief article published in THE WRITER some years ago, and entitled "Mistakes of Dialect Story Writers," referred to the use of New England provincialisms in a Norwegian story by Professor Boyesen. I was once called upon to review Professor Boyesen's "Vagabond Tales." In the course of the review I said in substance: —

"It is difficult to decide whether to translate the peasant dialect of Norway into a North-of-England dialect (as in 'Crooked John,' the first of the 'Vagabond Tales') be a fault in literary workmanship or a literary excellence. We incline to the latter opinion. It certainly aids the imagination to differentiate the several classes of people brought to the reader's notice, and the adoption of the North-of-England brogue for the Norse peasant dialect seems very natural."

The dialect introduced into this very touching story of "Crooked John" consists of a few words spoken by an old "granny," of which the following will serve as specimens: —

"I am a-pegging down hill. . . . Shame on thee, lassie, shame! If he dinna care for thee, dost tha think he would ha workit himself to death to give thee thy sight back again? . . . Dinna be so workit up about it, lassie, wait till tha hast seen him."

It would certainly be incorrect to represent the old "granny" as using the same accurate and refined language as the other characters in the story, and the words which the author puts into her mouth seem very natural. They are actually picturesque, adding much to the effect of the professor's delineation of the scene. So natural is it to find the old crooning grandmother speaking in a dialect distinct from the refined language of the other characters, that it is doubtful if it would have attracted my attention had I been reading the story for entertainment merely and not for the purpose of review. To the reader for entertainment the dialect used is quite as suggestive of provincial Norway as of provincial England.

The necessity arising for the adoption of some kind of differentiating dialect in a story dealing with the different classes of Norse society, the question is suggested, "What should this dialect be?" Should it be one that is expressly manufactured for the purpose, or should our language be searched until a dialect be found representing a class corresponding in its ordinary characteristics to Norse peasantry? I am not sure which course Professor Boyesen pursued. I wrote unadvisedly when I called the dialect he used "North-of-England brogue." It suggested to my mind at the time the salt air and the rocky coast of the North sea, but I am now inclined to regard it as either manufactured or eclectic. This however, is for the expert in dialect to determine.

Arthur Howard Noll.

PORT GIBSON, Miss.

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It is unsafe for a literary critic now-a-days to speak of a new book as "being from the pen of So-and-So." The chance is more than even that So-and-So does his writing with a typewriter.

***

Robert Underwood Johnson has some verses in the November *Century* in which he makes "dawning" rhyme with "morning," "fairy's" with "cherry's," and "love her" with "discover." As one of the editors of the *Century*, does Mr. Johnson mean to imply that similar rhymes will be accepted from outside contributors?

***

Speaking of editorial revision, sometimes the *public takes a hand* in revising an author's work, not always to the author's satisfaction. Thomas Dunn English, for example, says that there have been such garbled revisions of "Ben Bolt" imposed upon an unsuspecting public, that the author himself has almost had difficulty in recognizing his offspring. There is one line especially which has been entirely metamorphosed to suit the sentimental idea of the song writer, with a freedom to which Dr. English especially objects. It seems that the stanza beginning: —

> Oh, do you remember the school, Ben Bolt,

continued originally: —

> And the master so cruel and grim?

the poor author having suffered from the said schoolmaster in the old days. The song as sung to-day reads: —

> Oh, do you remember the school, Ben Bolt,
> And the master so kind and so true?

Dr. English says that whenever he hears that old tyrant eulogized it makes him furious.

***

Scrivener — "Is the first edition of your book exhausted yet?"

Scribbler — "No, but the critics all complain of feeling so."

***

The title of Julien Gordon's new volume, "Eat Not Thy Heart," is a quotation from Pythagoras. Hobart Chatfield Chatfield-Taylor takes his title, "The Vice of Fools," from this passage in Pope's "Fable for Critics": —

> "Of all the causes which conspire to blind
> Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
> What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
> Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools."

Choosing titles in this way gives authors an opportunity to explain how they got them, and so set afloat paragraphs which will be reprinted by many papers, and at no expense serve all the blessed purposes of an advertisement.

***

The late Richard Holt Hutton once wrote to a young contributor: "Our articles cannot be much over two columns — say 160 lines, or 1,600 words. Now (such is the barrenness of English speech) in 1,600 words only one or two distinct points can be brought out with any vivacity and crispness, and vivacity and crisp-

ness are of the essence of effective newspaper writing." It may be that in English speech, or writing, "only one or two distinct points can be brought out with any vivacity and crispness," but the editorial columns of the American newspapers — with all their faults — show that in American speech and writing a point may be brought out with distinctness, vivacity, and crispness in a two-line paragraph.

* * *

The *Literary World*, which speaks of "Mr. Imlay Taylor," will be interested to know that Mr. Taylor's first name is Mary. W. H. H.

THE INJUSTICE OF SOME DIALECT.

I was expecting an interesting philological study [on a trip among the Tennessee mountains] of the mountain dialect attributed to this people by Miss Murfree ("Charles Egbert Craddock"), and by her imitator, Rev. Dr. William Barton, of Boston, but I could not catch a word of it in the cabins or on the mountain trails. Their speech is the only pure English there is, that of the middle belt, which extends between New England and the South, and which is occupied by New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, the middle West, the old Northwest, and on to the Pacific. A Britisher cannot speak English, nor a Yankee, nor a Southerner. I never heard English, the genuine article, spoken by any man who was not a Scotch-Irishman, or some one to whom he had taught the language.

I did hear one bit of dialect, a stray one "kayn't" for cannot. On our return home, at supper, I said to Dr. Myers that I was disappointed in not hearing the mountaineer dialect.

"There is no such thing," he said, with some warmth.

"Why, Miss Murfree and her imitator, Dr. Barton, have made their fortunes out of it. It must be somewhere," I answered.

"It is nowhere," said Dr. Myers. "I am familiar with every nook of these ranges 300 miles north and south, and I never heard it, and no one ever did. It exists only in the invention of two or three mercenary writers, who turn our people to ridicule to win a literary penny. You will observe by comparison that they do not agree, and as they profess to be reporting and describing the same people, they would agree if they were telling the truth. What they have done is to pick up odd and ignorant characters and set them up as types of our people. It is mean and it is mischievous. It has done us a great deal of harm among Northern people."

This is a serious matter for Miss Murfree. Every one credited her with having discovered a new literary lead. As no observing writer had made a study of these highlanders, inaccessible, hidden away in these southern mountains, her portrayals immediately elicited general interest. It is a serious matter to perpetrate a fraud of this kind. It misleads a reading public who expect true information, and it disparages and injures the character and standing of a large and worthy community of the purest American blood. I discovered very soon that there is a great deal of resentment among them against those writers. Dr. Myers called in three or four native mountaineers to ask their opinion of the Murfree stories and of Barton's imitations of Murfree. They wish that they may not be circulated and read here. The effect would be to make the highlanders resentful toward Northern people — coming here, as they would imagine, to laugh at and misrepresent them.

It is a mean business. Mrs. Trollope began it nearly a century ago at the expense of the Americans. Charles Dickens followed the same lead in his "American Notes." It is a truckling and catering to narrow and ignorant prejudices of the same general kind, and from the same motive that actuates the bar-tender when he pushes a glass of whiskey. It is a prostitution of literature. George W. Cable did the same by the Louisiana Creoles. It belongs to yellow journalism, not to literature.

Miss Murfree and her imitators have not invented words and palmed them off as the vocabulary of the mountaineers. What they have done is to pick up every odd expression, every clipped, mangled, or mispronounced word, every barbarism, and set it down in their

memorandum books. They might hear only one in an extended conversation, but in time they thus collected a barbarous vocabulary, and employed it as if it were that of the people. Any community, even that of Harvard or Princeton, could be caricatured in that way. It is cheap and nasty literary business. — *Rev. Dr. W. C. Gray, in the Interior.*

NEWSPAPER ENGLISH EDITED.

I could not catch a word of it in the mountains nor on the mountain trails. — *Rev. Dr. W. G. Gray, in the Interior.*	I could not catch a word of it in the mountains or on the mountain trails.
We will be fortunate enough to have another paper by the same writer in the November *Century*. — *Pittsburg Press.*	We shall be fortunate enough to have another paper by the same writer in the November *Century*.

SKETCHES OF WRITERS.

XIV. — "RUTH OGDEN" (Mrs. Charles W. Ide).

Of the making of children's books there seems to be, indeed, no end; and when one sees so many attractive volumes coming into being each season, a large proportion of which are without any vital quality, have no worthy inwardness, and are palpably made to sell, he cannot, if he be in any sense a child-lover, help wishing that the commercial spirit would confine its offences of this kind to grown folk, who have at least the power of selection. Happily, however, in the case of children's books, the evil is mainly a negative one, for the bulk of those against which we confess the strongest grudge — because of their very respectability and attractiveness — are formally labeled harmless, and come under the head of what might be called pap-books, popularly supposed to be wholesome mental pabulum. For example, there is the insidious pictorial of supposed educational value, which commits itself to words of a limited number of syllables or letters, virtually warranted not to offer the young reader a new word (or thought?), and which is always interesting as a mechanical achievement, but which bears about the same relation to literature that fish-scale jewelry, or wool, or hair flowers do to art. We are glad our grandmothers could do them, but we are sorry that they didn't know better; and such heirlooms — or hair-looms — are usually found reverently hung in our garrets, to which repository of promoted antiquities we wish we could consign a goodly number of our "best-selling" juvenile publications.

There has been an occasional strong protest against the deluge of dilutions that is flooding our nurseries, — and fooling some of our good, if thoughtless, mothers, — protests from such thinkers as Charles Dudley Warner, for instance, who thinks with some of us lesser folk that our children are good enough for the best things, and that the next step for a child after the alphabet is LITERATURE — and that a book that is not in some worthy sense literature is not fit for a child to read. It is a great broad word, that, Literature — broad enough to take in Plato and Mother Goose, Charles Kingsley and Edward Lear, and to welcome any newcomer who brings a page of print worthy of living for its own sake — whether incidentally it will sell or not.

I have always cherished a personal grudge against certain mothers who chewed their babies' food for them, and have hoped in their behalf that, in some way or other, the babies would live to get even with them. And I confess somewhat the same sort of resentment against the builders of the pretty pictorials that are so hopelessly "written down" that one wonders, sometimes, if babies who have no sense of language might think in this colorless way.

And, conversely, my heart goes out to the writer who approaches the child with respect, and is even willing occasionally to leave him with a suggestion, trusting him to find the thought and to enjoy proprietorship in it with him. It is thus that he becomes the friend of his child-reader, and, indeed, who better than he should first bring to his knowledge fine and noble words — words that will be his life-long friends?

The child who finds a word thus, understanding it from its setting, gets its flavor and color, and is consciously enriched far beyond him who must take his words in columns — word-doses — and pounds them into his head by

vain repetitions. I personally love to remember just where certain words unfolded themselves to my child-mind, and were ever afterward friendly entities whenever I encountered them in print.

It seems to me that the best writer of stories for children is he who, bringing to his task the divine gift of sympathy, wins his young reader with the sweetest, most human tales, told in the purest English, lifted as far as may be above the nursery plane. When, in addition to this, he is able to evolve his story from an interesting historical situation and to give it definite informing geographical setting as well, he has added much to the value of his work.

And is it not precisely this that "Ruth Ogden" has done in her sincere and charming books? While she seems often to have her arm about the child's shoulder as she writes, you feel that she is carrying him with her — never writing down to him. Rather might he be said to be reading up, and that he understands and loves the story is amply attested by the popularity of her books among the children themselves. While her sentences are simple in form and her language is always refined and pure, it is never stilted or formal; and yet she is not afraid to speak of "a happy certainty" in a child's eyes, or "a sorrowful look overshadowing them" — words with color and sentiment which children feel as much as older readers.

Mrs. Ide, whose maiden name was Fannie Ogden, is the daughter of the late Hon. Jonathan Ogden, of Brooklyn, of the Ogden family of Fairfield, Conn., and New Fairfield, N. J., descended from sturdy John Ogden, of Fairfield. Mr. Ogden was a man of varied attainments, and was as marked for his broad sympathies and genial qualities as for those which gave him distinction as citizen, philanthropist, and active worker in the Presbyterian church. During the several terms when he represented both his church and state in their respective general assemblies, where he was always a leading spirit, his influence was strong and enduring. His children, three of whom are living, have all inherited his forceful nature, and are active promoters of philanthropic and religious causes.

It is interesting to know that Mrs. Ide's parents lived to celebrate their fifty-sixth wedding anniversary, and as she has still about half of her worthy father's eighty-four years of active life before her, it is safe to hope for many more sweet and wholesome books from her ready pen.

The literary instinct in her case has never been developed under pressure, but found spontaneous expression while she was still a schoolgirl, when, with several of her companions,

"RUTH OGDEN."

she edited a school paper. This unique publication, which was a satisfactory venture in other respects, is perhaps most interesting retrospectively because of the novel terms of its distribution. Published eight months annually, the subscription price was one dollar; single numbers, ten cents. As there was quite a sum to its credit at the end of the session, its patrons were probably subscribers.

Mrs. Ide's first serious literary efforts were in verse, and one of her early poems, called "Disappointment," which she timorously sent to old Dr. Holmes, elicited a characteristic response compounded of praise seasoned with

kindly criticism, and the little poem, altered somewhat in form according to his hint, found an immediate publisher.

As her life has always been somewhat crowded with the social demands of a home given to generous hospitalities, and as it is her rule to be "at home" to any guest, Mrs. Ide can scarcely be said to have "habits of work," unless, indeed, it be a habit to seize the chance moment for what she freely confesses to be her favorite occupation. Sometimes, when the pressure becomes too great, or "when the mood is on," she betakes herself to a quiet alcove of the Long Island Historical Society, near her Brooklyn home, thus securing for a stolen hour, at least, absolute immunity from interruption, and indeed it was in the stillness of this peaceful place that many of her story folk came into being.

She is a rapid writer, seldom pausing for a word or to question the turn of a sentence. Her first work for children was a parlor play, entitled "Among the Pines," intended, so she playfully asserts, "for home consumption" only, but its success in the hands of her little nieces and nephews was so gratifying that it soon found a place in *St. Nicholas*.

In this, as in several of her other compositions that have been set to music, Mrs. Ide has had the most sympathetic of interpreters in her husband, Charles W. Ide. His musical theme for this play was afterward arranged by the well-known composer, R. Huntington Woodman. Mr. Ide is an ex-president of the New York Cotton Exchange, and a member of the well-known Boston firm of Stephen M. Weld & Co.

It was soon after this first essay in dramatic composition that Mrs. Ide's first complete work of fiction, "His Little Royal Highness," was issued by E. P. Dutton & Co., and its reception was such as to assure its writer at once of a permanent place as a safe and graceful producer of child literature. One of the leading critics hastened to pronounce the book "A model of what refined fiction for the young should be."

The story was written straight out of the writer's heart, and embodied a cherished dream as to what joy an adopted child with safe antecedents might bring into a home. Happily, the dream itself has since been more than realized in her own experience in the exquisite little child who gladdens a home which seemed, until her coming, to need only this one heavenly touch for its full earthly perfection.

Mrs. Ide divides her time about equally with her family between her handsome Brooklyn home and her country seat, Oakdene, at Bernardsville, in the Jersey Highlands. In the naming of this ideal retreat its mistress has unconsciously expressed the same sort of loyalty to family traditions as that which influenced her to borrow her grandmother's old-fashioned name as a pseudonym.

Oakdene, from which sprung the name Ogden, so the legend runs, was the title bestowed upon a peasant ancestor when he was knighted by Charles the First in acknowledgment of his having secreted the fugitive king in the hollow of his oak tree or den. Happily, the pretty name seems to fit the oak-shaded portal of the modern home that honors it, for it could hardly be more fittingly distinguished, even were there no poetic legend to add to its charm.

Mrs. Ide's second story, "A Loyal Little Red-Coat" (Frederick A. Stokes Company), is a tale of child-life in New York a hundred years ago. This book, which John Fiske includes in his list of books accurately describing the times, made good every promise of the earlier work. After this came through the same press the story of "Courage," and, closely following, "The Little Queen of Hearts."

Harry A. Ogden, the talented artist whose accurate illustrations enhanced the historical value of the Red-Coat story, and who has done work of equal charm in "The Little Queen of Hearts," is the writer's cousin. Indeed, Mrs. Ide has been most fortunate in her illustrators, and in the new book, "Little Homespun," which is soon to appear, we are assured of some delightful pictures from Miss Mabel Humphrey, a sister of Maud Humphrey, whose child studies have made her famous on both sides of the water.

Personally, Mrs. Ide is a fair brunette of medium height, — symmetrical, well-poised, and graceful, — with a poetic face, whose intense

soulful eyes one does not easily forget. I should say that her distinguishing characteristics are directness and a fine sincerity. Although always well gowned and essentially elegant in her tastes, and with a feeling for beauty that finds expression in her surroundings, she is always the spiritual and intellectual woman to whom these things are externalities of which she seems to have no abiding consciousness. A harmonious, well-rounded, and womanly woman is she whom fair little Alice loves to call by the most beautiful of names, and who is also mother to the numerous story-people whom thousands of children love as their familiar friends.

Ruth McEnery Stuart.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

"S. M. Polk," the name modestly signed to a delicious bit of plantation melody, "Po' Linger," in "The Lighter Vein" of the September *Century*, probably has not been generally recognized as that of one of the most charming women of the South — Mrs. Polk, widow of the Confederate general. The *Chicago Evening Post* says: "A lady of the old regime, brought up on her ancestral plantation like a princess, worshipped to this day by the servants who were her slaves and have never felt any change in their relations with 'Miss Sally,' she is not subject to the financial goad which sometimes facilitates the making of literature; the stories she gathers are set down for pure love of the recording. But she is at her best in telling plantation lore when she can be induced to do this; for no printed word expresses the vivid humor, the play of light and shade in such a recital. These beautiful Southern women of the old type, full of the genius of comedy, which nothing on earth could induce them to display publicly, are fast disappearing. It is such a pity they cannot be handed about and generally enjoyed before they go."

Dr. William E. Burghardt Du Bois, whose paper, "Strivings of the American Negro," in the *Atlantic Monthly* for August has attracted wide attention, has recently been elected assistant professor of history and economics in Atlanta University, and is one of the best trained of the younger men who are devoting themselves to the uplifting of their race. Born in Massachusetts, a graduate of Fisk University, and having also a bachelor's degree from Harvard College, he has devoted himself for several years to advanced study in the graduate department of Harvard University and in the leading universities of Europe. He received the degree of doctor of philosophy from Harvard. His work has everywhere received marked attention, and his publications, including a large volume in the Harvard Historical Series on "The Suppression of the African Slave Trade," and various contributions to periodical literature, have all won high praise. During the past year Dr. Du Bois has been assistant in sociology at the University of Pennsylvania, and has had charge of an investigation by the university of the condition of the negro population of the seventh ward in the city of Philadelphia. He has thus been brought into personal contact with many of the most practical sides of the negro question.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Braddon. — Miss Mary E. Braddon, whose style and plot of theme have been favorably compared by enthusiastic critics to those of Wilkie Collins, is still, in her sixty-first year, as busy a woman in writing and reading as she was in 1864, when her "Lady Audley's Secret" was published in London and termed one of the most "sensational" novels that ever fell from an English pen. Indeed, it was this novel which added a new meaning to the word "sensational," and gave it fresh currency in critical slang, of which it is now one of the pet terms.

In a recent number of the *Windsor Magazine* her workroom is well described, and a sketch of the novelist toiling there is entertainingly drawn. In that white-paneled chamber is a very fine Chippendale cabinet full of the manuscripts of Miss Braddon's novels and plays. Miss Braddon, the visitor tells us, has two dis-

tinct hand-writings, one for her correspondence and the ordinary business of life, and the other for her novels. The latter is a backward hand, smaller, neater, and clearer than the other. She makes, we are told, very few corrections. With all this, the speed at which she writes is considerable. When things go well with her she produces on an average three closely written pages of manuscript, or about 1,500 words, an hour.

She works nowadays in the mornings from 11 to 1 o'clock, and then she goes out for a constitutional before lunch. But in bygone days it was no uncommon thing with her to work all day long, not even leaving her "den" for luncheon When she first applied herself seriously to novel writing it was her habit to write "straight off the reel," so to speak, sometimes without knowing what was to be the end of her story. But gradually her method changed. She took to making "skeletons," — a rough outline of plot and characters, — and to-day she makes extensive sketches before she actually begins to write. Of unruly plots and unruly characters — plots that promised splendidly and then broke down unexpectedly in the middle, characters that ungratefully refused to develop according to the requirements of their creator — she has had a varied experience.

Sometimes a plot has turned out so entirely refractory that it has had to be left severely alone; on more than one occasion Miss Braddon has found herself unable to finish a story, has put it away for many months, and has then taken it up and found it work out smoothly and easily. But she has never yet found herself short of ideas or of material. The suggestions for her plots dawn for her out of all kinds of places. The germ of her last book, "London Pride," was found by her forty years ago in an account in the State Trials of the trial of Lord Grey of Wark. Her characters are for the most part spun out of her own brain, though here and there observation of a friend or acquaintance supplies her with a first vague outline. But perhaps the most interesting, because the most unusual, feature in her method lies in her occasional adoption of a piece of advice given her many years ago by the first Lord Lytton, whose severe, but kindly, criticism of her earlier novels was most helpful. He advised her to attack her third volume after finishing the first.—*New York Times.*

Daudet. — When he was a boy Alphonse Daudet's father failed, and for some time the two lived together in poverty in Lyons. An elder brother, Ernest, however, got a position in a glass store in Paris, and finally, when seventeen years old, Alphonse went to live with him and to try his fortunes in the great city. Ernest's wages amounted to only $20 a month, and Alphonse brought nothing with him from Lyons except about forty cents and a voracious appetite. He is even said to have worn rubber boots on that memorable journey. The two brothers took lodgings in an attic, and for several years led a poverty-stricken life. Nothing, however, discouraged the two lads; both had confidence that there was a future in literature for Alphonse, who in those trying years wrote a volume of poems which he had succeeded in getting printed. A copy of the volume fell under the eye of Empress Eugenie, who persuaded her brother-in-law, the Duke of Morny, to hunt the young man up and help him.

The result of the empress' interest in the young poet was that the duke invited him to call upon them. When Daudet entered, the duke asked: —

"Can you write?"

"Yes, sir," replied Daudet.

"Very good, I want a secretary. Pay, 5,000 francs. Good morning."

The boy was nearly overcome. He had never imagined that anyone was paid that much a year — about $1,000. But he suddenly remembered that he differed in politics from the duke, and drawing himself up announced the fact.

Instead of being deeply moved by his heroic course, the duke said: "Oh, go and get your hair cut. I don't care anything about your political beliefs." — *The Dispatch.*

Dickens. — The recollections of Charles Dickens, by his daughter, show how great a change can come in the literary habits of a man through change in his circumstances. We know from Dickens' own story how, as a reporter and when writing the sketches by Boz,

he worked in a newspaper office, with all sorts of noises and every variety of confusion about him, not a sentence being penned without an interruption of some kind. When, however, he dropped newspaper work for that of story-writing, the change in his habits was as radical as could be imagined. He found himself unable to write if subjected to the slightest annoyance; he waited for inspiration, and sometimes did not write for days until he felt in the mood; he could not bear noise in the house, or the presence of strangers or callers. His doors were padded, the windows of his room were striped with felt in order that he might be secluded, and when he was in his study everybody about the house tiptoed to and fro, lest the cogitations of the lord thereof should be disturbed. He himself confessed that it was all a habit. "A man," he said, "can get used to anything." He had become accustomed to quietness, he was in a position to insist upon it, and did so in exercise of his prerogative as the master of the establishment. — *Boston Journal.*

Hope. — The world has long been waiting for an expression of opinion from me regarding the writing of Anthony Hope. This is the first opportunity I have had of unburdening myself on that subject, and I have no hesitation in saying that it is vile beyond expression. To prevent error, I should state that I am talking of his penmanship and not of his books. He uses sheets of blue foolscap; begins at the top with a long line, writing each following line a little shorter than the one above it, and thus the bottom line is about half the length of the one at the top. Perhaps in this lies the secret of his popularity, so I set forth his methods that any reader may try the experiment. I can read with reasonable facility the hieroglyphics on Cleopatra's Needle, which has been set up on the embankment opposite Anthony Hope's new rooms, but when I come to the more modern handwriting of Anthony Hope himself, I am staggered. — *Robert Barr, in Hartford Post.*

In answer to questions, Mr. Hawkins spoke of his method of writing stories.

"I always have a story completed before sending it to the printer," he said. "Sometimes it is ready a long time before, but I never let any part of one of my stories be published unless the whole is completed.

"Of course I have my theme worked out before I write a word, but there are many minor changes in the action or dialogue that occur to me while writing.

"No, I never change the ending of one of my stories. I know what the ending is to be before I begin to write, and have no occasion to make any changes."

"Do you write in 'moods,' Mr. Hawkins? Can you sit down at any time and write a certain amount of a story, as Scott is said to have done?"

Mr. Hawkins smiled, and answered: "Scott was a genius if he did that, and he is credited with having done so, but I write at odd times, and of course when I feel in the humor can do better work." — *Boston Advertiser.*

Kipling. — According to a recent article, Rudyard Kipling, when in India, had to set up the type of "Departmental Ditties" himself, as he was not rich enough to consult a publisher. The work appeared on bad paper, stitched with wire, and bound in a coarse brown-paper cover bearing the title. He put it in circulation by sending reply postal-cards to all the notabilities of India. — *The Argonaut.*

Mendes. — M. Catulle Mendes confesses that though he knows that he is considered a facile and prolific writer, it is the hardest thing in the world for him to write. "I lock myself in my study soon after noon," he says. "After having smoked and idled about for an hour, I commence work. The first sixty minutes I can do little. It seems as if I can never get to the bottom of the page. Afterward it goes along better. I stop at 5 or 6. And the remarkable thing is that writing becomes harder for me the older I grow and the more I write. Now, tonight, I am to do thirty lines for the *Journal* about a little play at La Cigale. You cannot believe how those thirty lines haunt me. I do not feel now that I can possibly do them. I have n't the slightest idea what I shall say. I assure you I am thoroughly unstrung about it." — *Washington Times.*

Proctor. — Strange to say that, as a poet, Adelaide Proctor — the daughter of "Barry

Cornwall" — remained unknown to all save the limited circle of her friends until she had almost reached the age of thirty. It happened in the spring of 1853 that amongst the proffered contributions to *Household Words* its editor — Charles Dickens — found a poem which he considered of more than ordinary merit. This was signed "Mary Berwick," and an accompanying note requested that if communication were desired with the author, it might be directed to a certain post-office in the western district of London. Addressing himself to his unknown contributor, the editor informed her that her verses had been accepted, and that others which she might choose to send would receive due consideration. In this way a correspondence was opened and continued between them.

At the office of *Household Words* it was soon established to the satisfaction of the editor and his staff that Mary Berwick was a governess in which capacity she had visited Italy, and that she had long been in the same family. "We really knew nothing whatever of her," wrote Charles Dickens long afterward, "except that she was remarkably business-like, punctual, self-reliant, and reliable. So I suppose we insensibly invented the rest. For myself, my mother was not a more real personage to me than Miss Berwick, the governess, became."

For more than eighteen months their correspondence was continued, and Mary Berwick's poems made their frequent appearance in the columns of *Household Words*. But one day in the December of 1854 Charles Dickens went to dine with his old friends, the Proctors, when he carried with him an advance copy of his Christmas number, called "The Seven Poor Travelers." As he laid it on the drawing-room table he assured Adelaide and her parents that it contained a very pretty poem written by a certain Miss Berwick, and in further conversation praised that writer. She, of whom he spoke, kept her countenance and likewise her counsel until the following day, when Charles Dickens received a letter in which she revealed her identity.

This anecdote, he thought, illustrated "the honesty, independence, and quiet dignity of the lady's character." "I had known her," Dickens wrote, "when she was very young. I had been honored with her father's friendship when I was myself a young aspirant; and she had said at home: 'If I send him in my own name verses that he does not honestly like, either it will be very painful to him to return them or he will print them for papa's sake, and not for their own. So I have made up my mind to take my chance fairly with the unknown volunteers.'" —*New Haven Register*.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added*. Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

REMINISCENCES OF MEN AND EVENTS OF THE CIVIL WAR. I. — From the *Tribune* to the War Department Charles A. Dana. *McClure's Magazine* (13 c.) for November.

HENRY GEORGE: A CHARACTER SKETCH. Illustrated. Arthur McEwen. *American Monthly Review of Reviews* (28 c.) for November.

DANIEL WEBSTER. Carl Schurz. *Harper's* (38 c.) for November.

THE MODERN SCHOOL OF FICTION. Charles Dudley Warner. Editor's Study, *Harper's* for November.

THE IMPORTANCE OF ILLUSTRATING NEW ENGLAND HISTORY BY A SERIES OF ROMANCES LIKE THE WAVERLEY NOVELS. Rufus Choate. (Delivered at Salem, 1833.) *New England Magazine* (28 c.) for November.

A NATIONAL NOVELIST (Captain Charles King). Henry Austin. *National Magazine* (13 c.) for November.

A GREAT NATURALIST (Edward Drinker Cope). With portrait. Henry Fairfield Osborn. *Century* (38 c.) for November.

ON THE RE-READING OF BOOKS. John Burroughs. *Century* (38 c.) for November.

MOZART. Edvard Grieg. *Century* (38 c.) for November.

TENNYSON — SOME GOOD LITERARY ADVICE. Topics of the Time, *Century* (38 c.) for November.

MRS. CAMERON, HER FRIENDS, AND HER PHOTOGRAPHS (Tennyson, Watts, Taylor, Herschel). With portraits. V. C. Scott O'Connor. *Century* (38 c.) for November.

THE LIFE OF TENNYSON. Hamilton W. Mable. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for November.

FORTY YEARS OF THE BACON-SHAKESPEARE FOLLY. John Fiske. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for November.

SOME UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF DEAN SWIFT. — III. Dr. George Birkbeck Hill. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for November.

THE COMING LITERARY REVIVAL. — I. J. S. Tunison. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for November.

SAINTE-BEUVE. Professor George MacLean Harper. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for November.

NOVELISTS AS COSTUMERS. Eva A. Madden. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for November.

THE DAY OF DIALECT. T. C. DeLeon. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for November.

LETTERS TO A LIVING AUTHOR. "Arthur Penn." *Forum* (38 c.) for November.

EMERSON AND CONCORD. With autographs and portraits. M. A. DeWolfe Howe. *Bookman* (23 c.) for November.

TWO LITERARY INTERVIEWS. (With William Cullen Bryant and W. D. Howells.) George Newell Lovejoy. *Home Magazine* (13 c.) for November.

DISEASE IN MODERN FICTION. J. J. Morissey, M. D. *Catholic World* (28 c.) for November.

LLOYD MIFFLIN. With portrait. F. M. Hopkins. *Current Literature* (28 c.) for November.

"BENJAMIN SWIFT." William Romaine Patterson. With portrait. *Book Buyer* (13 c.) for November.

'RUTH OGDEN" Mrs. Charles W. Ide). With portrait. "T. W." *Book News* (13 c.) for November.

THE LIFE OF TENNYSON. Edmund Gosse. *North American Review* (53 c.) for November.

AMERICAN SCHOOL HISTORIES ON THE REVOLUTION. A. W. Savary. *North American Review* (53 c.) for November.

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI. Ellen Craven Learned. *Churchman* (13 c.) for October 2.

THE NOVELS OF GEORGE GISSING. H. G. Wells. Reprinted from *Contemporary Review* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for October 2.

MRS. OLIPHANT AS A NOVELIST. Reprinted from *Blackwood's Magazine* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for October 9.

MAURICE MAETERLINCK. Virginia M. Crawford. Reprinted from *Fortnightly Review* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for October 16.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATED PRESS. Reprinted from *Chambers' Journal* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for October 16.

THE LIFE OF TENNYSON. Reprinted from *London Times* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for October 30.

SHAKESPEARE AS A MORAL AND RELIGIOUS TEACHER. W. J. Rolfe. *Christian Register* (13 c.) for October 21.

NEWS AND NOTES.

"Arthur Penn," the name signed to the "Letters to a Living Author" in the November *Forum*, is a pseudonym occasionally used by Brander Matthews.

"Pierre de Coulevin" is a woman, Mademoiselle Favre, who has been teaching French for several years in Boston.

"Ethel Turner" is the wife of a barrister in Sydney, Australia, and her real name is Mrs. H. R. Curlewis.

Stephen Bonsal has become the managing editor of *Munsey's Magazine*, at a salary, it is said, of $10,000 a year.

Paul Dana has succeeded his father as editor of the *New York Sun*.

Mira L. Cobbe will be the editor of the *Woman's Home Journal* of Chicago after January 1. It is the purpose of the publishers to enlarge and improve the paper.

John A. Sleicher has accepted the editorship of *Leslie's Weekly*.

Rev. George Batchelor is to be the new editor of the *Christian Register* (Boston), taking the place left vacant by the election of Rev. S. J. Barrows to a seat in congress.

The *Lotus* is now edited by Frank A. Gailey, instead of Walter Blackburn Harte. Mr. Harte's name appears as contributor to another magazinelet, the *Ishmaelite*, published in Indianapolis.

J. St. Loe Strachey has resigned the editorship of the *Cornhill Magazine*, to accept the associate editorship of the *Spectator*, of which he has become one of the proprietors, succeeding the late Mr. Hutton.

Carter's Monthly is a new illustrated Chicago magazine, edited by Opie Read.

Speaking of the new English review, *Literature*, of which Dr. Traill is to be the editor, Sir Walter Besant writes: "It would seem that the journal could hardly appear at a more opportune moment; the *British Review* and the *National Observer* are extinct; so, after a brief existence, is the *New Saturday*; the *Saturday* has undergone changes; the *Spectator* has lost its principal pillar of support, and is practically on its trial for its future position. The *Athenæum* remains what it always has been, filling a place of its own, from which it will not be easily dislodged. The *Bookman* still remains a monthly paper; the *Literary Gazette* has got, and will keep, its own place, and a very useful place it is. The *Publishers' Circular* and the *Bookseller* are organs of the publishing trade. None of these papers would stand in the way of the new weekly. There would seem to be plenty of room for another paper devoted entirely to literature."

The *Gray Goose* is a new monthly magazine of original short stories, poems, etc., published in Cincinnati.

Youth and Home (New York) is a new twelve-page weekly paper "for the whole family."

The first number of a new magazine for children, called *Little Folks*, "an illustrated monthly for youngest readers," is issued by S. E. Cassino, of Boston. Charles Stuart Pratt and Mrs. Ella Farman Pratt, who are to edit the magazine, will embody in it many plans and ideas which are the out-growth of their twenty years' experience on *Wide Awake*, *Little Men and Women*, *Babyland*, etc.

With the November number the *Southern States* magazine, of Baltimore, comes out as the *Southern States Farm Magazine.*

The *Criterion* has removed from St. Louis to New York, where it expects to find a wider field for its activities.

The Werner Company, of Akron, O., is in the hands of a receiver. President Werner says that the receivership will be only temporary.

The *Black Cat* (Boston) offers $4,000 in eight prizes — $1,500, $1,000, $500, $350, $250, $200, $100, and $100 — for original short stories of from 1,800 to 6,000 words, submitted in accordance with the conditions named in its December number.

The *New York Herald* offers $2,000 in prizes for sermons (to be printed in its Sunday issues) offered by clergymen with established congregations or churches. The sermons must not contain more than 1,000 words each, and are to be signed by the clergymen writing them. The first prize will be $1,000, and $1,000 will be divided in proportion as second, third, and fourth prizes. Clergymen winning prizes will be expected to devote the money to the benefit of their churches or to any charity they may think worthy. The competition will end "early in the coming year."

Those who desire to compete for the prizes offered by the permanent committee on Sabbath schools for the best and second-best programmes for Children's Day in 1898 must send their names, before December 15, to Taylor Bernard, 5023 Fairmount avenue, St. Louis. The exercises must be sent under a pen name before January 15, 1898, and at the same time the pen name and the author's address must be sent to W. J. Brasfield, St. Louis. The first prize is to be $20, and the second prize $10.

Harper's Round Table announces three prize competitions for 1898, open to subscribers only. Particulars may be obtained by addressing Harper & Brothers.

The prize of $1,000 offered by the David C. Cook Publishing Company for the best religious story has been awarded to Anne May Wilson, among 263 competitors.

Sainte-Beuve, perhaps the greatest of all literary critics, with whose methods M. Brunetière, so lately with us, did not altogether agree, is the subject of a sympathetic and discriminating paper in *Scribner's* for November by Professor George MacLean Harper, of Princeton University.

Many old readers of the *Atlantic* will be gratified to find the Contributors' Club once more in the November number. It was never the intention of the editors to discontinue it permanently, and its occasional appearance is promised in the future.

Herbert S. Stone & Co. (Chicago) publish two periodicals now, the *Chap-Book* and the *House Beautiful.* The latter, which deals with house decoration, they have recently bought from Klapp & Co., who started it a year ago.

"A Chapter on Nom de Plumes," by Charles T. Scott, is one of the most interesting contributions to the *New England Magazine* for October.

The frontispiece to the October *Open Court*, a handsome half-tone portrait of Goethe, is accompanied by a biographical sketch of the poet, emphasizing his significance as a prophet of the leading movements in religion and science of the nineteenth century.

Francis William Newman died in London October 5, aged ninety-two.

Charles A. Dana died at Glen Cove, L. I., October 17, aged seventy-eight.

Justin Winsor died at Cambridge October 22, aged sixty-six.

Francis Turner Palgrave died in London October 24, aged seventy-three.

Henry George died in New York October 29, aged fifty-nine.

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INDEXING.

"I have never broken stones by the roadside or elsewhere, but I have an idea that the nearest thing to it is the making of an index for a book the subject of which has no interest for you," says Charles Francis Blackburn, in his "Rambles." This suggests the first qualification requisite for an index-maker, and that is sympathy with his author. To index a book it is not necessary, perhaps, to be a specialist on the subject of which it treats, but the more the indexer knows of the subject, the better his index will be, and he must know a good deal about it, if his index is to have much value.

The next qualification for an indexer is accuracy. He must be careful, systematic, methodical, consistent, and painstaking, or his work will be imperfect, misleading, and incomplete.

In making an index the use of it should be kept constantly in mind. The searcher for knowledge is the one to be considered, and everything possible should be done to facilitate his search. The tendency of some index-makers is to abbreviate, to save either space or labor. They forget that the saving of a minute to the indexer means the loss of a good many hours in the aggregate by people who have to search longer than they would otherwise to find the facts they want. The saving of space, too, in many cases is imaginary. No space is saved in an index, unless by an abbreviation two lines are compressed into one. Where fullness in an entry does not make the line run over, the fuller the entry the better for every one concerned. Sometimes even it is better to use an extra line, to make the index entry clear.

For ordinary indexing it is not advisable to follow the library style of using brief entries, as "Dickens, C.," for "Charles Dickens." In the case of a name so well-known the brief entry may serve, perhaps; but when the indexer comes to a name like "Helen Campbell," "Campbell, H.," does not fill the bill, and "Stevenson, Robert Louis," is far better than "Stevenson, R. L."

The value of an index depends largely on the skill of the indexer in picking out key-words. Suppose he is indexing an article entitled "Thoughts about Indexing." His entry, of course, should be: "Indexing, Thoughts about." If he should index the reference under "Thoughts," nobody would ever find it except by accident. Sometimes a paragraph may profitably be indexed under the generic name of the subject which it discusses, although the word itself may not appear in it. The mechanical indexer can never do satisfactory work. An indexer often has to sur-

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mount the difficulty of summarizing the subject of a paragraph in a few words.

The most convenient method of indexing a book is to go through it page by page, writing each reference that the indexer sees fit to make on a narrow slip of stiff paper, say, an inch wide and five inches long. The entries should be written as they are to appear in print; for instance,

Short Story, Technique of the, 24

It is a good idea to have a case of twenty-six pigeon-holes in front of the indexer, so that he can assort his slips by putting each in its proper pigeon-hole as soon as it is written. If there are a few subjects that are constantly recurring, he may keep the slips relating to them outside the pigeon-holes, arranged in a row at the side of the desk, so that when he wishes to add a page reference to any one he may do so easily. Otherwise a separate slip should be written for every reference. When the book has been gone through, the indexer should arrange his slips alphabetically to the third letter, and then consolidate duplicates, putting all the folios relating to one entry on a single slip. The slips may then be numbered and given to the printer for copy, or a copy of them may be made for the printer on ordinary manuscript paper. *William H. Hills.*

BOSTON, MASS.

THE INJUSTICE OF SOME ARTICLES ABOUT DIALECT.

THE WRITER for November copied an article from the *Interior*, the editor of which, Dr. Gray, having been on a brief visit to the Tennessee mountains, took occasion to deny the existence of any mountain dialect, except as it exists in the writings of certain "mercenary writers" who "have made their fortune out of it." The editor asks me to state my position in answer to this article. I could have wished that this invitation had come before THE WRITER copied Dr. Gray's article, as I am confident that some knowledge of the facts would have prevented the reprinting of that invective. Dr. Gray names Miss Murfree, Mr. Cable, and myself as sinners above the rest, and four times refers to me as an imitator of Miss Murfree.

I will not deny having made my fortune out of my literary work, for I should like to have Dr. Gray prove that he has said one true thing about me, and that is the only one about which there can be any question. If he will tell me where I have mislaid that fortune, I will forgive him for the rest.

As to the charge that I have imitated Miss Murfree, it has never been made before, so far *as I know. It was not* made this time with any definite facts in mind. Dr. Gray at the time he made this charge had not in mind one page, line, character, or scene in my books, nor, having now read some of my writings, can he now adduce one that is an even apparent imitation of Miss Murfree. In a later article, comparing the first book of mine which he has read with Miss Murfree's latest, he is good enough at every point to make the comparison in favor of my book, "A Hero in Homespun," saying, "Barton is not so bad," "Here again, Barton is not so bad," "Dr. Barton does the same, though to a much less degree." Apparently, he does not discover the evidences of imitation, and, as a matter of fact, Miss Murfree's books and mine are quite unlike. Miss Murfree's are, I have no doubt, better than mine, as works of fiction, pure and simple, and I have read with much admiration her descriptions of landscape, which I never attempt. But I presume that no one who knows the customs and speech of the Cumberland plateau would count my work in that regard inferior to hers, and I suppose that I have had much better opportunities than she of becoming familiar with it. There are parts of her work which I should count it an honor to have mine thought to resemble, but what-

ever compliment there may be delicately veiled in Dr. Gray's charge, reprinted in THE WRITER, that "Barton" is "the imitator of Miss Murfree," the compliment loses its force by reason of the fact that Dr. Gray made the charge wholly at random. Living far back in the mountains when Miss Murfree became known to the reading public, I had written a good deal of mountain dialect before I knew of her. I read two of her books the last year I was in the mountains, a dozen years ago, and another six years ago, and I regret having been so busy since that I have not read any of her stories until last summer, just after reading the proofs of my "Hero in Homespun," when I read again, and greatly enjoyed, her "Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains." If editors were not a law unto themselves, I might stop to ask by what right a man in good standing is thus labelled an "imitator" of another writer, whose books are most unlike his own. And I could even find it in my heart to blame THE WRITER a little for reprinting so sweeping a charge before investigating it.

As to mountain dialect, Dr. Gray, in a later article, where he apologizes for his "angry and unjust words," but passes over the charges without specific withdrawal, is able to cull from "A Hero in Homespun" a sentence which contains the words "heap," "gen'ral," "allers," "they's," and "thataway." "Such caricatures enkindled my indignation," he says. As a matter of fact, his indignation was kindled on general principles, and he hunted up his examples afterward. But this extreme sentence, the worst he can find, apparently, contains not a word that is at all unusual in the mountains. It is good idiomatic mountain dialect, and no caricature. He goes on with three other illustrations. One is a pure question of orthography, a question whether a final consonant carried over to form the initial of a following word should be doubled. I think my spelling is better than that he suggests, but I do not care. Another is an expression which, he affirms, being common in New England, cannot also be used in Tennessee. He would find it hard to prove his case. The third is that in the case of a young mountaineer, who later becomes a captain in the Union army, I allow him to report the results of a convention to which he had been a delegate, essentially in the words of the resolutions adopted by the convention, — a single such sentence, — and at other times allow him to use language little better than the average mountaineer. It is just possible that I have let him use too good a sentence, yet I incline to think that he is correctly reported. But what if I have made one mistake in spelling, another in allowing a man to quote more literally a striking sentence than is likely to have been the case, and have used certain expressions common to the mountains and to rural people in other parts of America? Does this justify the wholesale charge of "literary fraud"?

It were easy to prove my dialect essentially correct. I suppose that I had better opportunities for learning it than any one else who has written of that region. I suppose that I know the home life of the mountains better than any one else who has written a book about them. So far as I know, no one else has written a story of the mountains in the Civil War except Mr. Trowbridge, in "Cudjo's Cave"; and if Miss Murfree and I are guilty of fraud, so is this author, and so are Mark Twain and Charles Dudley Warner, in "The Gilded Age," and so are a hundred war correspondents, whose work abides to this day. This is rather too much to assume on the testimony of a man who has made a single flying trip to the mountains, who took a few short rides from Cumberland Gap along the road that has been traveled by outsiders since the days of Daniel Boone, and who records as an indication of his longest ride away from his Northern boarding-place, at Cumberland Gap, that he came very near accepting an invitation to take one meal in a mountain home. A man might easily make just such a trip to Boston as Dr. Gray made to the Tennessee mountains, ride as far, and see the sights as thoroughly, and find no larger water than the frog pond on the Common; but if he should affirm that the ocean "exists only in the imagination of two or three mercenary writers who have made their fortune out of it," he would be as wide of the truth as Dr. Gray.

William E. Barton.

BOSTON, MASS.

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Oliver Herford's genius is exactly fitted to illustrate the genius of Rudyard Kipling. His illustrations for Kipling's "Just-So" story in *St. Nicholas* for December are as good as the story, — and that is the very highest praise.

***

Who says that there is no royal road to success in authorship? Why should any one waste a bottle of ink in spoiling clean manuscript paper, when a penful dashed on a check-book will accomplish the same end? An advertisement in a New York paper says: "Party furnishing money will be made author of a new and wonderful book; ideal, unique, classic, and superbly beautiful: great hit; investigation invited and desired." Could any "party" wanting literary fame desire anything simpler or more labor-saving?

***

If American authors were to be chosen to constitute an American academy of forty "Immortals," who would they be? For example: —

W. D. Howells,	Clara Louise Burnham,
Thomas Bailey Aldrich,	Brander Matthews,
Edward Everett Hale,	Richard Harding Davis,
James Whitcomb Riley,	Richard Henry Stoddard,
Samuel L. Clemens,	Mary Mapes Dodge,
F. Marion Crawford,	Mary Hartwell Catherwood,
Mary E. Wilkins,	J. T. Trowbridge,
Harriet Prescott Spofford,	Julian Hawthorne,
Robert J. Burdette,	Charles Dudley Warner,
E. C. Stedman,	John Burroughs,
Sarah Orne Jewett,	Thos. Wentworth Higginson,
Captain Charles King,	Kate Douglas Wiggin,
Frank R. Stockton,	Noah Brooks,
James Lane Allen,	Richard Watson Gilder,
S. Weir Mitchell,	Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward,
Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney,	John Fiske,
Margaret E. Sangster,	Ruth McEnery Stuart,
F. Hopkinson Smith,	Alice Morse Earle,
Thomas Nelson Page,	Joel Chandler Harris,
Donald G. Mitchell,	

with one place blank for the writer who certainly ought to be mentioned in such a list, and whose name has not been included.

***

The article by Dr. Gray in the *Interior*, on "The Injustice of Some Dialect," was reprinted in THE WRITER without due consideration. Mr. Gray's high standing gave an apparent authority to his assertions which they did not in fact possess, and the editor of THE WRITER made the mistake of taking what he said for granted, without stopping to consider whether it was just or not. As a matter of fact, Dr. Gray's article was certainly unjust, so far as it concerned Dr. Barton, and probably so in its references to Miss Murfree. Dr. Gray himself has already apologized in part for the injustice that he acknowledges, and he might go even further in the way of reparation.

***

The scientific use of titles applicable to those whom newspaper reporters like to speak of as "reverend gentlemen" is indicated by an extract from a circular recently issued by W. H. Whitmore, registrar of births and deaths and marriages in Boston, which reads: "Clergymen are confined to three terms, — 'minister of the gospel,' 'clergyman,' or 'priest'; and no

other can be used. No addition, as 'rector,' 'pastor,' or 'assistant,' can be recognized by this office."

* * *

Mr. Henderson's article in the November WRITER, advising the use of blocked slips in note-taking, makes some valuable suggestions, but the work of filing such notes after they are made implies systematic labor, of which some writers are incapable. If any such writer is fortunate enough to be married, he will do well to persuade his wife that she will find this work of filing slips and clippings more fun than going to the theatre. Provided he is eloquent and persuasive enough to do this, his difficulties are forever at an end. By noting on each slip the heading under which it is to be filed, he may make its disposition plain, and his wife will do the rest, while he does the resting. W. H. H.

NEWSPAPER ENGLISH EDITED.

Those books to which we return, and that stand the test of time. — *John Burroughs, in the November Century.*	Those books to which we return, and which stand the test of time.
I never saw or heard of it prior to its publication. — *John T. Wheelwright, in Boston Journal.*	I never saw or heard of it before its publication.
It is understood that Henry D. Traill is the author of a "Life of the Prince of Wales," which will be published in the near future. — *New York Tribune.*	Henry D. Traill has written a "Life of the Prince of Wales," which will be published soon.
Which of Shakespeare's contemporaries had enough book-lore to have written them? — *John Fiske, in November Atlantic.*	Which of Shakespeare's contemporaries had enough book-lore to write them?
Spencer has greater instinctive power of observation and assimilation than any man since Shakespeare. — *John Fiske, in November Atlantic.*	Spencer has greater instinctive power of observation and assimilation than any other man since Shakespeare.

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Susie M. Best, who contributed the poem "Love's Saddest Possibility," to *Lippincott's* for November, is a Cincinnati girl, and inherits poetic ability, tracing through her mother's family to the line that produced the poet James Montgomery. She entered the literary field about eight years ago. Her writings are chiefly verse, much of which has been published in magazines and papers in many parts of the country. Among the periodicals to which she has contributed are *Judge*, *Puck*, *Truth*, *Lippincott's*, the *Youth's Companion*, the *Independent*, and the *New England Magazine*. A few years ago she published a book of poems, called "The Fallen Pillar Saint, and Other Poems," which created considerable comment. She contemplates the publication of another volume of poems soon.

Ellis Parker Butler is coming to be one of the best-known of the humorous verse writers. His poem, "To Jessica, Gone Back to the City," which was published in the "In Lighter Vein" department of the *Century* for November, was a genuine regret addressed to a charming San Francisco lady. It was written in eastern Iowa, where the author was born and educated, and where he lived until three months ago, when he came to New York, where he is now doing "free-lance" work and making merry on paper. "Since I was 'discovered' by Tom Masson of *Life*, a couple of years ago," he says, "I have done several square miles of humorous verse and about one undivided quarter-section of prose. It is none of it under fence — that is to say, I have not booked any of it. The crowded condition of the second-hand book stores deters me."

Grace Lincoln Hall, who had an attractive sketch, "The Reward of Fame," in the *National Magazine* for November, was born and reared, and still lives, on the banks of the Mississippi in northern Illinois. Though descended from New England ancestry of the strictest type, she is intensely fond of the freedom and camaraderie of the West and its people. Having cast her lines in the business world a few years ago, she has only recently taken up literary work, but has already had sketches accepted by the *National Magazine*, *Truth*, *Vogue*, and other periodicals.

Edward Payson Jackson, who contributed the poem, "Foreshortened," to the *New England Magazine* for November, was born of American parents in Erzeroom, Turkey, gradu-

ated from Amherst college, served as private and lieutenant in the Civil War, and is now a master in the Boston Latin School. His literary work includes "A Demi-god," a novel published by Harper & Brothers; "Conduct as a Fine Art," written in collaboration with N. P. Gilman, which drew a prize of $1,000, and is published by Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.: "The Earth in Space," published by D. C. Heath & Co.: and perhaps a hundred essays, stories, and poems, which have appeared in the *North American Review*, *Harper's Weekly*, the *Youth's Companion*, the *New England Magazine*, *Munsey's*, *Short Stories*, and other periodicals.

Adeline Knapp, who had in *Lippincott's* for November a striking Hawaiian story, entitled "For His Own People," is a teacher of English composition in the Hamlin school, San Francisco. When the last "revolution" broke out in Hawaii, the daily paper on the staff of which she was sent her to Honolulu as special correspondent. She was there until Commissioner Blount arrived, and during her stay gathered material for a number of Hawaiian sketches. She has written two books, one, "A Thousand Dollars a Day," and the other, "Upland Pastures," a series of essays, the second of which has been particularly successful.

W. C. M'Clelland, author of the poem, "The Tufted Titmouse," in *St. Nicholas* for November, writes in response to a request for personal information: "I was born in a chalet in one of the forest cantons of western Pennsylvania. I am a Celt, for anything I know to the contrary, and a son of the Revolution. I have split rails, peeled bark, plowed with oxen, taught district school and boarded 'round, and taken orders for enlarging photographs, besides engaging in many other heroic enterprises. I am a fellow alumnus of the late Hon. James G. Blaine, and I have spent some time — three or four hours — at Oxford, Eng., and a very pleasant afternoon at Heidelberg. I am alternately interested in Icelandic and ornithology, and I do not expect to go to the Klondike in the spring. My chief literary works have been non-religious articles contributed to a religious newspaper and occasional verses for *St. Nicholas*. I have nothing on hand unpublished that I would care to sell just now, but expect to have a quantity by next week."

Robert C. V. Meyers, who wrote the story, "In the Pullman Annex," in the *Woman's Home Companion* for November, is a contributor to all the first-class magazines, notably *Harper's*, *Scribner's*, and the *Ladies' Home Journal*. His work was begun when he was about fifteen years old, in Philadelphia, where he has always lived, and where have lived a long line of his forbears. A year's reading of law proved that it was not the profession he cared for, and a story, which was written while he was supposed to be conning Chitty, and which was taken by *Scribner's*, effectually closed the legal phase. His literary career since then has been constantly successful.

Anna A. Rogers, who wrote the story, "Sweethearts and Wives," in *McClure's Magazine* for November, is the daughter of an army officer and the wife of a naval officer. She has traveled much, and lived for years in Japan and in Europe. In girlhood she wrote several short stories, sketches, and bits of verse, that appeared anonymously in the *Argonaut* and other San Francisco papers. In 1892 a story of European life in Yokohama called "Amma San" came out in the *Cosmopolitan* — a less sombre phase of naval life than "Sweethearts and Wives." In the same year there appeared in *St. Nicholas* a child's story, by Mrs. Rogers, called "The Old Blue Vase," a glimpse of child life in the navy. Thoroughly convinced that life in the navy is new ground and very fertile in both pathos and humor, Mrs. Rogers' purpose is to present some of its social phases, so little understood by the uninitiated.

Annie E. P. Searing, who contributed the story, "A Thoroughbred," to the *New England Magazine* for November, is a native of the Hudson-river region (Ulster County) and indigenous to that soil, with its conservatism, its natural beauty, and its good old Dutch traditions. She began to write about fifteen years

ago, publishing a series of articles in the *Christian Intelligencer* and other papers. In 1885 she published a novel, "A Social Experiment," and, nearly at the same time, her "Land of Rip Van Winkle," both brought out by the Putnams. After that her pen was laid aside for some years, and has been taken up again since only about 1891. Within the past six or seven years she has written short stories and newspaper articles and some verses, her work having appeared in the *New England Magazine*, *Harper's Bazar*, the *Boston Transcript*, the *San Francisco Argonaut*, *Short Stories*, the *Black Cat*, and other periodicals. Of her work in the short-story line, "Aground on the Flats" in *Harper's Bazar* and "Mandy's Baby" in the *New England Magazine* have attracted the most attention

William Thomson, now of West Bay City, Mich., who wrote "A Brazilian Adventure," which appeared in the November number of *Lippincott's*, as well as many previous stories that have been printed in the same magazine, is a British-Canadian by birth, and is now in his seventy-fourth year. He has been quite a traveler, not only in America, but also in Australia and other far-off lands of the Southern hemisphere. A great part of his adventurous life has been spent in hunting, in exploration, and in gold digging and silver mining, giving him great store of material for the numerous stories which, during the last eight years, he has contributed to many of the leading periodicals and literary syndicates of this country. Mr. Thomson is the author of that interesting illustrated book, "Great Cats I Have Met," published some months ago by the now bankrupt Alpha Publishing Company. Although "W. Thomson," as he usually signs himself, disclaims all pretensions to prominence as a writer, his realistic stories of adventure, Northwest and Indian life, as well as those the scenes of which are laid in Southern and Western countries, have had a large sale in the United States and Canada, and have been extensively copied by English papers.

William R. A. Wilson, author of the story, "**A Fool** and His Wife," in the *New England Magazine* for November, is a physician in Peoria, Ill. He was born in central Illinois, of Scotch-Irish stock, and is a graduate of Williams College. While he was in college he was actively interested in college publications. He has written considerable newspaper verse under his own name and the pseudonym "Anthony Wilson," also verse for the magazines — *Munsey's*, *Vogue*, and others. In prose he has written society stories for *Vogue* and other publications. Readers of the *New England Magazine* will remember his story, "At the Turn of the Tide," published in January, 1896. A Tennessee war story, entitled "Good fur-Nuthin'," was published in 1896, as a Christmas booklet. Although a practising physician, Dr. Wilson is obliged from delicate health to spend much time every year in traveling. He has in preparation a series of stories of hospital life, and also a book of verse, and will shortly publish a book of short stories.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Burnett. — "It is rather odd how I came to write 'A Lady of Quality,'" says Frances Hodgson Burnett. "It came out of my cellar, the cellar of my London house in Portland place. I went down to take a look at it one day, and discovered it was a perfect labyrinth. Instead of being one or two square rooms, as I supposed, there was apartment after apartment, in the manner of ancient wine vaults. This series of caves, as I called them, ended abruptly, just when one was beginning to fancy they might lead on forever. At the termination was a mysterious wall, beyond which only the imagination might proceed. Mine proceeded beyond it often. Indeed, it was the crowning wonder of the cellar in the minds of all my friends, for I took every one down, of course, as the first person I told begged me to take her. She told others, and I soon was famous for my cellar parties. Armed with candles, we peered about those subterranean chambers like explorers in dear old Mammoth Cave.

"Often I found myself speculating as to what might have happened down there underneath my own house. If the ancient walls could speak, what stories could they tell? What a

place for a crime! How well they would afford hiding for the evidences! Supposing a woman had made away with a lover and concealed his body there! That was the idea. That was the beginning of my book."—*Binghamton Chronicle.*

Grant.—The home of Robert Grant, novelist, essayist in the lighter vein, and judge of the probate court of Suffolk, is appropriately in the very heart of Boston's most cherished residential district, the Back Bay. Robert Grant himself is a Bostonian of the typical sort, cultivated, able, and intensely proud of the traditions of his native city, and as alert as any for the maintenance of her genius and institutions. And best of all, he is a writer from no compulsion except that kindly sort that arises when the spirit moves. As far back as his Harvard days—yet not so exceedingly far back, for he was graduated in '73—he was writing clever skits for the sheer love of it. Soon afterward came "The Little Tin God on Wheels," which gave him his first wide fame. As the years went by his reputation grew with "The Confessions of a Frivolous Girl," "An Average Man," and "A Romantic Young Lady." Of recent years have come "The Reflections of a Married Man," "The Opinions of a Philosopher," and "The Art of Living"—the last named having aroused a deal of discussion, the echoes of which have not yet died away. During all this literary productiveness Mr. Grant has succeeded notably with the law, as his position on the bench testifies, and has mingled considerably in public affairs.

After the manner of many another writer of note, Judge Grant has no exclusive spot for literary work, although his fine desk seems to be a fitting place for writing. He works there, of course, but he also works in other rooms of his house, and sometimes in the quiet alcoves of the dignified old Athenaeum library on Beacon street. He never writes at night, declaring that a man in a busy profession should not thus add to the brain work of the day.—*Wilder D. Quint, in New York Times.*

Hawthorne.—Hawthorne was for three years the surveyor of customs for the port of Salem. It was a practical appointment. He received a salary of $1,200 a year, and was grateful for it. While busy there, he was unable to do any writing. This caused his wife some distress. She knew he had a fine, high, and unusual gift for literature. One day he returned later than usual, came into the room where his wife was, took a seat, and appeared moody. She asked if he was ill. He replied: "No; I am as well as usual." Then, smilingly, she asked, "What is the matter? Are you decapitated?" He said he was, and that it was no joke. She smiled, and said: "I am so glad! Now you can write that romance that you have been talking about for so long." He had said that it had been growling in his head, and he could not get it out. "Yes, but who is going to furnish this family with meat and potatoes." She answered: "I can do something toward it." She then disclosed a very charming fact. She had laid by an amount which no one knew anything about. "And it is yours," she said. "You can use it." When he received his salary every month, he was in the habit of coming home and turning the whole amount over to her. By prudent care she had saved $150. They could live for two months on that, he said, but it would take him four months to write his book.

Mrs. Hawthorne was an artist of no mean ability. She set about making lamp shades. She procured some cambric, stretched it on wires, covered these shades with delicate outline drawings, sent them up to Boston, and put them on sale in the shops. They sold readily, because they were useful and unusually attractive. Continuing this work, Mrs. Hawthorne was able to keep her husband's head above water; and at the expiration of four months, just as he had said, "The Scarlet Letter" was finished. It was the greatest story he ever wrote, and in some respects one of the supremely great pieces of literature.—*Leon H. Vincent, in the Rocky Mountain Christian Advocate.*

King.—Since his retirement from the regular army, in 1879, for disability resulting from a wound received in the right arm, Captain Charles King has devoted his undivided attention to literature. It was due to this wound, which constantly troubles him, that Captain King, in 1889, became the first American author to adopt the phonographic method of getting

thoughts on paper. His stenographer, Miss Rhoades, has reached such a high degree of skill in transcribing military stories that Captain King says, "She is my critic." — *E. M. Stanford, in New England Home Magazine.*

Poe. — It was in the late John Sartain's magazine that Poe's poem, "The Bells," was first printed. Of Poe's last visit to him in his old Sansom street house Mr. Sartain recently said: "It was on a Monday in 1849. Poe had been locked up in Moyamensing prison over Sunday for intoxication, and was completely unstrung. He thought there was a conspiracy to kill him, and asked to be hidden. I humored the frenzied poet's hallucination, and for two days he remained in concealment in the Sansom-street house. I even went so far as to cut off Poe's moustache, at the latter's request, in order that his fancied enemies might not recognize him." The first draft of "The Bells" consisted of only two stanzas, and for these he was paid $15. A couple of days later he appeared with another verse, and before the poem was published he had added again to it. By this means he received $45 for the poem, and had not the day of publication been near at hand, he would probably have kept on adding to it in the hope of receiving additional remuneration. — *New York Tribune.*

BOOK REVIEWS.

PRACTICAL HINTS FOR YOUNG WRITERS, READERS, AND BOOK BUYERS. By Frederick Lawrence Knowles. 77 pp. Cloth, 50 cents. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. 1897.

There are a great many good suggestions in Mr. Knowles' little book, which does not pretend to be anything more than a collection of hints about writing and reading. The author is a teacher, and his book is adapted chiefly to the wants of such young people as his pupils. What would be good advice for them is not always good advice for the general writer. For instance, one of Mr. Knowles' rules under the heading "What to Write About" is: "Never hunt for subjects. Take the subject nearest you"; and another is: "Don't search for romantic or unusual subjects." This, of course, is first-rate advice for school children writing compositions, or even for college students writing themes, but a magazine contributor could not safely follow it. Most of the advice that Mr. Knowles gives, however, is appropriate for writers of all classes, and though much of it is elementary, there are writers of reputation who could profit by it. The practical problem in writing, he justly says, is how to make oneself interesting. The unpardonable sin is that of boring the reader. His "Ten Commandments of English Diction" are as follows: —

1. Do not use foreign words.
2. Do not use a long word when a short one will serve your purpose. In all ordinary cases "fire" is a better word than "conflagration," and "house," than "residence."
3. Do not use words that are technical, or understood only by specialists, except when writing particularly for them.
4. Do not use slang.
5. Do not use provincialisms; as, "I calculate," for "I think" (in new England); "I reckon" for "I think" (in the South).
6. Do not, in writing prose, use poetic or antiquated words; as, (a) lore, e'er, morn; (b) yea, anon, verily, peradventure.
7. Do not use trite and hackneyed words or expressions.
8. Do not use newspaper words which have not established a place in the language (to "enthuse," to "wire," to "burgle," to "suicide.")
9. Do not use ungrammatical words and forms. ("He don't"; "I ain't"; "he was laying down.")
10. Do not use ambiguous words. (He showed me all about the seminary.)

The rules are good, though some may deem the heading sacrilegious. Here are sundry other useful suggestions, picked at random from the book: —

Describe what you know most about, — then your work stands more chance of being read. Describe what you are most interested in, — then you will be most likely to interest others.

Carry a note-book, and make short descriptive sketches of things you see.

Study commonplace objects till they reveal a new side to you. Describe this new side; to do that is to be original.

Vivid description is impossible without precise knowledge. See the thing exactly, and describe it with specific words.

Make it a rule never to use two adjectives when one will answer; and never use one where you can dispense with it without definite loss. When you need a qualifying word, there is only one adjective in the language that exactly suits your purpose, and it is your business to search for it.

Read — widely, discriminatingly, attentively.

Listen closely to the conversation of good talkers, and never talk yourself below your best.

Give a few minutes' systematic reading daily to the English dictionary. At first it will be stupid work, but it will grow fascinating.

Never allow yourself to hear a new word spoken without jotting it down for reference.

Memorize poetry. Read poetry aloud. Try to write verse for the sake of gaining ease in expression — but burn what you have written.

"Be colloquial," in writing, "but not common

place." The nearer your style approaches that of good conversation, the better.

Never adopt the preaching tone, and "be pathetic with the greatest caution."

Read and analyze the masters of prose style, such as Addison, Macaulay, Stevenson.

Write for half an hour each day, if only letter-writing. The keeping of a journal or diary may seem a bore, but when taken seriously enough, it is good exercise in composition.

Never say a thing for the sake of the saying, but for the sake of the thing.

Never compose a letter as you would a composition; it is a crime against friendship. Never write a careless, slovenly letter; it is a disrespect to your friend.

Never attempt to make clear to others what is n't quite clear to yourself. Never attempt to describe characters in a story, unless they are as real to you as your friends, or events, unless they are as actual as if you had been the prime actor in them.

Know what details to leave out. Long descriptions are usually a bore. Let certain striking, representative details stand for all.

Make your heroine really alive and lead us to know her, and you need n't tell us she is faultlessly beautiful. We can judge for ourselves.

In story writing, get at the telling of the story as quickly as possible. Stick close to the thread of your narrative. Make the narrative move forward steadily; not by starts and leaps. After working steadily up to a climax, stop. Never add a descriptive passage for its own sake. Keep the reader's interest sustained until the end, by stimulating rather than by gratifying curiosity.

Don't be afraid of idioms. "Get out of the way of" is often better than "avoid"; "get up," than "rise"; "get used," than "become accustomed."

Slipshod punctuation is as indecent as bad spelling.

For every ten minutes you write, spend half an hour in silent thought.

Collect material for stories from real life. If one is to write about human life, one must study human life.

Place the scene of a story in the locality you know best.

Remember that "often a single *significant* detail will throw more light on a character than pages of comment."

Deliberate moralizing in fiction or poetry is a fault. If one honestly portrays noble types of life, one's work must be moral. True art coincides with ethics.

Make dialogue, in narrative writing, tend to the telling of the main story. Movement or progression is essential to a story, and to this quality dialogue or description should be subservient. In general, dialogue contributes to the sense of rapidity, and description retards it.

Very seldom write a sentence that cannot be uttered in a single expiration.

Let rules on writing English be suggestive to you, but don't become their slaves. There are exceptions to nearly all literary rules. For example, "*Don't use slang.*" That is an absolutely good *general rule, but it may have exceptions.* The question in any particular case is: What is the effect I wish to produce? Sometimes a definite effect can be produced only by unusual means. Discords may enter into harmony and even emphasize it.

Never let anything go out of your hands until you have done it as well as you can.

Such rules are valid for all writers. All writers, too, might with advantage read Mr. Knowles' lists of trite metaphors and hackneyed expressions to be avoided, of 100 common errors, and of fifty words often confused. Part II. of his book contains hints about books and reading, with lists of "best" and "greatest" books, poets, essayists, novels, juvenile books, etc. This is, perhaps, his best hint to readers: "Never read a book simply because it is popular or talked about in society. Life is too short."

OLD SOUTH LEAFLETS. Nos. 78-85. Paper, five cents each. Boston: Directors of the Old South Work. 1897.

Eight important leaflets relating to the Anti-slavery Struggle have just been added to the valuable series of Old South leaflets, as follows: —

Reprint of the First Number of "The Liberator"; Wendell Phillips's Eulogy of Garrison; Theodore Parker's Address on the Dangers from Slavery; Whittier's Account of the Anti-slavery Convention of 1833; Mrs. Stowe's Story of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"; Sumner's Speech on the Crime against Kansas; Words of John Brown; and the First Lincoln and Douglas Debate. The eight leaflets are bound together in a neat volume in paper covers, with an introduction giving complete lists of all the Old South leaflets and lectures since 1883. The volume is sold for thirty-five cents, the leaflets being sold separately for five cents each. These Old South leaflets, furnishing great numbers of original documents otherwise hard to get, at the mere cost, five cents a copy, are doing a great work for the promotion of first-hand knowledge of our national history. The publishers may be addressed at the Old South Meeting-house, Boston.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

THE AMERICAN HISTORICAL NOVEL. Paul Leicester Ford. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for December.

THE COMING LITERARY REVIVAL.—II. J. S. Tunison. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for December.

LITERARY LONDON TWENTY YEARS AGO. T. W. Higginson. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for December.

SOME UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF DEAN SWIFT.—IV. George Birkbeck Hill. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for December.

THE MARTYRDOM OF FAME (from the experience of a minor author). Clara E. Laughlin. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for December.

COLLEGE LIBRARIES IN THE UNITED STATES. Ashton R. Willard. *New England Magazine* (28 c.) for December.

BROOK FARM. Illustrated. George Willis Cooke. *New England Magazine* (28 c.) for December.

PERSONAL GLIMPSES OF OUR NEW ENGLAND POETS. Charles Akers. *New England Magazine* (28 c.) for December.

MATTHEW ARNOLD AND ORTHODOXY. Louise S. Houghton. *New World* (78 c.) for December.

THE CREED OF IAN MACLAREN. S. H. Mellone. *New World* (78 c.) for December.

THE TRAGEDY OF RENAN'S LIFE. C. M. Bakewell. *New World* (78 c.) for December.

HEXAMETER IN THE HANDS OF THE PHILOSOPHERS. W. C. Lawton. *New World* (78 c.) for December.

THE ABUSE OF THE SUPERNATURAL IN FICTION. Edmund Gosse. *Bookman* (23 c.) for December.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. M. A. DeWolfe Howe. *Bookman* (23 c.) for December.

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN. With portrait. F. M. Hopkins. *Current Literature* (28 c.) for December.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH. With portrait. *Current Literature* (28 c.) for December.

HAWTHORNE IN BERKSHIRE. R. W. Gilder. *Century* (38 c.) for December.

TENNYSON AND HIS FRIENDS AT FRESHWATER. Illustrated. V. C. Scott O'Connor. *Century* (38 c.) for December.

THE AUTHOR OF "A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS." With portrait of Clement C. Moore. Clarence Cook. *Century* (38 c.) for December.

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS OF AUTHORS. "Topics of the Time." *Century* (38 c.) for December.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS AT CONCORD. Illustrated. George Willis Cooke. *Harper's* (38 c.) for December.

SOME LITERARY SHRINES OF MANHATTAN.—II. Theodore F. Wolfe. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for December.

KENTUCKY IN RECENT LITERATURE. With portrait of James Lane Allen. Leigh Gordon Giltner. *Midland Monthly* (18 c.) for December.

NANSEN. Mrs. Alec Tweedie. *Delineator* (18 c.) for December.

THE MISSION OF LITERATURE. Professor Theodore W. Hunt. *Forum* (38 c.) for December.

THE POETRY OF NATURE. Charles G. D. Roberts. *Forum* (38 c.) for December.

THE DRAMAS OF GERHARDT HAUPTMAN. Gustave Kobbé. *Forum* (38 c.) for December.

MADELINE S. BRIDGES. With portrait. Arthur T. Vance. *Home Magazine* (13 c.) for December.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON. With portrait. John Northern Hilliard. *Home Magazine* (13 c.) for December.

PROGRESS OF CHANGE IN PRONUNCIATION. Professor Michael Breal. *Appleton's Popular Science Monthly* (53 c.) for December.

THE BROOK FARM EXPERIMENT. Illustrated. Arthur W. Tarbell. *National Magazine* (13 c.) for December.

AN AFTERNOON WITH RUSKIN. Joe M. Chapple. *National Magazine* (13 c.) for December.

WILL WHITE, BOY AND MAN. (William Allen White.) With portrait. Oscar Eugene Olin. *Western Homes* (13 c.) for October.

CHARLES MARSEILLES. With portrait. Henry Robinson. *Granite Monthly* (28 c.) for November.

FRANCIS WILLIAM NEWMAN. Joseph Henry Allen. *Christian Register* (13 c.) for November 4.

ON COMMENCING AUTHOR. Reprinted from *Quarterly Review* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for November 6.

RICHARD HOLT HUTTON. Julia Wedgewood. Reprinted from *Contemporary Review* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for November 6.

THE NOVELS OF GEORGE MEREDITH. Reprinted from *Quarterly Review* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for November 20.

A NEW CRITICISM OF POETRY. Reprinted from *Contemporary Review* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for November 20.

THE LIFE OF TENNYSON. Reprinted from *Quarterly Review* in *Living Age* (18 c.) for November 27.

LITERARY STYLE. "Martyn." *New York Observer* (13 c.) for November 25.

WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER. With portrait. Earl D. Berry. *New York Times* (8 c.) for November 28.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Professor C. F. Richardson, of Dartmouth College, is the author of the anonymous novel, "The End of the Beginning."

Professor Harry Thurston Peck, American editor of the *Bookman*, is also the new literary editor of the *New York Commercial Advertiser*.

Russell Sturgis, the art critic, will hereafter conduct "The Field of Art," in *Scribner's Magazine*.

John D. Barry writes from New York to the *Literary World*,—"I hear that Stephen Bonsal has retired from *Munsey's Magazine* after a few weeks of editorial service. Mr. Munsey has lately added to his staff Miss Juliette Wilbur Tomkins, one of the group of young California writers who have been doing such excellent work in the magazines of late. Miss Tomkins has assumed editorial charge of *The Puritan*, which, during the few months of its existence, has acquired a large circulation. Jerome Case Bull, another Californian who has made a success here through his short stories and his excellent work as one of the editors of *Munsey's*, is shortly to return to San Francisco for a change and rest."

The *Sporting Review* is a new high-class weekly, published in New York, with Edward Belcher Abel as the editor.

A new medical weekly paper, to be called the *Philadelphia Medical Journal*, will appear January 1. Its editor will be Dr. George M. Gould.

A new magazine has been begun in London. It is called the *Quill Driver*, and it has one new feature, in that it allows authors to review their own works in its columns.

Lorillard Spencer, for eight years proprietor of the *Illustrated American* (New York), has sold the entire property, including plant and good-will, to a syndicate. The editorship remains with Francis Bellamy, and A. B. DeGuerville takes the business management.

Stone & Kimball (corporation), publishers, booksellers, and importers, of New York, went into the hands of John Delahanty as receiver November 11. The company has been in financial difficulties for some time. It was incorporated on March 1 last with a capital stock of $30,000. The liabilities are $21,419; nominal assets, $7,112; actual assets, $3,062.

With the December number of the *New Review* (London) its publication in the present form ceases, but it will be revived during the course of a few weeks as a weekly threepenny journal, instead of as a monthly magazine. William Ernest Henley, who has been editor of the *New Review*, retires, owing to ill health.

Clara E. Laughlin, literary editor of the *Interior*, has a story of a woman's experiences in literature in the Christmas *Scribner's*. It is told in letters, under the title, "The Martyrdom of Fame."

Paul Leicester Ford, whose fiction and historical writings have given him a high place among American men of letters, contributes to the December *Atlantic* a discriminating essay upon American Historical Novels. He makes a statement of the portions of American history that our novelists have successfully illustrated, and tells to what extent our history lends itself to such treatment.

The paper, "George William Curtis at Concord," by George Willis Cooke, in the December *Harper's* is a revelation of Mr. Curtis' early manhood, the article being made up mainly of letters written by him at the age of twenty.

In *Appletons' Popular Science Monthly* for December Professor Michel Bréal has an interesting essay on "Processes of Change in Pronunciation," in which he shows that changes come about in the most natural way through popular carelessness or by the imitation of some prominent person's peculiarities.

The magazine number of the *Outlook* for December is its ninth annual book number. It contains a great variety of illustrated matter relating not only to the books of the season but to topics of general interest to all who care for books and reading. A leading feature consists of three articles grouped under the general title, "The Making of Books." In these articles Theodore L. DeVinne, of the DeVinne Press, writes of "The Printing of Books"; Ernest D. North, an expert bibliophile, of "Bookbinding as a Fine Art"; and George Wharton Edwards, the artist, of "The Illustration of Books."

The frontispiece of the *New England Magazine* for December is a reproduction of a photograph of James Russell Lowell, taken by Oliver Wendell Holmes in 1864. This accompanies an article by Charles Akers, entitled "Personal Glimpses of New England Poets." The author, when a struggling young artist, was befriended by Lowell, and here relates many anecdotes of his personal intercourse with Lowell, Longfellow, Holmes, and Emerson. With his article are reproductions from portraits of the poets made by Mr. Akers at that time. In the same number George Willis Cooke tells the interesting story of "Brook Farm."

The November number of *Great Pictures* (Chicago) has two landscapes — "Mission of San Antonio of Padua," and "View of the Lake Front" at the Chicago Exposition — and three examples of the nude — Duran's "Vision," Crosman's "Cupid as Pilot," and Bouguereau's "The First Sorrow."

"How the Bible Came Down to Us" is the title of an article by Dr. Clifton H. Levy in the December number of the *American Monthly Review of Reviews*. Dr. Levy traces the history of the various versions of the Scriptures, presenting photographic reproductions of portions of the most celebrated manuscripts and printed texts.

"INDEXING," William H. Hills

"THE INJUSTICE OF SOME ARTICLES ABOUT DIALECT," William E. Barton

"WRITERS OF THE DAY."

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

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THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

FOR LITERARY WORKERS

BOSTON, MASS.

No. 12. December, 1897

BOOKS FOR WRITERS.

The aims of THE WRITER especially recommend the following books, chosen by authors, of means of possible of which should be in every writer's library:—

WRITING FOR THE PRESS. A Manual for Editors, Reporters, Correspondents, and Printers. By Robert Luce. Fourth edition, revised and enlarged. [illegible] Cloth, [illegible]

PAPER TOPICS. INTERESTING HINTS AND HELPS FOR YOUNG WRITERS. By Adam L. Morton, [illegible] Cloth, [illegible]

THE [illegible] OF INVENTIONS. By T. Cornelius Copeland. [illegible] Paper, [illegible]

THE [illegible] OF AUTOMATONS. By William Dow. [illegible] pp. Cloth, [illegible]. [Out of print.]

THE ART OF AUTOGRAPHY. Compiled by George Bilodet. [illegible] Cloth, [illegible]

MEMORY OF AUTHORS. By Dr. Hugo Sichelen. [illegible] pp. Cloth, [illegible]

DEVELOPMENT OF AUTHORS. By Charles Eliot. [illegible] pp. Cloth, [illegible]

[illegible] SIGN. By James Knapp Reeve. [illegible] pp. Boards, [illegible]

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE BRAIN OF BIRDS. A guide to Avian [illegible] with a dictionary of [illegible]. By Tom [illegible], [illegible] edition, with additions, by Gilbert Dean. [illegible] pp. Cloth, [illegible]

WEBSTER'S REVISED DICTIONARY. [illegible] pp. Cloth, [illegible]

THE [illegible] OF THE LOST TRIBES. By [illegible]. [illegible] pp. Cloth, [illegible]

A HANDBOOK OF PRINTING. By Thomas J. A. Hammond. [illegible] pp. Cloth, [illegible]

BOGUE'S THESAURUS OF ENGLISH WORDS AND PHRASES. [illegible] pp. Cloth, [illegible]

SYNONYMS DISTINGUISHED. By C. J. Smith. [illegible] pp. Cloth, [illegible]

ENGLISH SYNONYMS EXPLAINED IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER. By George Crabb. [illegible] pp. Cloth, [illegible]

PRACTICAL SYNONYMS. By John H. Bechtel. [illegible] pp. Cloth, [illegible]

PHILOSOPHY OF RHETORIC. By Adam Sherman Hill. [illegible] edition [illegible]. Cloth, [illegible]

THE PRINCIPLES OF RHETORIC. By Adam Sherman Hill. [illegible] pp. Cloth, [illegible]

THE PRACTICAL ELEMENTS OF RHETORIC. By John F. Genung. [illegible] pp. Cloth, [illegible]

A HANDBOOK OF RHETORICAL GRAMMAR. By John F. Genung. [illegible] pp. Cloth, [illegible]

OUTLINES OF RHETORIC. By John F. Genung. [illegible] pp. Cloth, [illegible]

A PRACTICAL GUIDE TO ENGLISH COMPOSITION. By Alphonso G. Newcomer. [illegible] pp. Cloth, [illegible]

HOW TO WRITE ENGLISH. By Rev. Edward A. Abbott. [illegible] pp. Cloth, [illegible]

A TREATISE ON ENGLISH PUNCTUATION. By John Wilson. [illegible] pp. Cloth, [illegible]

PUNCTUATION AND OTHER TYPOGRAPHICAL MATTERS. By M. F. Stephen. [illegible] pp. Cloth, [illegible]

PEN AND PENCIL. By Richard Hoe. [illegible] pp. Cloth, [illegible]

THE TYPEWRITER IN THE OFFICE. By W. J. Price. [illegible] pp. Cloth, [illegible]

THE ART OF PUBLICITY. A practical treatise on the elements of [illegible] advertising. By Alfred Hennequin. [illegible] pp. Cloth, [illegible]

WRITERS OF WRITING SIMPLIFIED. And How to Avoid Them. By M. F. [illegible]. [illegible] pp. Cloth, [illegible]

HANDBOOK OF [illegible]. Designed to present [illegible] to author and [illegible]. By H. M. Ballou. [illegible] pp. Cloth, [illegible]

SLANG, ITS ORIGIN AND USE. By J. H. Long. [illegible] pp. Cloth, [illegible]

PRONUNCIATION OF THE GREEK LANGUAGE. By Professor William H. [illegible]. [illegible] pp. Cloth, [illegible]

WHERE TO FIND THE LAST ARTICLE. By William Mathews. [illegible] pp. Cloth, [illegible]

[illegible] OF WORDS. By R. C. Trench. [illegible] pp. Cloth, [illegible]

WORDS AND THEIR USES. By Richard Grant White. [illegible] pp. Cloth, [illegible]

[illegible]. By Richard Grant White. [illegible] pp. Cloth, [illegible]

THE [illegible]. By Alfred Ayres. [illegible] Cloth, [illegible]

[illegible]. By Bates Torrey. Third edition. [illegible] pp. Cloth, [illegible]

THE [illegible] CHURCH. By [illegible]. [illegible] pp. Cloth, [illegible]

[illegible]. By [illegible]. [illegible] pp. Cloth, [illegible]

THE [illegible]. By Alexander A. Howard. [illegible] pp. Cloth, [illegible]

[illegible]. By [illegible]. [illegible] pp. Cloth, [illegible]

DICTIONARY OF [illegible] AND [illegible]. Cloth, [illegible]

DICTIONARY OF [illegible]. By [illegible]

WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL [illegible] pp. Full sheep, [illegible] [illegible], [illegible]

Any of these books will be [illegible] by

THE WRITER PU[illegible]
P. O. B[illegible]

NEW M[illegible]

[illegible] Vocal—"The [illegible]" [illegible] "[illegible]" [illegible] by [illegible] [illegible] by Eugene Field, [illegible] "[illegible] Music Like Mine," [illegible] "[illegible] of the Sword," words by Wil[illegible] Philip Cowley, May Irwin's [illegible] "[illegible]," [illegible] "[illegible]." [illegible] "[illegible]." [illegible] "[illegible]."

BOOKS FOR WRITERS.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

THE WRITER'S LITERARY BUREAU

The number of writers who know where to find the best market for [illegible] is exceedingly limited. Such a knowledge implies a long and familiar acquaintance with literature.

A manuscript to be acceptable must fit the publication to which it is [illegible] bound. If it does not, the editor will decline it as "unsuitable," usually adding [illegible] invariably "for lack of room."

It is occasionally claimed that an article, otherwise acceptable is rejected [illegible] points it fails to meet requirements.

The editor very seldom cares to make necessary explanations in such cases, and therefore [illegible] "large leave to decline with thanks."

With a view to rendering much-needed assistance to authors in marketing their manuscripts, The Writer's Literary Bureau was organized in September, 1889, under the management of a gentleman who for many years had been connected with one of our largest publishing houses. The enterprise has prospered and developed, until now the Bureau is prepared, and willing, to undertake every sort of work between author and publisher.

TO AUTHORS:—

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(1) For reading any manuscript of [illegible] words or less, [illegible] cents; for each additional thousand words or fraction thereof, [illegible] cents.

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(3) For revision and correction of manuscript, at the rate of [illegible] cents per thousand words.

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In consequence of many urgent requests, the Bureau has opened a commission department that will undertake the sale of manuscripts when desired on the following terms: Every manuscript must be submitted in the regular way, and accompanied by the fee for reading. If the author wishes the Bureau to act as selling agent, and the manuscript is found on its search work in that form, the author will be required to make a postage deposit of an amount sufficient to pay the cost of mailing the manuscript to and from six or seven publishers, with an additional charge of [illegible] cents for each time that the manuscript is sent out, to cover expense of registration, stationery, etc. When the manuscript is sold, any unexpended balance of the postage deposit will be returned to the author, together with 5 per cent. of the amount received from the publisher, the Bureau retaining 15 per cent. as its commission. The Bureau will not assume responsibility for loss or damage during handling or transmission of manuscripts, or for the failure of publishers to make payment, but every precaution will be taken to prevent loss.

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